March 21, 1936

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

2

5¢ a copy

Collier's

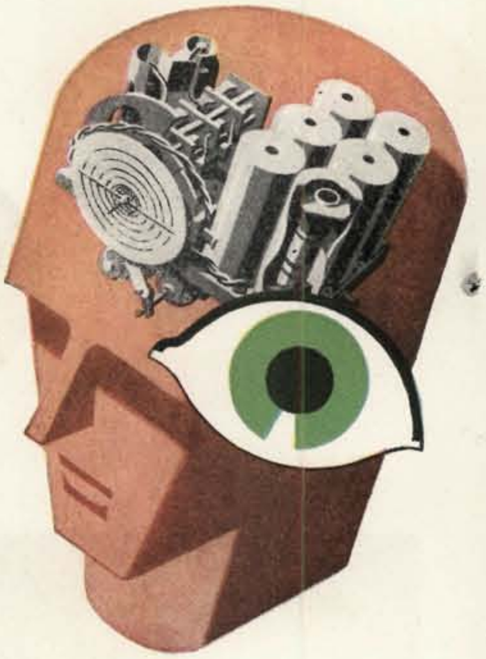
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Dark and Bloody Roads By W. B. C

Civilization comes to Ethiopia

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
905 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
25JY36

March 21 193



A quicker "thinking" "Magic Brain"

guided by the "Magic Eye"

tunes faster, accurately—*silently!*

RCA Victor has all three—"Magic Brain" "Magic Eye" and Metal Tubes

---

*RCA Victor sets now as low as $19.95**

THE "Magic Brain," the wizard-like master of the air waves, seems to take on a new "mental" agility through the unerring guidance of the "Magic Eye." You tune, *by sight*, to exactly the right spot to bring in each program clearly, warmly in the "studio tone" so pleasing to your ears.

With the "Magic Eye" thus looking out for your enjoyment you will find a fresh delight in radio reception. With this far-seeing guide you tune your RCA Victor Radio silently, instantly and with bull's-eye accuracy.

The modern, *more sensitive* RCA Metal Tubes make all 1936 RCA Victor Radios capable of higher fidelity. Through the ingenious union of "Magic Brain" and "Magic Eye," and RCA Metal Tubes, the full capabilities of your RCA Victor set are always at your service.

The charm of RCA Victor tone is consistently carried out in the cabinets. These are fashioned on simple modern lines, from woods beautified by the age-old method of patient hand-rubbing. Nor is the function of the cabinet as a part of a musical instrument overlooked. Cabinets are formed and proportioned to lend added quality to speaker performance.

Easy to Buy. The newest 1936 RCA Victor Radios include a variety of "Magic Brain" and "Magic Eye" sets at new low prices. C.I.T. convenient terms reduce the cost to a few cents a day. RCA Victor values are based on 35 years' experience in development of sound reproduction. Hear the "Magic Brain" sets at your RCA Victor dealer's.

The "Magic Eye"...brings you perfect, silent tuning

The "Magic Eye," an electronic "beam" . . . tells when your set is precisely in tune. It ends blurred reception, or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on. A shadow appears in the "Magic Eye." Dial until this shadow is narrowest. Then the station is tuned for its most perfect reception. You *have tuned in with your eyes...more sharply than human ear could.*

C-8-19 (*above*) is a highly sensitive short and long wave "Magic Brain," "Magic Eye" console receiver Full 3-band tuning range. A good looking, powerful set which at $89.95* is fine RCA Victor value. 8 tubes.

The C-11-3 (*left*) covers domestic and foreign stations in 49, 31, 25, 19 and 16 meter bands, police, aviation and amateur. "Magic Brain," "Magic Eye"; eleven tubes. $150.*

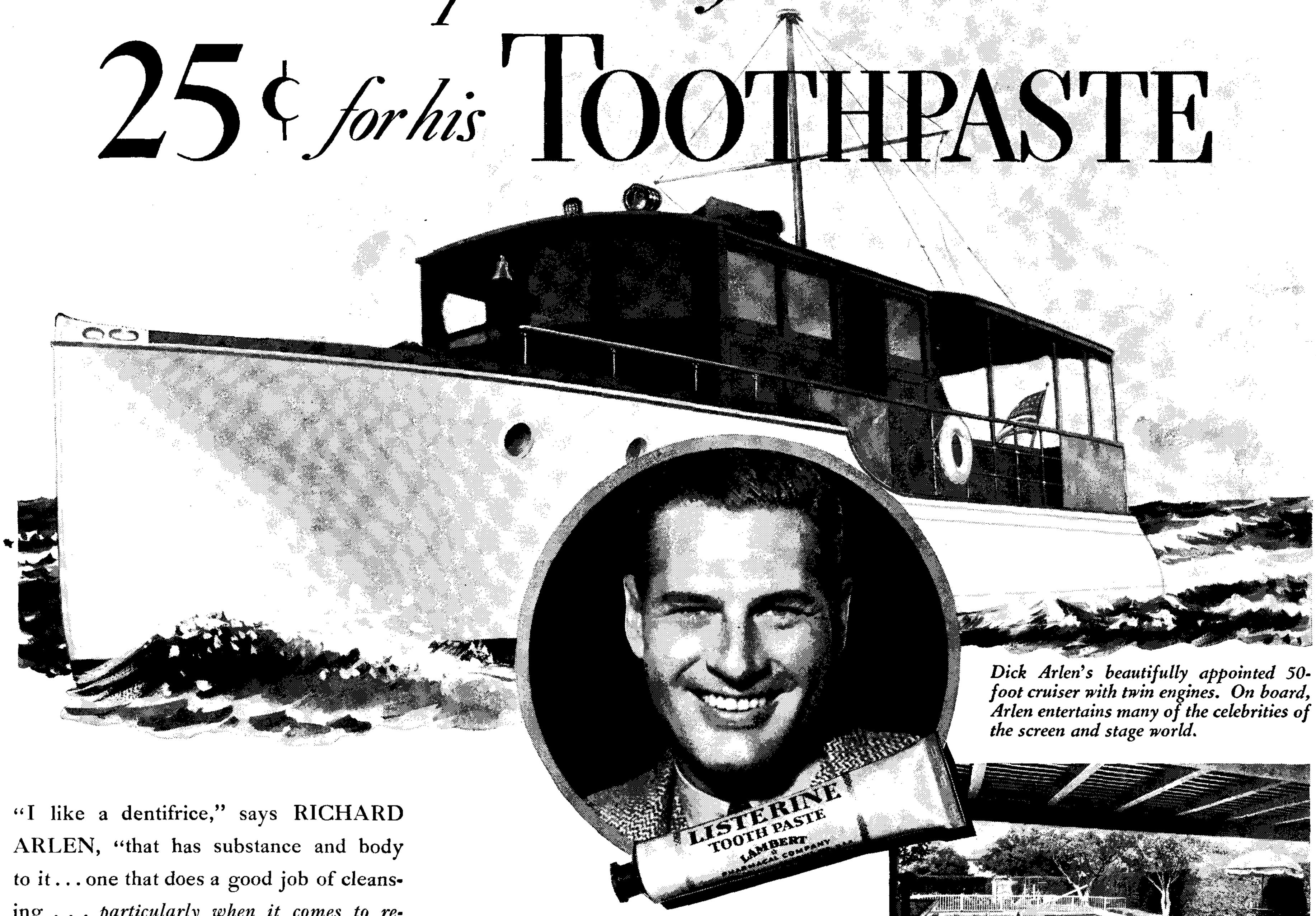
T-6-11 (*right*)—Six all-metal tubes. Tuning range, 540 to 6900 kc. Handsome cabinet, takes up very little space. $39.95.*

RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. Prices from $19.95 up,* f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Put new life into your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes. Listen to the RCA Magic Key Program every Sunday 2:00 to 3:00 P.M., E.S.T., on WJZ and associated NBC stations.

RCA VICTOR

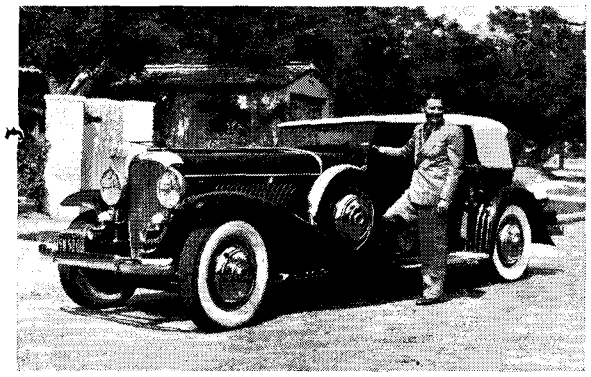
The World's Greatest Artists are on Victor Records

Surrounded by LUXURIES.. he spends only 25¢ for his TOOTHPASTE



Dick Arlen's beautifully appointed 50-foot cruiser with twin engines. On board, Arlen entertains many of the celebrities of the screen and stage world.

"I like a dentifrice," says RICHARD ARLEN, "that has substance and body to it . . . one that does a good job of cleansing . . . *particularly when it comes to removing discoloration.* Maybe that's why I'm such a consistent rooter for that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE."



Dick Arlen's Duesenberg with its special body. Arlen is one of the best drivers in California.

SCREEN stars don't guess about their tooth paste. They can't afford to, with millions ready to spot the slightest flaw in teeth.

Is it any wonder then that the famous screen star, Dick Arlen, surrounded by luxury and able to pay any price for a dentifrice, chooses Listerine Tooth Paste? Its brilliant results won him as they have won more than 3,000,000 other users.

Why not give your teeth the same wonderful care? Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today, and use it twice daily for three weeks. You will be delighted to see the improvement in the brilliance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly but how gently it cleans . . . See how it erases stubborn discolorations . . . See how it makes precious enamel gleam and shine . . . And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it gives to the entire mouth.

You will like Listerine Tooth Paste from the moment you try it . . . It is in every way worthy of the fine name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Keeping fit is a religion with Dick Arlen. Every day finds him in the pool on his estate on Toluca Lake, California.

Richard Arlen's pet Schnauzer, "Lucky," valued conservatively at $2,500 and the son of a champion.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

YOU expect a murderer to be grim, tight-lipped, sinister. Rosy Daniels wasn't like that at all. He was a pink-cheeked boy, with a kind of secret mirth in his eyes and something aloof and self-contained in his manner. At home he was just Eddie Riley. No one suspected he was a bank robber, with a list of murders to his credit, until—

Until his sister Margaret found out, just before the holdup of the Steel pay roll. The boy she was engaged to was one of the guards. Eddie was her brother. What was she to do? In dramatic and unexpected fashion, Thomas Walsh solves the problem in a short story called "Homecoming."

FOR years we have been hearing about the modern house, with its marvels of comfort and convenience; its amazing economy and attractiveness. Recently Collier's retained one of the foremost modern architects to design the perfect house for a man of moderate means. There followed a series of conferences with experts in all lines, to determine the best arrangement, materials and form. An exact model was built and specifications were drawn. The resultant masterpiece is described next week in an article by John T. Flynn.

WHEN Johnny Sullavan was rich he proposed to Marsha Winters, the actress, and was regretfully turned down. By the time he had lost all his money Marsha was engaged to Terry Donlin, the movie star. There was only time for "One More Goodby." At all events, that's what you might think if you didn't know Hollywood, where things happen fast, as for example, in Thomas Monroe's short story.

AT Port Said the transports of Italy pass under the watchful guns of British dreadnoughts. All Egypt is on edge, with the constant threat of riot and bloodshed and the menace of war. In "Uproar on the Nile," T. R. Ybarra explains the situation.

WHEN Baron von Genthner set himself to catch the Bluebeard murderer, all Germany waited in rapt attention, especially the Nightingale, the beautiful and mysterious actress whose fate was linked with that of the cunning maniac. In "Berlin Dinner Party," by Quentin Reynolds, you witness the climax of the chase.

MESSRS. Rohmer and DeVoto continue the serials. And additional contributions come from the typewriters of George Creel, Frank Condon, Freling Foster and others. Pull up a chair.

This Week

●

March 21, 1936

Cover by George De Zayas

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
The Queen's Choice. The vagabond heiress. Page 7

W. B. COURTNEY
Dark and Bloody Roads. Italy's path toward empire. Page 10

ERNEST HAYCOX
Born to Conquer. The blind instinct of the pioneer. Page 12

THOMAS McMORROW
The Perfect System. A boy who played to lose. Page 14

JANET LANE
You Can't Laugh It Off. It's no fun to be fat. Page 16

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Call the Witnesses. The heroism of a snobbish old woman. Page 17

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Loyal Cog, by Lou Wedemar. Page 19

BERNARD DeVOTO
Life Begins So Soon, Part VIII. A shadow on bright college days. Page 20

SAX ROHMER
The Invisible President, Part IV. The invincible plan. Page 22

GEORGE CREEL
Finishing School. Elmer A. Benson, training for the governorship of Minnesota. Page 24

ROBERT HARRON
Bowling Along. Airing an indoor sport. Page 25

FRANK BUCK with FERRIN FRASER
Profit—Four Bucks. Set a Buck to catch a buck. Page 26

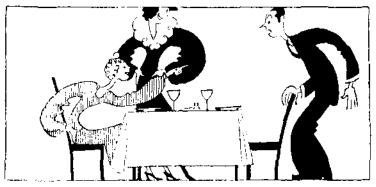
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Ransacking creation. Page 61

EDITORIAL
No Surrender. Page 74

●

Any Week

TWO gentlemen in revolt are Mr. F. G. Tinker, Jr., of DeWitt, Arkansas, and Mr. Polk Thengard of Columbus, Ohio. Both are in dangerous rages about the social etiquette pictures and rules set forth daily in their newspapers. And both, oddly enough, have clipped the same picture to illustrate their protests. "So," storms Mr. Thengard, "if I'm dining in public with my wife and another lady comes over to speak to her I'm supposed to rise, am I, and stand as long as the second dame is on her feet? Is that so? Well, I tried it the other night. I was standing five minutes before either of them noticed me. And then my wife said: 'What are you standing there for?' And I said: 'Because I'm a gentleman.' And my wife said: 'Well, it will take more than that to make you a gentleman. Sit down, you silly-looking sap!' "



HERE'S a bit of timely and impartial warning from Mrs. Kate Polando of San Diego, California. Mrs. Polando will not vote for any presidential candidate who took any part in any war or whose forebears engaged in "any armed conflict with any other nation or peoples." Any person or persons desiring to affiliate with Mrs. Polando to make such a movement nationwide will find her eager to collaborate in "a patriotic and non-profit movement to renounce war as national policy or national pride." Explains she: "Pride in the military achievements of one's ancestors is responsible for the warlike attitude of descendants. Let us get together and—"

BUT Mrs. Polando is going to have a little trouble abolishing ancestors. Also there's no coöperation between abolitionists—for which we should feel humbly grateful—because each is intent upon abolishing something the other would like to hang on to. We're quite an authority. Lots of people yearning to do away with things write to us. You can suit yourself about believing it, but several times we've heard from a gentleman who'd like to scrap the Electoral College because "the majority of Americans are plain people with nothing but a common school education." And a Mr. Drash of Ashland, Kentucky, would "wipe out all salaries for senators because the House of Lords in England do not get any pay and a senator is no better than an English lord."

OTHER splendid movements have been lost most unexpectedly. For example, we know of a group of war veterans who were just about to have the bonus declared illegal. One of them had discovered a chap who had borrowed five hundred dollars on his certificates and for two years the blessed innocent had been paying interest on the loan. The new law has it that those borrowers who haven't paid interest shall be forgiven their omission. But those who have paid interest will not have their payments refunded. Yes, said a celebrated lawyer, it was clearly discriminatory and the Supreme Court was sure to declare the whole law unconstitutional. Great was the joy of the group until, alas, the thought suddenly came to them that such a decision by the Supreme Court would be a victory for Mr. Roosevelt. And they, being loyal Republicans, couldn't stand for that.

WE hadn't planned to say anything more than that about the bonus but neither had we figured on getting a letter from Mrs. Bella Willcoxen of Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Willcoxen reports that a lady resident of Chicago's Gold Coast, about to embark on a shopping tour, found herself a bit short of funds, so she telephoned the post office. Said she: "Will you please send up my husband's bonus money in full right away? I want to surprise him."

THOSE Los Angeles cops who are trying to exclude non-paying guests might think of New Hampshire. "In some of our burgs," writes Mr. Leon W. Anderson of Concord, New Hampshire, "if the railroads toss the pilgrims off, the local officials feed them, house them overnight and put them back on the same train next day. Then we bill the railroad for the food and housing—and get it. If they hitchhike in by motor the process is the same except they don't get fed or housed and they have to dig up their own outbound transportation — supervised by the constable."

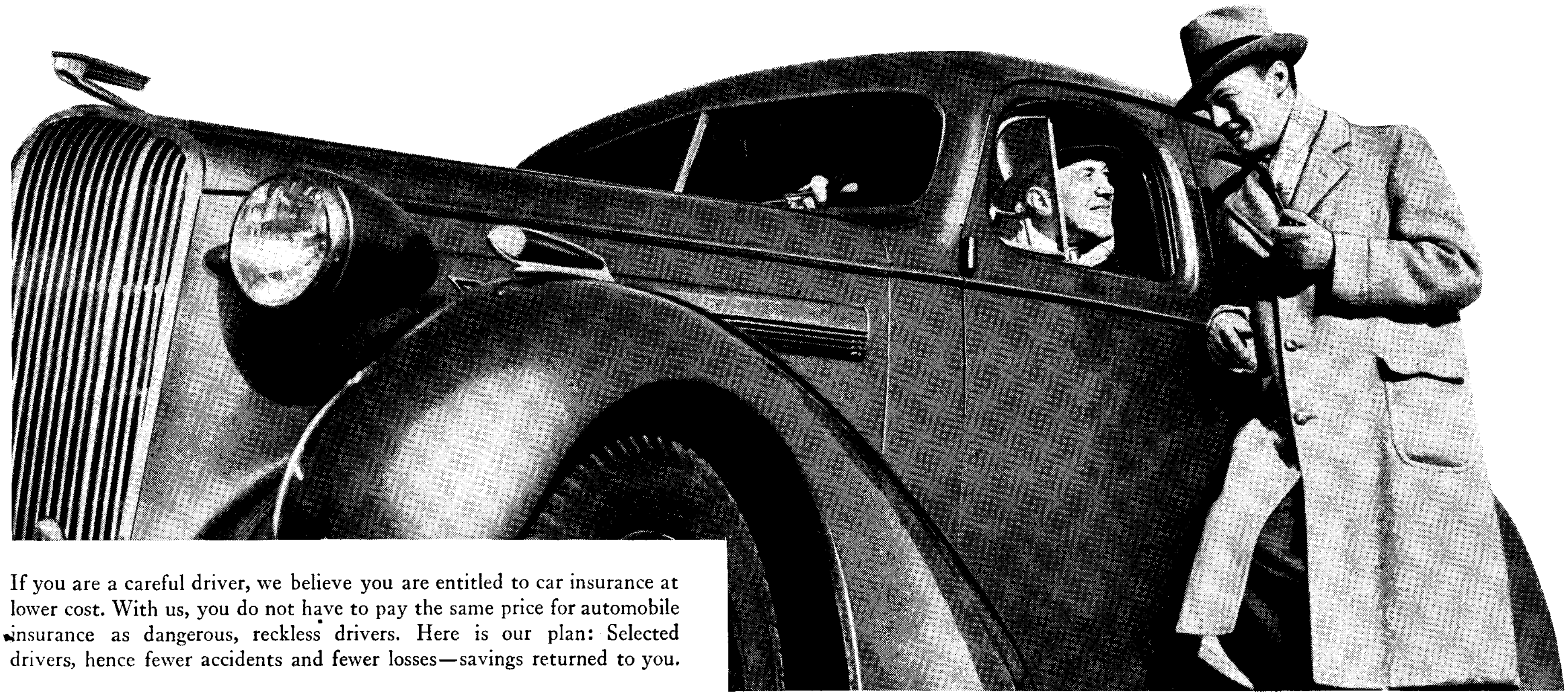
"PARDON me," chides Mr. W. K. McLammond. "Do I understand you to say that there is no substitute for hard work as a formula for success and happiness? You are far, far behind the times. Haven't you ever heard of—? But you guess."

THE New Deal?

Vol. 97, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

IF YOU ARE A CAREFUL DRIVER YOU CAN SAVE MONEY ON CAR INSURANCE



If you are a careful driver, we believe you are entitled to car insurance at lower cost. With us, you do not have to pay the same price for automobile insurance as dangerous, reckless drivers. Here is our plan: Selected drivers, hence fewer accidents and fewer losses—savings returned to you.

LIBERTY MUTUAL'S money-saving plan for careful motor car owners is summed up in these nine words: "Careful drivers are entitled to lower automobile insurance cost."

Here's how it works: By barring dangerous drivers and selecting only careful drivers, we have fewer accidents. This means fewer losses to pay. Furthermore, you avoid paying large commissions to insurance salesmen on new policies or renewals. The savings which result from this plan come back to you. More than 46 million dollars in dividends have been so returned to policyholders by Liberty Mutual since it started 24 years ago.

HOW YOU PROFIT BY INSURING WITH LIBERTY MUTUAL

1. You are associated with reputable and careful drivers who are *selected*, not merely *solicited*. They are the most careful automobile drivers in the country. You do not have to help pay for costly accidents caused by dangerous, reckless drivers.

2. You do not pay a big sales commission for buying and renewing your policy. You deal direct with Liberty Mutual through full-time, salaried representatives.

3. Savings effected by careful selection of good drivers, and savings resulting because you do not pay large commissions, are returned to you. These savings, in the form of cash dividends, have amounted to 20% of premiums every year for 24 years.

4. You will be protected by the largest, strongest mutual casualty insurance company in the country, a company which has grown steadily in size and strength, in good times and bad.

5. Your company operates from coast to coast. Service is as close as your telephone. It is as convenient as it is economical to deal directly with Liberty Mutual.

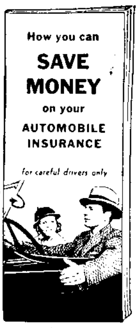
6. Claims are settled fairly, promptly, courteously. No company does more to save its policyholders from trouble and worry.

7. You may use our convenient Deferred Payment Plan.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET

You are invited to write for the free money-saving booklet "How To Save Money on Car Insurance." It tells all about the Liberty Mutual Plan—how it works—how much you save—advantages of dealing direct with a trained Liberty Mutual representative—contains a list of leading companies protected by Liberty Mutual—tells all about our Deferred Payment Plan for responsible car owners.

Mail the coupon today. No obligation.



LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO. C3-21
31 St. James Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation, please send me free booklet which shows exactly how much careful drivers can save on car insurance; also facts about your convenient Deferred Payment Plan for responsible car owners.

Name..

Business address ....

....

Town where car is kept ....

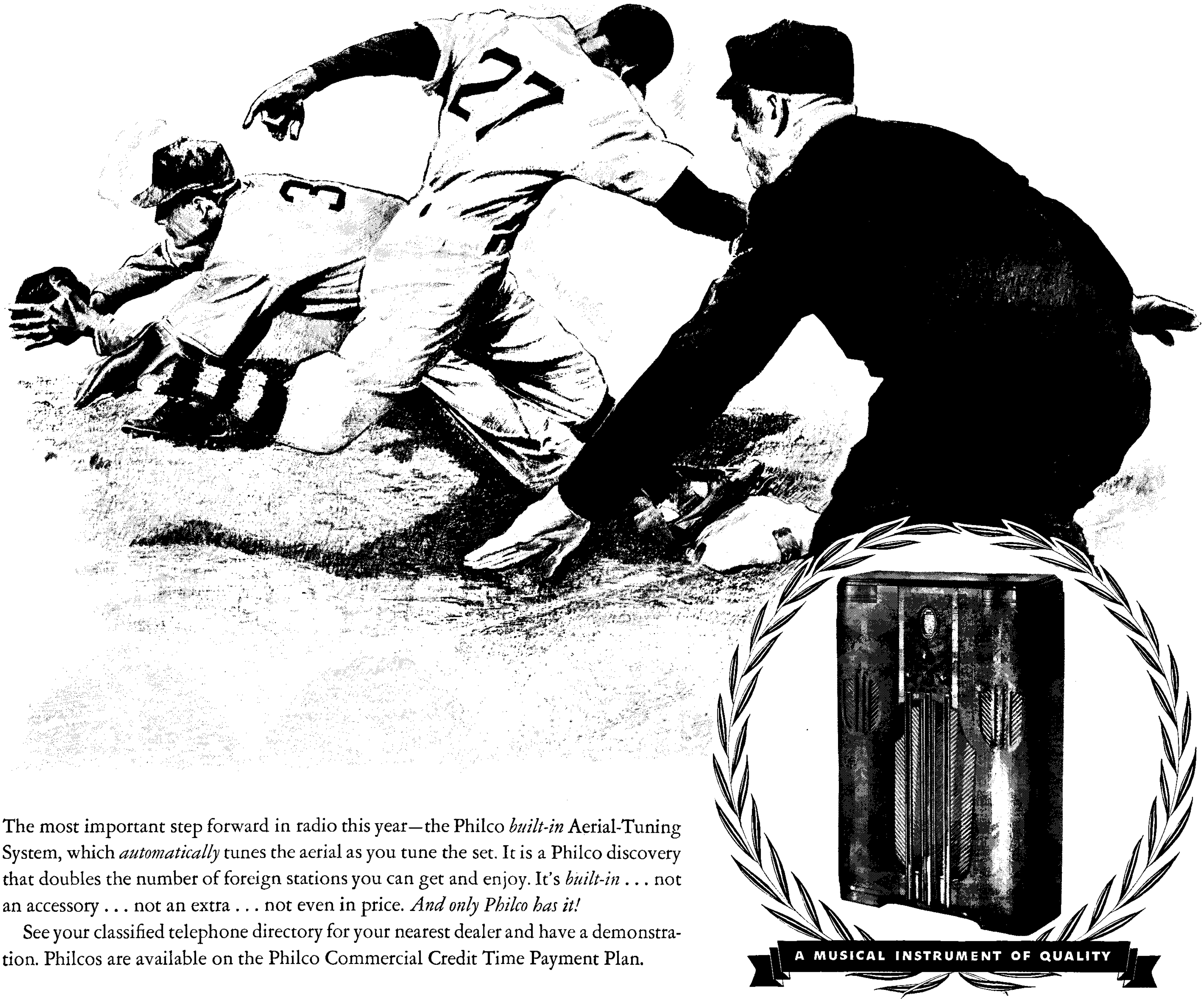
Make of Car ....No. of Cyls...........................

Body Type ....Model No....................Year.............

LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
31 St. James Avenue, Boston
Nation-wide service

LIBERTY MUTUAL *also writes Workmen's Compensation, General Liability, Burglary and Robbery, Personal Accident, Forgery and Fidelity Bonds for manufacturers, merchants and individuals. All forms of Fire Insurance written through* United Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Safe at First! An exultant roar from grand-stand and bleachers as the first man up for the home team raps a single down the third-base line. And you've heard the hit! Philco brings the crack of bat meeting ball . . . just as it registers the shrill shout of a hot-dog seller passing near the announcer's microphone . . . the frenzied rooting during a ninth inning rally. With Philco you're out at the ball game! From April until the World Series . . . baseball is on the air! Hear it through Philco and thrill follows thrill. From the baseball diamond to the "Diamond Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan Opera House is an instantaneous transition. Philco High-Fidelity which makes the crack of the bat so convincing gives the same naturalness to the highest notes of Grace Moore . . . to the dramatic offerings of Leslie Howard . . . to the majestic sweep of the "Soldiers' Chorus". . . or the hottest licks of a swing band trombone! Enjoy it all . . . to the utmost . . . with your Philco!


27
3
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. It is a Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. It's *built-in* . . . not an accessory . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!*

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Philcos are available on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 TO $600

THE NEW PHILCO 116X

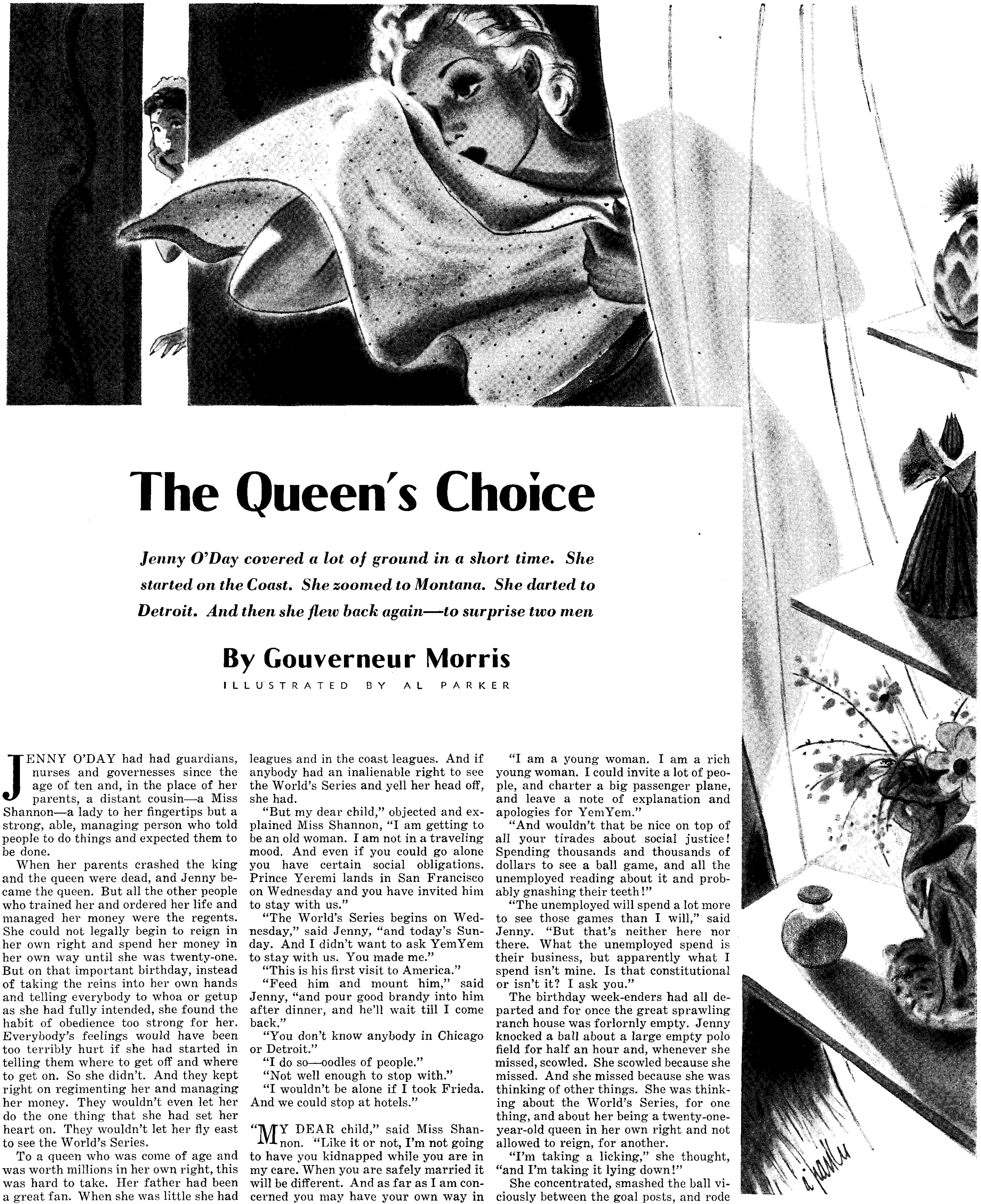
A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. Complete with exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System $180

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE



"Then put some jewelry in my purse," she called to Frieda. "Things with diamonds in them"

The Queen's Choice

Jenny O'Day covered a lot of ground in a short time. She started on the Coast. She zoomed to Montana. She darted to Detroit. And then she flew back again—to surprise two men

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

JENNY O'DAY had had guardians, nurses and governesses since the age of ten and, in the place of her parents, a distant cousin—a Miss Shannon—a lady to her fingertips but a strong, able, managing person who told people to do things and expected them to be done.

When her parents crashed the king and the queen were dead, and Jenny became the queen. But all the other people who trained her and ordered her life and managed her money were the regents. She could not legally begin to reign in her own right and spend her money in her own way until she was twenty-one. But on that important birthday, instead of taking the reins into her own hands and telling everybody to whoa or getup as she had fully intended, she found the habit of obedience too strong for her. Everybody's feelings would have been too terribly hurt if she had started in telling them where to get off and where to get on. So she didn't. And they kept right on regimenting her and managing her money. They wouldn't even let her do the one thing that she had set her heart on. They wouldn't let her fly east to see the World's Series.

To a queen who was come of age and was worth millions in her own right, this was hard to take. Her father had been a great fan. When she was little she had shaken hands with Ty Cobb, and he had autographed a baseball for her. She still treasured it. She knew the names and records of every player in the major leagues and in the coast leagues. And if anybody had an inalienable right to see the World's Series and yell her head off, she had.

"But my dear child," objected and explained Miss Shannon, "I am getting to be an old woman. I am not in a traveling mood. And even if you could go alone you have certain social obligations. Prince Yeremi lands in San Francisco on Wednesday and you have invited him to stay with us."

"The World's Series begins on Wednesday," said Jenny, "and today's Sunday. And I didn't want to ask YemYem to stay with us. You made me."

"This is his first visit to America."

"Feed him and mount him," said Jenny, "and pour good brandy into him after dinner, and he'll wait till I come back."

"You don't know anybody in Chicago or Detroit."

"I do so—oodles of people."

"Not well enough to stop with."

"I wouldn't be alone if I took Frieda. And we could stop at hotels."

"MY DEAR child," said Miss Shannon. "Like it or not, I'm not going to have you kidnapped while you are in my care. When you are safely married it will be different. And as far as I am concerned you may have your own way in everything."

"Then the answer is no?"

"Most decidedly. There are some things you simply cannot do."

"I am a young woman. I am a rich young woman. I could invite a lot of people, and charter a big passenger plane, and leave a note of explanation and apologies for YemYem."

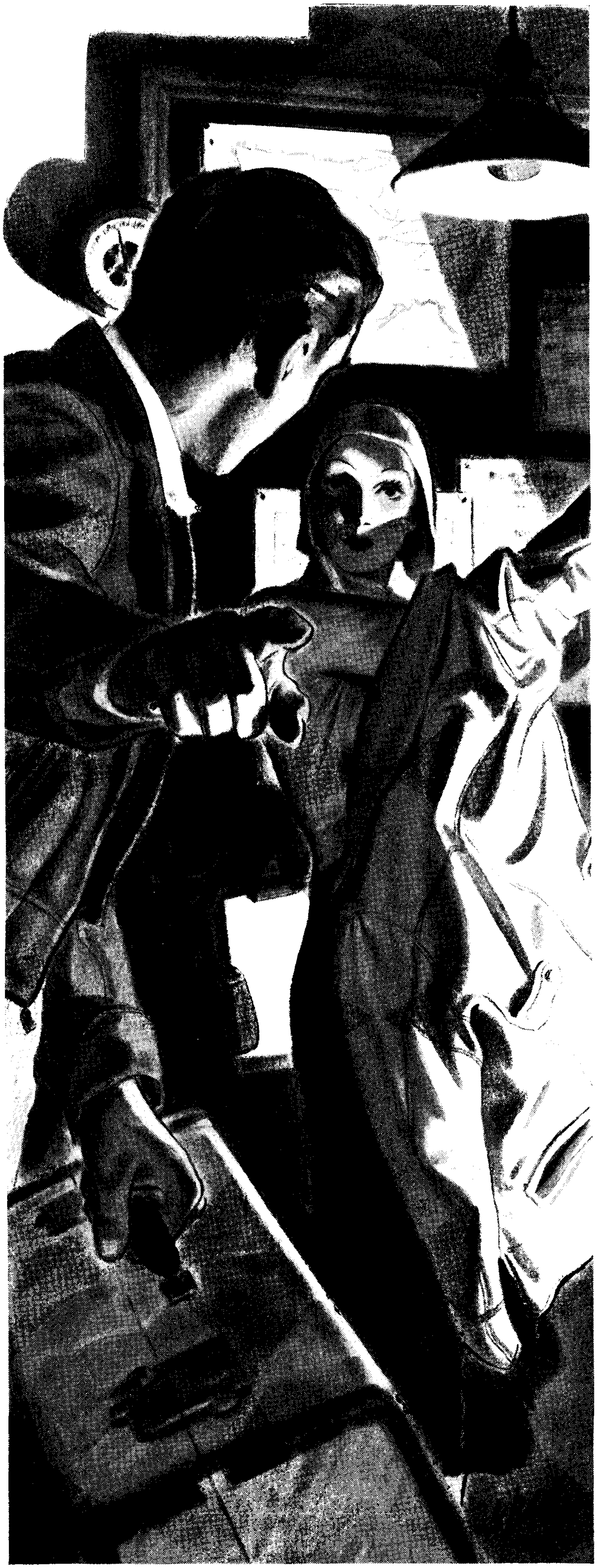
"And wouldn't that be nice on top of all your tirades about social justice! Spending thousands and thousands of dollars to see a ball game, and all the unemployed reading about it and probably gnashing their teeth!"

"The unemployed will spend a lot more to see those games than I will," said Jenny. "But that's neither here nor there. What the unemployed spend is their business, but apparently what I spend isn't mine. Is that constitutional or isn't it? I ask you."

The birthday week-enders had all departed and for once the great sprawling ranch house was forlornly empty. Jenny knocked a ball about a large empty polo field for half an hour and, whenever she missed, scowled. She scowled because she missed. And she missed because she was thinking of other things. She was thinking about the World's Series, for one thing, and about her being a twenty-one-year-old queen in her own right and not allowed to reign, for another.

"I'm taking a licking," she thought, "and I'm taking it lying down!"

She concentrated, smashed the ball viciously between the goal posts, and rode over to the airport. Like everything else in sight, with the exception of the Pacific Ocean, the airport belonged to her. Her father had been a pioneer in aviation and



"If there's anything dry in these suitcases, you'd better put it on," he said

among other things had left her this perfectly equipped landing field and a controlling interest in Pacific Airways. She herself could fly anything and stunt with the masters. She had her eye on the transcontinental record and some other trifling achievements which she had not yet seen fit to mention to Miss Shannon.

It was everybody's day off but she located Timkins, an elderly mechanic who liked work for its own sake, and who was going over the latest arrival, a bug of a monoplane built to her special order. It had a great capacity for fuel and was so feelingly streamlined that even when it was standing still it looked as if it were going a hundred miles an hour.

"Going up, Miss Jenny?"

"Tomorrow—early—before anybody's awake except you and me. Fill her up—all she'll take."

"Endurance test?"

"For those I leave behind me."

IF TIMKINS noted the look of reckless, carefree daring in her eyes, he made no comment. And he could not know that she had determined upon a coup d'état.

Frieda had always been Jenny's maid, but she wasn't part of the regency. She knew her duties and her place. Her duties were manifold, like the sands of the seashore; her place was to see no evil, hear none, speak none.

While Frieda packed two suitcases full of what the stylish young lady will wear at the World's Series, Jenny, attired in nothing but a rubber bathing cap into which her page bob had been upthrust, stood under a deluge of ice-cold water which came by gravity from her own private spring-filled reservoir in the mountains and sang valiantly to the effect that her name was Paddy Leary and she was off to Philadelphia in the mornin'.

Then wearing what the young nudist will wear when she steps out of the shower, and her eyes closed because of misguided soapsuds, she groped for a towel and battled with it. Out of the battle she called to Frieda:

"Have I any money?"

"Thirty-seven dollars, Miss Jenny, and odds."

"Not enough. Have you any money?"

"Chicken feed, Miss Jenny."

"Then put some jewelry in my purse—quite a lot—things with diamonds in them."

Later, wearing about the most exquisite things a young lady in the world who is no more than five feet high will wear on such occasions, she dined with Miss Shannon, and was waited on by one butler and two footmen, and would have preferred a clambake or a hamburger at a stand with almost any merrier company.

AFTER dinner she tried to see how fast she could play the opening movement of the Moonlight Sonata, challenged Miss Shannon to a game of rummy, lost three and romped on the terrace with some dogs who had sat up all through the last game of rummy, occasionally snapping their jaws for attention. Before undressing she wrote a few lines which the butler was to give to Prince Yeremi:

"Dear YemYem: Hail and farewell. I fly east to see the World's Series. That is all we mean when we swear to defend the Constitution. Miss Shannon will explain. About us, the answer is still yes and no. I don't know. Maybe. You're a good egg for a prince. Insist on the Napoleon brandy. Don't play rummy with Miss Shannon for money. See you soon. Jenny."

A storm was brewing, and it was almost night-dark up in the dripping rain clouds. Jenny decided to land. She knew how high she was, the direction in which she was flying and how fast; but, except that she believed herself to be somewhere over Montana, she didn't know where she was. She broadcast inquiries which for what seemed ages met with no response. Then without quite knowing how it came about she found herself in communication with a matter-of-fact male voice which took charge of her and grounded her eventually in a sopping field. She taxied to a yawning hangar and with the help of the male who belonged to the voice pushed her ship under cover. Rain was beginning to roar on the roof of the hangar, and speech was difficult. And conditions weren't much better in the station itself.

It was an out-of-the-way station with living quarters. It was twenty miles from the nearest settlement. The field over which it presided was a real emergency field. It was good for no more than one or two landings in a month, often there were none. A dog's life.

The man with the matter-of-fact voice was young, raw-boned and lanky, but smooth-moving. He had rather nice blue eyes, nothing soulful about them, but steady and well set. An easy chair pulled up to a fire and some newspapers and magazines on the floor beside it indicated the activities which had been interrupted by Jenny's distress signals. The room was bare and businesslike, with varnished woodwork and plaster walls displaying maps, blueprints and long strings of weather reports. But there were three easy chairs, some books, the newspapers and magazines on the floor and the fire. So it was a living-room.

Jenny had moved instinctively to the fire. She didn't look very pretty. She was drenched and her face was darkly smeared with oil.

"Do you hold down this job alone?" she asked.

"There's three of us. But once a week two of us run into town for a fling and one of us holds the fort."

HE LEANED down, picked up her two suitcases, very wet on the outside, and left the room. When he returned he asked her how she happened to be flying about on a night like this.

"I'm flying east for the World's Series."

He did not pursue the subject. He didn't believe her.

"If there's anything dry in these suitcases you'd better step back to my room and put it on. I've lit the gas stove to take the chill off."

He led the way down a narrow corridor into a Spartan bedroom. There was an iron bed, a varnished bureau with a mirror, a varnished chest of drawers, and one very small and ugly Navajo rug.

"Bath's in there," he said, pointing. "Throw out your wet stuff in the hall, and I'll dry it in the kitchen."

To Jenny's delight the tap marked H ran hot, very hot. And the bath towels were of good quality. She started a tub, stripped, threw her wet things into the hall and was soon wallowing in a delicious sea of hot suds.

"Oh," she thought with satisfaction, "if the Shannon could only see me now!"

Meanwhile the man with the matter-of-fact voice returned to the living-room, backed up to the fire and wondered why he was always the goat. The young woman who had said that she was flying east for the World's Series—a palpable lie—was going to make a lot of trouble for him. She would demand attention and entertainment. His eye caught sight of the young woman's purse where she had tossed it on a table. It was handsome, leather and wet. If there was anything in it that water would spoil it had better be emptied—stuffed with newspapers and slowly dried like a wet shoe. His last thought in this world would have been to intrude on anyone's privacy. His mind was matter-of-fact and utilitarian. He stepped to the table, opened the purse and turned it upside down. A lipstick came out, a platinum powder case, damp greenbacks, a damp handkerchief and a clattering little avalanche of diamond bracelets, diamond rings and diamond pins.

The man with the matter-of-fact voice could not have been more startled if he had been stung by a black widow spider. He stuffed everything back into the purse, snapped it shut, returned to the easy chair by the fire, knelt and began to dig about among the magazines and newspapers. Presently he found what he was looking for. It was a tabloid picture of a pompous fat woman. It had made the least possible impression on him, but still an impression. He now read for the second time, but more carefully, the text that went with the picture. The text related with excitement that Mrs. Nathan Allendy had been robbed while she slept of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, mostly diamonds. Her maid was suspected. The maid had disappeared.

THE man with the matter-of-fact voice smiled a grim smile, collected the wet things which the young woman had thrown into the hall and hung them in the kitchen to dry. Then presently he heard her calling to him and asking for her purse. It had her make-up in it.

"Make-up, my eye!" he thought.

Five minutes later, ecstatically pretty in a dark blue dress of wash silk, she came smiling into the living-room.

"My name is Shannon," she said, "you haven't told me yours."

"Shannon, my eye!" he thought, but aloud he said, "Burke."

"No first name?"

"Clifford."

He was determined to hate her because she was a thief. But it wasn't going to be easy because she didn't look like a thief.

"What," she asked, "do people do in this part of the world when they are hungry?"

"They eat."

"Not really! Are you a good cook?"

"No. Too bad I'm not Braithwaite. He can cook. And when I say cook, I mean cook."

"Is Mr. Braithwaite one of the two who went to town for a fling?"

Burke nodded dismally.

"And he can cook like nobody's business?"

Again the nod.

"Well, so can I. How are we fixed for raw supplies?"

"I'll lead you to them, and you can see for yourself."

"Venison?"

"Well, not exactly venison—antelope."

"But that's against the law."

"A nice one you are," thought Burke, "to talk about the law," but aloud he made explanation.

"In the season," he said, "one hunts or fishes while two hold the fort. Well, this time Harkness was out with the gun and he was just walking along when this antelope jumped out of the bush and went for him."

"Self-defense?"

"Between you and me, it may have been temporary insanity."

"Well, you cut some steaks and I'll make a sauce that will stand your hair on end. Got an apron?"

BURKE tried his best not to thaw, but she fed him so full of good things that he couldn't help himself. He was a man. And before he really knew what he was doing he was telling her the story of his life, and enjoying every word of it.

He was highly trained. It had taken him five years of intensive study and training to master his job. His pay was a hundred a month. He had parents to help and a younger brother. The more he talked the better-looking she thought him.

The short-wave set furnished innumerable interruptions, and leaning back in a blissful toasting, she appraised the speed of his teletyping, and heard with pleasure the soft roar of the rain on the iron roof. The weather reports were all to the effect that there would be another twenty-four hours of rain and impossible ceilings. Her hop to Detroit would have to be postponed.

Burke wished that she wouldn't keep harping on the World's Series. Just whenever he was forgetting that she was anything but a pretty girl, she reminded him that she was a liar and a thief. He sounded her with questions which he thought to be subtle.

"What's your hurry? You're safe here."

"Don't you hate to make up your mind to do a certain thing and then not do it?"

"How come you made up your mind to see the World's Series?"

"Well, for one thing, I had to get away."

What admission could have been more filled with implications?

"Why?" he asked.

"My life," she said, "has been the opposite of yours. I've always had everything."

The young man sighed inwardly. She was going to lie some more.

"I've always had everything, and it all belonged to me. But my parents died when I was little, and I've never been allowed to call my soul my own."

So far every word rang false.

"I suppose I'm one of the richest girls in the world."

He could swallow this. The diamonds in her purse made her so.

"I have to have guards so I won't be kidnapped. And I can't know if I'm liked for myself or just for my money. And when I wanted to go to the World's Series I was told I couldn't. So I got mad and flew away."

"Where do you live?"

"On the Pacific Ocean."

"In a boat?"

"I mean my place is on the ocean. I have twenty miles of waterfront, and my own aviation field. I can put up fifty guests over the week end. I own more than fifty per cent of Pacific Airways. And it isn't any good—any of it—because I have to do what I'm told."

"Why don't you get married?"

HE HAD decided to humor her and lead her on, to pretend that he believed her.

"Decent American boys don't marry for money. They simply don't do it."

"Is that why rich American girls always marry foreigners?"

"I suppose so."

"Speaking of Pacific Airways—who did you say was the head of it?"

"I don't know that I did. I own it, but Mr. Huydecooper is the president. He's one of my guardians."

"My first job was with Pacific Air. He was president then. I wanted him to look at some blueprints and schedules I'd thought up—ways to cut down on operating expenses without cutting down on efficiency. He didn't have time to see me."

"Of course he's horribly busy."

"I told my notion to a fellow I knew in another outfit. He got action. And now he's got his own planes and motorboats."

"Didn't he give you the credit?"

"It wasn't anything you could patent."

"What a beastly shame."

"And now Pacific has borrowed the works from the other company."

"I'll give Mr. Huydecooper a piece of my mind."

"Don't bother. If you own the company throw him out, and put something alive in his place."

With that he rose, told her that he had work to do and suggested that she turn in.

"If by any chance it clears in the night," he said, "you'll need to be rested for your getaway."

She slept like a top. Burke didn't, of course. Toward midnight word came that the weather was changing. A strong and unexpected wind had risen and was blowing the rain clouds to smithereens.

The wind went down as the sun came up. And there was plenty of blue sky. If flight was possible she had asked to be called early. Burke ran water into the coffeepot, set it on the stove and called her. When presently she breezed into the kitchen and reached for her apron she didn't look like a hunted thing. She didn't look as if she had a care.

There were sausages in the icebox and she made him buckwheat cakes the like of which he had never eaten before.

"I can't tell you," she said, when the dishes had been washed and racked, "how much I've enjoyed my visit. I'll never forget how kind you've been. And you'll hear from me very soon."

"In the headlines," he thought unhappily.

"AND now," she went on, "that I've had a taste of real liberty, I'm always going to do just exactly what I want to do."

"Do you know what I'd do if I were you?"

His voice was so very serious that she puckered her brows at him.

"And what is that?"

"I'd go back where I came from, and I'd come clean."

"Come clean? What on earth are you talking about?"

"I've been thinking about you all night," he confessed, "and something down inside of me tells me that it isn't too late. You're young. You could make a fresh start and go straight."

"Are you quite sure that you are talking about me?"

"You said your name was Shannon, but it isn't. You said you were flying east to see the World's Series, but you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"Take it from me, Miss Shannon, if that's what you want to be called, I'm older than you. It isn't too late."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "my name isn't Shannon. I am exactly what I told you I was and my real name is Jenny O'Day. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Everybody knows about her."

"Well, I'm she."

"Have it your own way."

She stamped her little foot.

"You've said too much, and you haven't said enough. Do you mind telling me just who you think I am?"

"You're Mrs. Nathan Allendy's maid," he said, "and you've walked off with her diamonds."

JENNY recalled the case vaguely. But she was not amused at being mistaken for a thief. She resolved upon punishment.

"If I'm that," she said, "what are you? Have you sent for the police?"

He shook his head.

"I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

He regarded her steadfastly for some moments, and then said: "I guess it's because I like you too much."

"And when the detectives show up and ask which way I flew?"

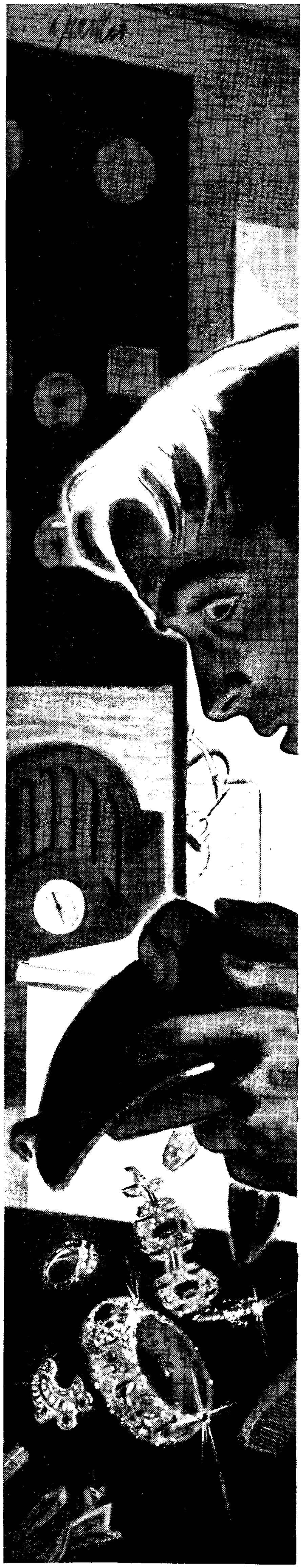
"Nobody'll ever know that you've been here, unless you tell them."

"That makes you a party to the crime."

"Up till the moment you're caught you have a chance to think things over—"

"And repent and throw myself on Mrs. what's-her-name's mercy and promise to be good. Is that the idea?"

"In a nutshell."



He turned the purse upside down

(Continued on page 46)

ACME

Supply lines are life lines for those who wage Italy's war against Ethiopia. Here, a motor caravan of military supplies and food makes its perilous way over mountain roads to the northern front

THERE was a little puff of dust in a chasm at night.

Far under our feet, it drifted briefly across the ray from my flashlight and vanished, but it left an eternal memory. It wrote the epitaph of a frightened, homesick boy—a conscript, who had been dragged from some peasant woman back in Italy. It did more. It revealed a dream of empire withering on the mountainsides of East Africa, nailed there by the bones of this lad and hundreds of others like him.

This was an incident of a ride to Asmara. I must tell you how it came about. Some of us had taken a lorry early in the afternoon from Massaua, the inhabited blister on the scalded Eritrean coast.

The solitary road that leads inland from the Red Sea toward the northeastern Abyssinian highlands is sound for perhaps fifty of its eighty miles to Asmara. In the United States we should consider it an improved country road. It is about twenty feet wide, asphalted, washboardy now in its older stretches—built last spring—because of the lack of subsurfacing. In mid-December, just before the onset of the little rains, only one of the several main bridges was usable. The others, with their approaches, had to be gone around over spine-cracking detours and bouldered fords. If you were in a closed or topped car you got out to save having your head gashed on the roof bows. In a truck, you were as helpless as a potato in a sack. If your vehicle swerved half a yard from the ancient caravan tracks its rear wheels disappeared in the sand. Then you had to get out and unload all your baggage and help search for thornbrush to cram under the wheels.

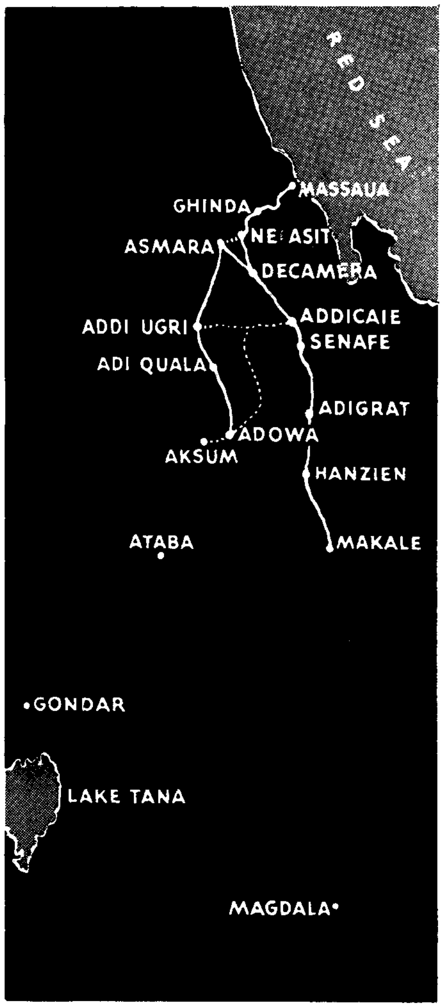
Companions in the Wilderness

We swayed for an hour, through intolerable heat and dust, before we saw our first tree; and that a wan mimosa. The road went upward, and never once dipped. With each new hundred feet of altitude we felt like pilgrims who, by some miraculous dispensation, had been granted leave to climb by little steps from the floor of hell. Buzzards were pasted on the sky. A pair of jackals quit shredding a donkey carcass and drew off to watch us from a safer distance. One of our more sporting comrades fired at them apathetically with his revolver. They did not stir. "My hand's too sweaty," he explained. No one cared. Several troops of baboons chattered by, unaffrighted, shaking their fists and baring their teeth at us. Sometimes, a workman told me, baboons come near and throw stones at the road builders. "Carramba!" he said indignantly, "we throw stones right back at them, signore!"

Once, in the bordering scrub, we saw a rabble of the baboons' cousins with the paint-pot seats—mandrills. These apes, moving gravely off, presented a whole hillside of rainbow bull's-eyes. That was at Dogala, where, on a ridge

WIDE WORLD

The "Little Rains" make desperate going on the new military roads; a mild foretaste of what the coming six months of rain will do to Italy's vital communication lines



Italy's dearly won network of roads in the north, from Massaua to Makale and Aksum. Beyond these outposts lies the world's most formidable wilderness of mountain and jungle

Through Adi Quala, mud-hut "City of Virgins" with its ubiquitous road crews, Mussolini's legions marched to Adowa to avenge the overwhelming Italian defeat in the 1895 campaign

Dark and Bloody Roads

By W. B. Courtney

Italy's fighting men in the barren lands of East Africa are wholly dependent upon the roads that climb inland from the coast. Mr. Courtney, Collier's reporter, followed these perilous and winding tracks up to the front lines of the war. He describes, from dramatic personal experience, the meager arteries of supply upon which Italy's dream of empire depends

top, stands a memorial to the Italians wiped out there in 1887 by Ras Alula of Abyssinia. Eritrea and near-by Ethiopia are dotted with such monuments to Italian disasters of long ago. Every modern Italian soldier, going to the front, must see them and hear their bloody stories: these reminders of an unsuccessful past have had a subtle effect which was not reckoned in staff plans and has become a notable factor in this campaign.

We came to Ghinda, first large hinterland village of Eritrea, half-way point between Asmara and the Red Sea. Lest your inner eye conjure now a picture of "Main Street Looking East with First Methodist Church" and fire hydrants and paved streets and windowed houses, let me assure you that "village" in the Eritrean and Ethiopian sense means a planless, scattered, nondescript collection of rounded huts built of cattle dung, mud and wattling, each lacking water and having for toilet purposes that part of the great outdoors nearest to the front entrance; each so low that you cannot stand up straight in it and so fetid and verminous that you would not have the heart to keep your enemy's pigs therein. Family groupings, usually, are within compounds; i.e., tightly woven fences of acacia or thorn branches, which serve to keep out hyenas. A large, ribby, mongrel dog-beast is chained at the squeezeway into each compound. Detached, unguarded huts are ofttimes raided at night by hyenas and jackals—and, in some districts, lions and leopards—which carry off and devour the infirm and the young. In cities, where the natives have utilized local clays to make adobe quarters, the only difference is in the materials.

Ramparts of Peril

In Ghinda, then, we halted at the hut—an irregular hole cut in a wall proclaimed it a store—of a veteran Italian colonist who lives there with his black wife and smudged children and blesses the war for the windfall in soda-pop trade it brought to his strategic roadside location at the edge of the desert.

There had been some thrills up to here; camels bolting in front of us, donkeys that refused to budge, and our driver who refused to slow down; foothill crevasses; lorries racing hub to hub on a road scarcely wide enough for two small cars; an old native woman, brushed over an embankment by our truck, unhurt, and shrieking Mohammedan curses after us; once, an unsignalled blast let off in a construction section just after we passed. In Ghinda we reached the initial rampart of the dark and terrible wall of mountains that overwhelms you with forebodings when your ship approaches the coast.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Italian laborers at work on the road between Adigrat and Addi Ugri

Beyond Ghinda, swinging westward over the dried Anseba River bed, you careen abruptly into a lost world of precipices and bald gorges and jumbled cloud-girt buttes and awesome crags. It is magnificent, but it chills your heart; numbs your mind. There are few places on this earth so remote, so fantastically different from anything you have ever before experienced, that you cannot find a single word or scene to compare with familiar things. The Antarctic, perhaps; interior Australia; Gobi — and these monstrous summits of Ethiopia, with their abutting loins. When first you behold the latter, you gain at once—unless you are a Fascist—a candid perspective of the sad and futile drama of which you are today a part. For it is this ultimate fortress of nature herself that soldiers of Mussolini assault with a prim European army: it is this prehistoric wilderness, left unfinished at creation, that workmen of Mussolini are striving to bind and tame with modern highways.

"Blessed Mother," said a young Italian officer, just from home, "is *this* the country England and the League of Nations do not want us to have? They should pay us for taking it!" A captain, out since July, turned on him irritably: "You all talk when you come here. You make me sick. *This is nothing.* Wait a little!" We all held tighter to the sideboards, and our knuckles showed white in the gloom.

It was dark when we came to the control station at Nefasit. There is a short way from here to Asmara, a sand trail, spaded out of the flank of a continuous ridge and rising from 3,000 feet to 8,000 feet in a distance of some thirty kilometers. There is another route, more than twice as long, paved and safer, toward Decamera on the road to the Makale front. The short cut is, officially, open *only* to east, or coast-bound, traffic until eleven at night. In practice, each camion driver for Asmara tries to persuade the control officer to let him violate the one-way rule and proceed upwards against traffic. Many succeed. Ours did. I learned, when it was too late, that he had used me for his argument: "American journalist in a big, big hurry!"

Dread in the Dark

As we turned into the trail, off the main road, the dark mass that loomed overhead—so close that if you looked up you got dizzy and felt it was toppling over upon you—was festooned from top to bottom with moving yellow eyes. The tide of trucks we had to buck! The lights of Nefasit were hung below us for a full hour as we snaked up the bare face of that escarpment—now on the inside of the narrow road, and we thanked God; now on the crumbling outside rim, and we prayed to Him. Blinded, flung about on the floor of the truck, bruised, we made jokes; for we were afraid. The down-thundering lorries hogged the road, because we had no rights; the night was a tumult of horns, brakes, and curses. If we met a truck on a turn, we pulled ourselves, shivering, to our feet and waited for the end. It grew bitterly cold, yet we perspired.

We got into clouds, and the strain became almost unbearable. The headlights, even when dimmed, were diffused by the blended dust and wet mist into opaque draperies of golden steam. Most of the drivers turned off their lamps, preferring to "feel" their ways, hanging out the windows, peering at the road under the front wheels. Here was no quick, zestful moment of fear and peril, when you can meet death under a hypodermic of excitement. Here, instead, was a monotonous funk that drained your courage and turned your muscles to putty and your nerves to water, and left you abject.

Suddenly we broke through on top of the clouds, and for a weird instant seemed to be close enough to the stars to bump our heads on them. Still the road went upwards. Once we crossed a hundred-foot bridge over a vertical crack in the ridge, and there was nothing on either side, no railing, no echo to the rumble of our wheels. We had a sickening illusion of having departed from the substantial earth and launched out into the night sky. Gradually we began to overtake a lorry that had been only a few hairpins in front of us when we broke from the clouds. Our headlights, on again now, touched it across one inside horseshoe turn; and we could see that four soldiers stood in it.

One-Way Roads to Oblivion

It was late, and the down traffic had thinned; but far ahead, and coming on, we observed what in the black distance seemed to be a long caterpillar with incandescent segments. A staff car, Nefasit bound, halted the truck in front of us. We pulled up under its tailboard to listen. The chauffeur, strangely red-eyed under our lights, shouted a warning: "There's a battery of heavy artillery coming down, pulled by tractors. Be careful; it's hard to get by them!" Gingerly, we proceeded. The road here was rough, with loose stones that caused persistent skidding. We selfishly esteemed our inside track; yet had the grace to feel apprehensions for the poor devils who must ride past us, along a frayed gravel lip of infinity, on the ponderous artillery. "No reinforcing, you know," said our captain, the old hand, who spoke English with a Tuscan accent: "Just the natural slope. Too near the edge, too heavy and—pouf! there goes a landslide. Right here? Yes, I know the place—you're lucky it's dark and you can't really see what it's like. A thousand meters, more or less straight down—if—"

We came to a bad hairpin: one of the *hundreds* such in this land that a car, let alone a truck, cannot *steer* around, but must negotiate by filling and backing. Here, your headlights stream out and are wasted over the void. The nose of the truck ahead of us disappeared around the bend; there was an outburst of horns and brakes and shouts. We stopped, for we knew it had met the first tractor and its limbered gun head-on. We could see that the four soldiers in the truck were nervously alert, watchful. The artillery train, evidently, had drawn up; its drivers were decent lads and did not bedevil the truckman. The difficulty of the turn was aggravated for him, because now he would

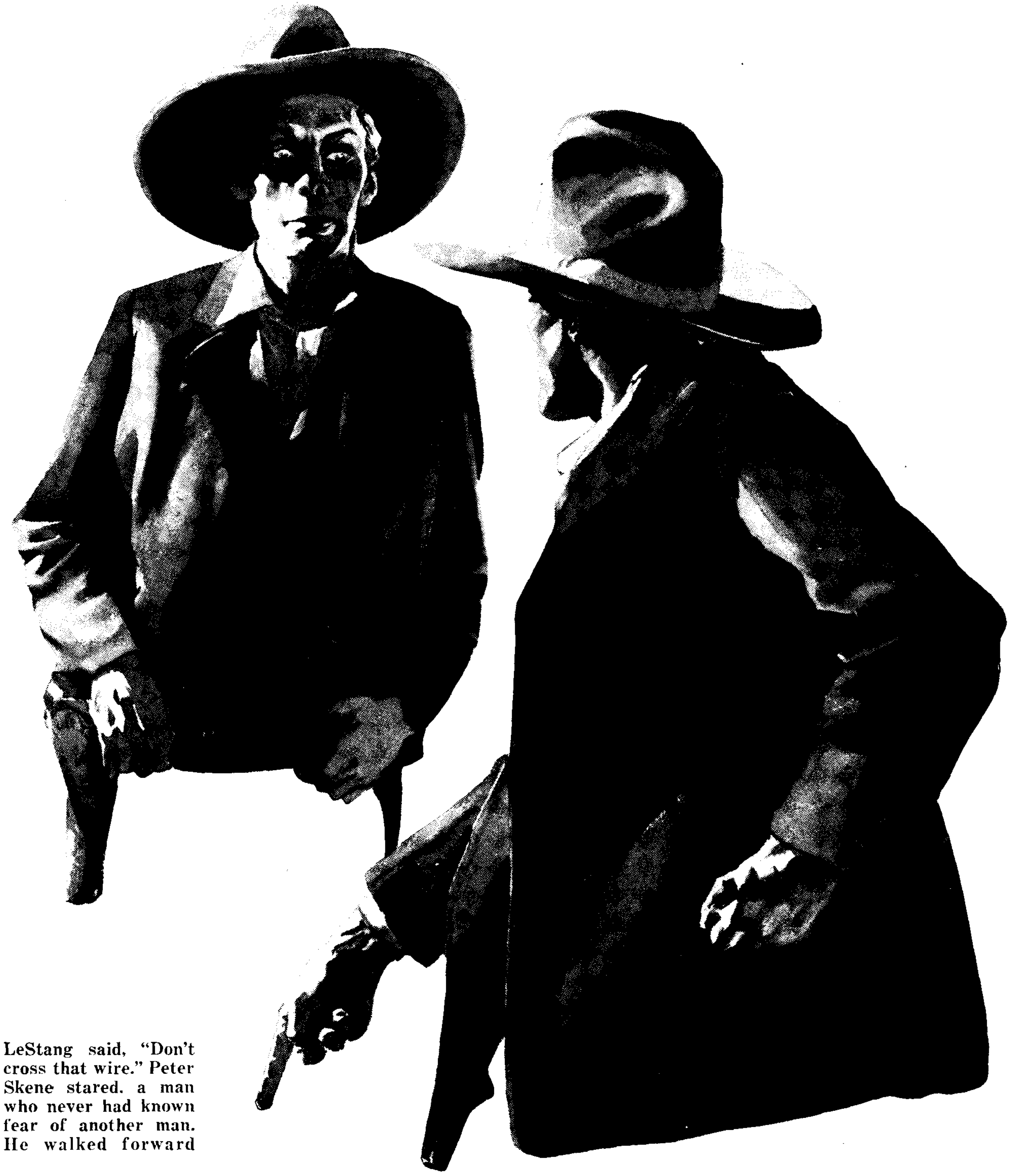
(Continued on page 29)

Born to Conquer

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

When Peter Skene went away, he left the girl he loved behind him. In time, he would return and marry her. At least, so he thought. But life saw fit to write a different story. This is it, in all its splendid power



LeStang said, "Don't cross that wire." Peter Skene stared, a man who never had known fear of another man. He walked forward

PETER SKENE was standing at the runway of the stockyards in Sacramento when a new batch of steers came through, bigger and heavier than anything he'd ever seen before. Beef was his life, beef and horseflesh; and he had to know about those cattle. He didn't have to ask, for the gate tender saw the sharpness of his interest and said, "This stuff came from Oregon."

Next day when he got back to the ranch he went directly to old Henry Marr, whose foreman he was. Henry Marr sat on his front porch because his wornout legs would let him do little else; there was an understanding between them that one day it would be Peter Skene's place. Nothing had ever been said about it, for neither man was a talker. Yet they both knew perfectly how it was to be.

It was a hard thing for Peter Skene to say. All that he now was he could thank Henry Marr for, who had taken him as an orphan boy of seven and had raised him in the way he would have raised the son he never had. Yet the memory of those wild, bulky steers in the Sacramento yards wouldn't let him alone. And so he stood there in the hot golden afternoon light, looking up to Marr on the porch—and seeing Marr's daughter come to the house doorway and stand very quietly there.

He said, "I'm going up to Oregon, Henry."

Taciturnity covered Marr's face, as it always did. He might have said a good deal but it wasn't his way, and he knew it wasn't Peter Skene's way to listen. There was something hard and impetuous and self-willed in Peter Skene that, at twenty, had made him foreman over riders twice his age. He was small and light and many of those riders could have broken him with their hands had they wished to counter the temper suggesting itself always in his brilliant black eyes. They never had.

To think a thing was to do it. That was Peter Skene's way even then, as it was to be his way through the length of his life. So the next morning five hundred cows and six of Marr's vaqueros were on the way north, with Peter Skene tarrying behind to say goodby. Henry Marr shook his hand and drawled, "Good luck," and the sense of regret and loss stirred powerfully between them. Afterward Marr went into the house, leaving his daughter alone with Peter Skene.

There was a silence in this girl covering more than Peter Skene knew then, or ever did know. And there was a silence in him that, as long as he had been on this ranch, made him still a stranger to her. They were to have been married in the fall, but there was no talk of this now. Peter Skene held his hat carefully in his hand.

"When I get settled up there—when I find the range I want—I'll write."

She said, "I'll wait to hear from you."

"It may be a year. Might even be two years."

"I can wait two years, Pete."

That was all there was to be said between this man so filled with his thoughts and this girl who had no way of giving voice to hers. He bowed to Helen Marr and climbed to his saddle and rode away. At the end of the ranch yard he turned briefly to lift his arm, and then was soon lost in the dust of that out-venturing herd. This was in May and north from the Marr ranch lay the vast sweep of desert and barren range and little alkali lakes and high pine hills.

IN AUGUST, *having traveled eight hundred miles* over a country he had never seen before, toward some destination he could not foretell, he came around the base of a long, low mountain and arrived at the edge of a rim dropping three hundred feet to the floor of a valley footed along the mountain's base. There was a river flowing down the flats of the valley in lazy loops, flowing on as far as his eye could reach, melting away into the heat haze of a hot day. And standing there on the rim, seeing the valley so long and narrow and self-contained, seeing the lazy river nourish its bottoms, seeing the miles of graze reach back up into the hill slopes, Peter Skene knew he had at last reached the land he sought. There was in him even then a prescience about those things in his life which mattered. Land and water and grass, and cattle and horses. He only pointed to the valley's bottom. That night the caravan, so long on the road, had reached its home.

In him were two compulsions he could never escape. An impatience to be a-doing. A patience that could permit him to look on through the years and see what there was for him to achieve. It was the impatience that set him off the *next morning down the length of the* Bitter Valley, all along its narrow way for the matter of two days' riding until finally he stood at a spot where the mouth of the valley widened out before a mile-wide lake overclouded by the wheeling hordes of wildfowl. Beyond the lake the flat plain of South Central Oregon ran on and on. It was impatience that took him on this trip; but when he returned up the valley it was patience that whispered to him what he could do, what he would do. He knew his destiny then more surely than any man ever knew it. Looking at this landlocked Bitter Valley and the river, and the rising slopes of the Bitter hills, he saw what all the rest of his life was to be like.

That fall he had his first log houses raised and his first corrals built, thus establishing his right. For it was a new land without title or the need of title, the squatter possessing what he squatted on. Far up beyond the lake, Andy McKee had laid his claim to Silver River.

"It may be a year. Might even be two years," he said

Over west in the direction of Wagontire, Bill Turlock was establishing the XX. In the east, beyond the Bitter Mountains, Ed Overton and a few others were spreading out their herds. Elsewhere the land was open and free to the small settlers creeping in. There was enough for all.

Twenty miles down the Bitter Valley two families arrived. Peter Skene saw them settle and said nothing. There would come a day when his own cattle would graze that far—and on that day he knew he would have their land. Until then he could wait.

It was the following spring that Egan took his Piutes on the war trail. Sweeping up out of Nevada with a thousand warriors, women and children, Egan struck the base of Bitter Mountains and cut his swath around it, burning and killing and stealing as he came. Peter Skene saw them coming and fought them from his log houses. When they had passed by he had saved his houses and nothing else. All his horses and all his cattle were gone. For a hundred miles the country was bare and every other settler and cattleman had retreated to the shelter of Fort Harney, eighty miles away.

FOR Peter Skene it was life or death. There was for him, with his ambitions, no other way. And so, with his six vaqueros he took Egan's trail, not to fight but to get his cattle back. All that spring he scoured the country, never hesitating to kill when he found isolated warriors, never hesitating to take the cattle he found and the horses he found. When he was finished with them he had his cattle again—and more horses than he originally had owned. Up north Egan was killed and the Piutes came straggling back, defeated and sullen, and dangerous to lonely settlers. The two families at the lower end of the Bitter River moved out; other settlers moved out and some of the newly established ranchers lost their courage. Whenever they left, Peter Skene was there to buy what they wished to sell. Along the slopes of the Bitter Mountains and along the winding course of the Bitter River, his herds began to spread under the amber desert sunshine. At the end of his third year he made his first drive to the nearest shipping point, at Winnemucca, three hundred miles away.

He was twenty-three then—a man established, already one of the big figures of the country. At roundup time beyond the lakes he sat with Andy McKee and Bill Turlock and Ed Overton and between them they made the law. There was a thousand miles of space around them and some of the little outfits were coming back and a town was breaking the dust near Fort Harney. But they made the law. He was proud of that and he often thought of it as he stood at the head of the Bitter and watched the slow growth of his own home quarters. He was hauling lumber two hundred miles for his main house; he had planted long rows of poplars to shade that house in time to come. His barns sat beside the winding Bitter, his willow and juniper hay fences made round dots all down the valley; and his cattle grazed on the high slopes. He thought of that and was proud; and then it occurred to him he had made his settlement and that three years had run by since he had written to Henry Marr's daughter.

That day he wrote the letter; and sent one of his vaqueros all the way to Fort Harney to get it on the stage mail. And that day, too, he stumbled upon something that was to change the course of his life. Riding out into the upper defiles of the Bitter Mountains he came upon the lone tracks of a cow; and followed it and presently tipped over into a little meadow where an old trapper named Nick LeStang and his Piute squaw holed up. The beef was there, slaughtered and strung to a tree. LeStang saw him come, and walked into the yard, quietly sucking at his pipe. The squaw went back into the cabin; but a dark boy, no more than nine, came to stand at LeStang's side and to let his round half-breed eyes pour distrust on Peter Skene.

Skene said, "Eatin' beef now, Nick?"

LeStang said, "Your beef. I was in this country before you came to claim it, Skene. You can consider that steer in the light of rent money for the use of my land."

SKENE always rode with a gun and he could have killed LeStang then. Often in later times, he wondered why he had not, for this was rustling and toward rustlers Skene practiced a terrible and condign retribution. But it was the way LeStang faced him, so cool and so blunt and so nervy. Skene had to admire that; he could not help himself. He said, "All right, Nick. As long as you've got to eat, it's there for you. But never let it be more than eatin'." The boy looked on, his Indian eyes round and restless.

He had, a few months later, his answer from Helen Marr. She said, "I waited two years, as you asked. I'm sorry."

He was to think of that often. He had lost her by a year. Time had done that to him. It was a thing that was to make him bitter against time, to resent the swift run of the days, to hate the sight of a calendar, until at last he lived only by the turn of the seasons, disregarding all else.

But he was a man, with a need that had to be satisfied. He knew no other way to explain it to himself. And shortly thereafter he hitched up his fastest team of horses to a rig and drove seventy miles out to the new town of Prairie growing up near the fort. There was a saloon and a blacksmith shop, and a store; and the storekeeper had two daughters. Peter Skene had seen them once, no more. When he reached Prairie he found one of those daughters tending store for her father, who slept dead drunk in the adjoining saloon. He returned to the Bitter River ranch two days later with his new wife.

It was like that with him—the brusque and impatient consummation of a thing that had to be done. Women were scarce in the country and he thought himself lucky to get her; but in his own realistic mind he knew why she had made the bargain: He was Peter Skene, of the Bitter. It was the way he looked at it, hard-minded and unsentimental, but fair enough to respect her part of the bargain.

YET there was a strangeness about her that sometimes made him stop to think; and there was a part of her he never did understand. She was afraid of him—for that first night she stood at the bedroom door and watched him with her knees trembling beneath her nightgown and her eyes so wide that he had no recourse but to leave the house entirely and sleep in the crew's quarters. It was the last time she ever let him see that fear, but the memory of it was always there. Never afterward did he really get behind the settled composure she adopted; though once, when their boy was born, he saw something in her eyes that took him all the way back to the day he had left Helen Marr. The same look—like hunger, or hope, or hurt. He didn't know.

She was luck for him. He was on a rising tide now, flush with the power of his ambition. Whatever he touched seemed to make money; and others knew it and came to him. The poplars were growing up around the house and his irrigation ditches crawled slowly down the valley and his cattle grazed higher and higher in the hills. Skene's Glen, he called the place. It was the center of that long, deep and empty land. Stages stopped here, bound from Harney all the way to Lakeview. Cattlemen, driving to Winnemucca, came here. Around his table he might have as many as twenty visitors and never know himself to be crowded. New settlers, out of money and out of food, came. He gave them food, but never any encouragement, for his grip on the Bitter Valley was a surer thing and he wanted no neighbors in it. He had partitioned the country with McKee and Bill Turlock and Ed Overton and this was his piece of it. To be bought, or to be claimed, or to be seized. It didn't matter how; but always to be held.

MORE houses went up along the river to shelter those who came to work for him. His men went away and came back with their new wives, and in a little time youngsters were crawling underfoot, playing with his own boy, who learned to walk late—and never learned to hold his own.

It might have been his fault; he could never decide that. For these were the days when he was driving himself, when the picture he had first seen from the rim was growing on him and cutting its pattern deeper and deeper into his mind. The Bitter Valley—all of it, clear down to the lake; all of it, high up to the crown of the mountains. This was his dream, as he had seen it from the very beginning. It had its way with him until it came to be the central fact of his life, diminishing the importance of all those other loyalties that a man grows to have.

So it might have been his fault that he had little understanding of this pale, shy little boy. Sometimes at night, camped out on his long swings around the high desert, he had his moments of reflection—and then remembered; and sometimes, when he swung back to the Glen, he had time to sit before the boy and to judge him in silence. He wanted a riding son—another Skene to stand at the edge of the rim and see the Bitter as he saw it and to feel that same hungry ambition.

He knew, presently, that this was not to be. One gray, windy evening he stood in the Glen yard and watched his son fighting with the foreman's boy. He stood there, his black eyes glittering a little, trying to throw his own fiery,

(Continued on page 51)

The Perfect System

Explaining Joe Rush, who loved a girl —and tried to lose all his money. A delectable dish of Wall Street drama, with a very generous portion of lamb

By Thomas McMorrow

EVER since Joe Rush gave the stock market a severe and protracted beating from a customer's chair in an East Putnam board-room, quite a few amateur traders, trying to beat the market without knowing the deal, have endeavored to follow Joe and have lost their money. They say disgustedly of Joe Rush and his system, "That hick had dumb luck!"

Well, now, it wasn't dumb luck.

It was science. It was a system. But, see, there's a mental factor in the Rush System that can't be left out; the operator has to be in a certain frame of mind, sincerely and heartily, and he loses if he's not. These traders can't control their wish for profits, and when the manager or customers' man rings them up it is not with good news: it is with a detestable margin call.

Joe was lucky, if they insist, in the matter of Miss Lulu Mimms; that's so.

Joe tried his system on Lulu too, and it worked, and that was dumb luck, because girls are all different and everybody must chart his own and work out for himself her resistance points, her major trend and minor swings. We all know men who have girls down to a science. But then what? They make a few little wins and one big loss and they're taken over. No, no; the Rush System is merely a scientific way to beat the market without knowing the deal, and only to people who wish to do that little thing is it worth while to observe Joe Rush and what he did and how.

JOE RUSH was night clerk in old Charley Mead's Putnam House, there on the Boston Post Road. Lulu used to be the coat-room girl; and you know coat-room girls. Once there was a homely coat-room girl—maybe; but only once. Lulu had gray eyes as big as quarters.

One day she gave old Charley Mead back his tin cup and went across the Boston Post to the board-room of Kohn, Sears & Fitch and hired on as board clerk to chalk up the quotations. Joe, having nothing to do in the daytime, unless to sleep, followed her over.

He just wanted to be with Lulu. Joe was Lulu's reserve. He was her gigolo, always on call; her old faithful, who went lackluster and lukewarm with other girls. Lulu could always get Joe; she had him branded; he was hers. And she treated Joe accordingly. Every girl wants a man like that, but she doesn't often want him just for tonight if she can get a man whom the other girls are sappy about.

After Lulu went on the board, Joe had less of her than ever.

On Saturday mornings a superior class of traders attired in sports clothes sauntered into the board-room and gathered back of the rail beside the order clerk's coop. These were commuters to New York offices, wealthy young sprigs from the estates in the back country, come for a look at the market on their way to the country or yacht club. They took notice of Lulu; and she wasn't blind either. When young Deesy Merritt, whose father had it, called out, "What's Steel, Miss Mimms?" Lulu told him, and if she kept looking a little bit, what girl wouldn't?

JOE sat about in the deep chairs, and smoked packs of cigarettes, and watched the prices jerking across the translux—the reflected and magnified tape—and listened to the customers telling when they won. It followed as the day the night that he opened a trading account. He had sixteen hundred dollars, saved out of a salary whose all-time high was twenty-five per week.

He was methodical, a tactile type, and he went at it with science, meaning not to lose.

However, at the end of three months he had lost his health and half his money.

It is a surprising and encouraging fact that Joe Rush was not at all of the successful speculator type. He did not have the poker face, the imperturbable digestion and inflexible eyes. He was nervous, impressionable; his dark eyes were friendly and diffident; his silky black hair was already losing volume at the top. At this stage, Joe Rush was just one of the public; and the public, believe the Street, is always wrong.

At the end of three months he had palpitations, heartburn, floating spots and the jumps. Realizing that something was vitally wrong, he went to all the doctors in East Putnam, but none of them seemed to understand his case. They all said, "Nonsense, Joe, you're as sound as a bell! Get out in the air; eat right, and get your sleep."

Joe sat and stared at the quotations flitting by on the translux, with an intermittent glance toward the undulant back of Lulu, who was chalking up the prices.

His remaining eight hundred was his margin on fifty shares of Ahern Auto, symbol AHA. Joe had bought his fifty AHA at 50—fifty dollars a share—catching it neatly right at the top.

Mr. Steve Branan, the board-room manager, trying to help Joe, had told him of a likely rumor that AHA would be put to ninety dollars a share; but it

"All right," accepted Joe, going off. It wrung him but he had to do it wasn't Mr. Branan's advice that finally moved Joe to buy. He was jiggled into it. After AHA's price had sunk slowly for a half-hour, it had suddenly turned and raced up, and Joe had snapped an order:

"Buy fifty Ahern Auto at the market!"

As to jiggling, consider fish: how they bite. The fisherman lets down his hook, decorated with bait. With languid interest the fish watches it sink. He doesn't take it on the way down. It lies finally on the bottom, and still he doesn't want it. Then it rushes up, flashing, and it seems to the poor fish that it will go clear through the ceiling, and he bolts at it—whoosh!—*habet!*—he has it.

In some Wall Street office a fisherman was jiggling AHA, letting it sink in thousands of board-rooms—and then up, up! And his telephone rang and told him that he had sold so many hundred shares of AHA on that jiggle, at the top.

As Joe had fifty shares, his eight-hundred-dollar margin was good for sixteen points, to disregard the commissions and taxes. If AHA dropped sixteen points—and it was a notoriously fast mover—Joe would be wiped out, and then some.

"What's the year's low on Ahern, Miss Mimms?" he called to Lulu, who was chalking up AHA's last price, 48.

"Six dollars!" she called back, without turning.

Joe watched for AHA on the translux. When it appeared, it was always a little lower, sinking by eighths, by quarters. The invisible fisherman was working his jiggle in reverse now; having hooked Joe at the top and taken his money, he had now to get rid of him at the bottom.

IT WAS AHA'S habit to dart ahead of the market, either way, like a cat and a firecracker. Toward noon, the whole market had a healthy reaction, and there was AHA of a sudden all over the tape.

. . AHA . . . . AHA . . . . . AHA . .
48 47½ 5000s46 . . 45

"Wow!" yelled the customers. "Look at Ahern! What a dog!"

Ahern Auto at 45, down five points, and it had sold that year as low as 6. . . .

"Sell—sell fifty Ahern at the market!"

Mr. Branan brought the red sales-slip, with politely neutral face.

"You got the bottom, Mr. Rush—forty-five."

"It looked a little weak," mumbled Joe.

He was sick. His blood pressure was away down; or away up. His heart was pounding sickly, probably leaking, and his floating spots were like mosquitoes. He was a stretcher case, if those dumb doctors only knew their business.

He had lost two hundred and fifty dollars more, plus expenses. . . . In a book on tape reading he had read that the trader whose judgment goes bad should get away from it all for a while. He took his hat and went for a walk.

SLOUCHING down the hallway toward the stairs to the street, he was overtaken by Lulu on her way to lunch.

"Hello, Joe." Her gray eyes hung from tautened brows, penciled and shaped; her tone, like Mr. Branan's, suggested that she was neutral, even in thought.

But she hadn't Mr. Branan's practice in keeping one's thoughts to oneself. "You should have bought at 45 and sold at 50; that's how to make money! Not the other way, as you did."

"Lu. . . . How about dinner tonight?"

"No. Deesy Merritt is taking me to the country club."

"Well, tomorrow night, Lu?"

"No, not tomorrow. Deesy Merritt is giving a cocktail party on his yacht. Tell you what you do, Joe: give me a ring Saturday afternoon at five. No, make it a quarter to seven; I won't know for sure till then. But you'll have to dress."

"I can give him a deposit," said Joe, thinking of the difficulty of hiring perfectly fitting evening garb after a quarter to seven of the very night. "All right, Lu! I'll ring you."

"Bye-bye, Joe." She gave him a look that should hold him until the next time, touched her finger tips to her red lips and hurried off. . . .

LOAFING along Putnam Avenue, getting away from it all and waiting for his judgment of the market to revive as promised by the book, Joe saw a new sign, "Dr. Rufus Finch."

A new doctor in East Putnam! . . . Joe walked up the graveled path and ascended to the porch. A uniformed nurse, pretty and widely smiling, opened the door.

"Come on in; this is the place," she invited gayly. "They're all in back; and is Doctor high! So they all are. . . . Go right through. . . . Doc-tor-r! Here's another!"

A burly, black-browed man advanced from an inner room with welcoming roar. "Hello, hello, my boy!" He wrung Joe's lax hand and slapped his shoulder. "Wait now—don't tell me! I never forget a face. . . . You're young Frank Berk, an interne in the Roosevelt Hospital; you helped at an appendectomy on—wait—don't tell me!"

"The name is Joe Rush, Doctor, and—"

"What? Oh . . . well, what is it, Rush? . . . Pshaw, no; I'm not in private practice now. Go to your own physician."

"But I've tried all the others, Doctor. Won't you, please?"

"General examination? Come on in, then, and let's get it over. Take your clothes off. . . . Miss Haley! . . . Hurry, Rush, and get your clothes off! . . . Eh? . . . Yes, that'll be enough."

Stripped to the waist, Joe blew out his chest and flexed his muscles, aware of Nurse Haley, who gazed at him with candid professional interest.

HE LAY on a stretcher, and Dr. Finch plunged rigid fingers into him. He stood up, and the doctor put a clamp on his arm and held his pulse. He pranced about the room to order and the doctor listened to his heart. . . . It was a thorough examination, and the doctor jotted figures. The only chance for error was in the doctor having to suspend now and then to greet a new arrival with hospitable bellows.

"Just been appointed medical director of the Putnam Foundation for the Indigent Sick. Little celebration. Quitting private practice. . . . Hello, Pete! Hello, Harry! . . . No, I can't join you now. Well, just a quick one. . . . Keep running, Rush. . . .

"It's warm here, Miss Haley. Let me see that chart; where are we at? . . . Phew, look at that blood pressure! And what a heart! Must have an active thyroid; something's pumping dynamite. I'll bet he can't sleep. . . . How do you sleep of nights, Rush?"

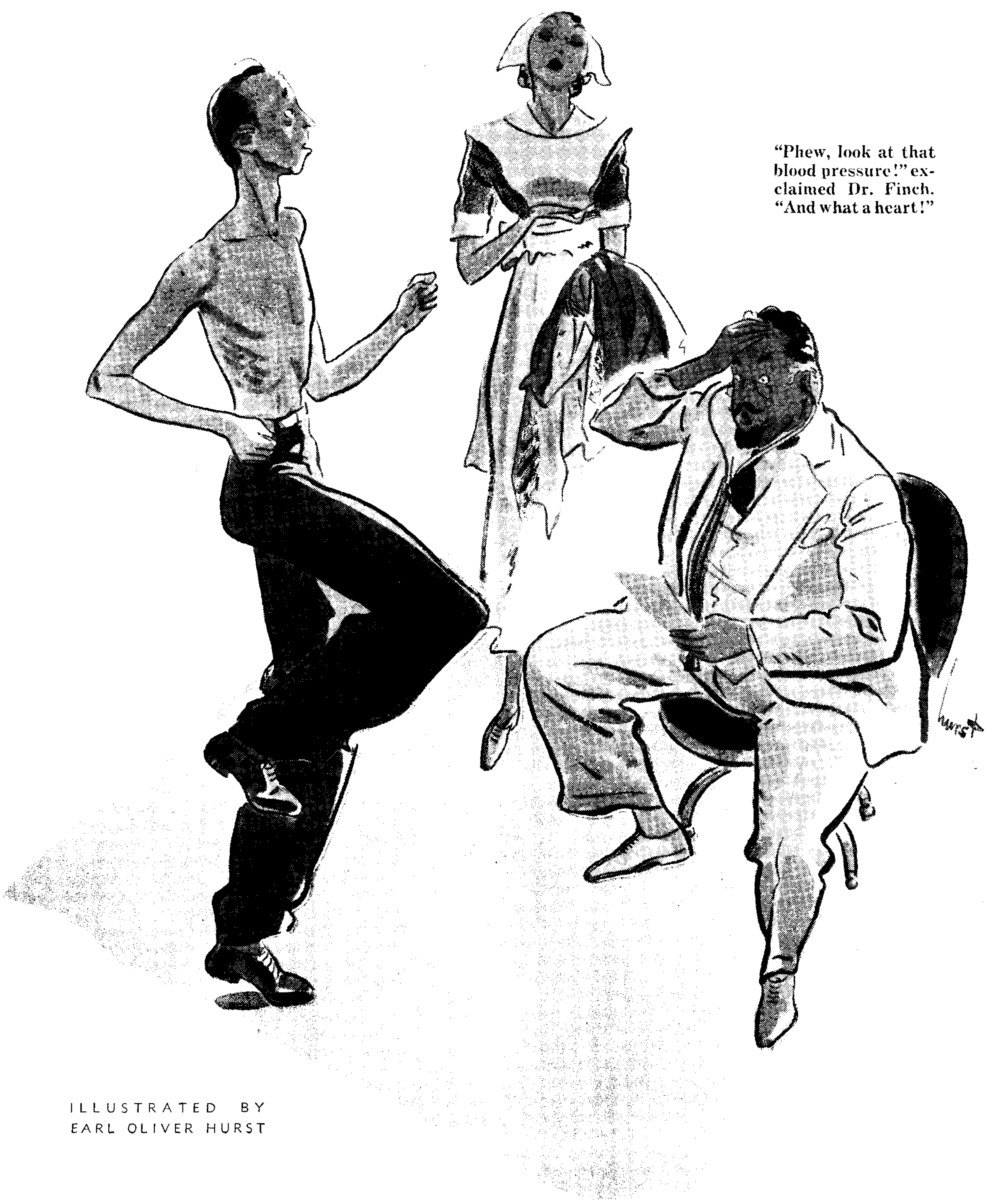
"I don't sleep at night, Doctor. Only in the daytime."

"And then cat naps, I'll bet. Help him on with his clothes, Miss Haley. . . . No, no, my lad; you don't owe me anything; I'm not practicing generally. . . . Rush, go straight to your own physician, and have him examine you and call me up. You belong in a hospital."

"I knew it, Doctor!" gasped Joe, startled but reassured. "You're the only doctor really understands my case. I'm not going to any other doctor! When do I come here again?"

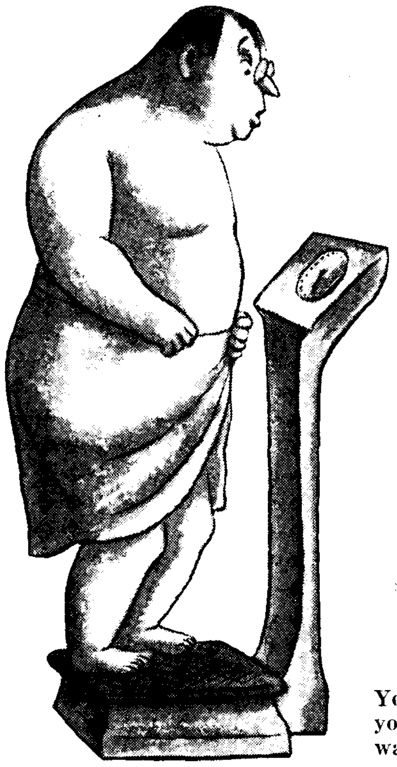
"You don't come again," said Dr. Finch decisively. "As medical director of the Foundation, I can take no private

(*Continued on page* 54)



"Phew, look at that blood pressure!" exclaimed Dr. Finch. "And what a heart!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST



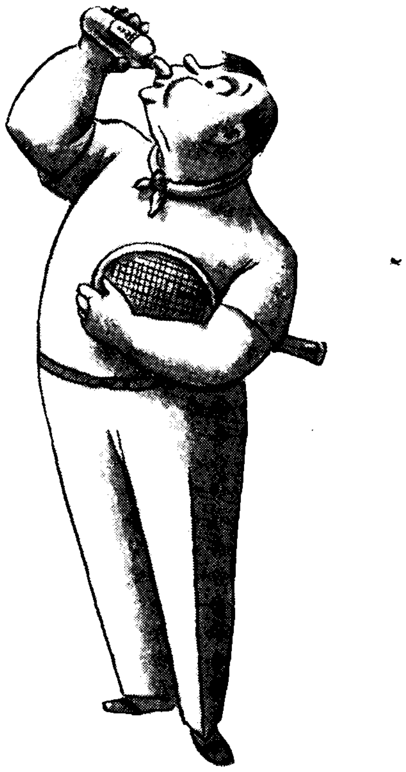
Your scales won't fool you, and there isn't a way to fool your scales

You Can't Laugh It Off

Fat people may be jolly, but it's no laughing matter to be fat. There is something you can do about it, though, if you really want to get rid of that extra load you've been toting around. Come on out of the pantry and we'll tell you the good news

By Janet Lane

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM STEIG



Exercise lowers weight through water loss, but not usually for long

YOU know the lady. She's always—in conversation, anyhow—trying something to work off, starve off, steam off or dose off her surplus weight. Her family will tell you she doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. But she keeps right on gaining.

The doctors know her, too. They know her so well that they can tell exactly what she's going to say when she comes into the office. She's going to say she's a "small eater." And she's going to say that weight runs in her family. Why, her sister . . .

Probably both claims are true, too. But not just the way she means them. The physical and nervous results of being overweight are complicated, even serious, so that heavy people die younger than thin ones. Medical science knew that as far back as Hippocrates. Living is harder for them, if only because they tote such a load wherever they go. But, out of all their elaborate research on the subject, the doctors, laboratories and diet experts have found that the cause of surplus fat is exactly what common sense would tell you. People take on too much weight because they eat too much fattening food.

Oh, they don't admit it. They probably don't even know it. But they're hefties for the simple reason that, though they may eat very little as far as bulk is concerned, it's almost entirely in the upper calorie register. They're generally secret nibblers, too. They may not eat much at the table, but you should catch them in the pantry. And the funny thing is that it's largely unconscious.

In fact, one of the hardest jobs in this comparatively new branch of medicine called nutrition was finding out exactly what overweight patients really ate since every last one of them claimed to eat less than other people. Finally, a group was confined to a hospital for observation. They were first allowed to choose their own food. And sure enough, just as they had claimed, they were all small eaters, but in every case they ate practically concentrated fat. As soon as they were put on a balanced diet that was low in calorie content, they started losing some of their surplus.

It's All Your Own Fault

There's nothing magic about fat, in spite of the spectacular gland discoveries of the past few years that laymen use so glibly as an excuse. Even among the exaggerated cases that come to obesity clinics, approximately only two per cent have been found to be thyroid in origin.

Fat is the energy element you get in food and it's used up by the body either as physical or nervous energy (that's one reason why high-strung, nervous people are generally thin). When you take in more food energy than you put out, the leftover fat particles accumulate under your skin and there you are—all padded out with reserve fuel.

Since fat is packed tight in everything we call rich, from potatoes au gratin to devil's food cake, a comparatively small amount of it—so little that your stomach, which is only a muscle after all and accustomed to a certain size, cries out for more and gets it—will give you more energy than you can possibly burn up even by hard manual labor. And that's the undoing of anybody with a natural inclination to sweets or the equally weight-making "bland foods" such as bread, potatoes and creamy things. They may eat comparatively little but chemists have measured the energy values of various foods and it's calories, not quantities, that roll up the pounds. The single Brazil nut, say, you nibble at the bridge table puts as much fat or energy into you as ten stalks of asparagus, and the half doughnut you absent-mindedly pop into your mouth when Johnny left it on his plate at lunch carries down as much weight-making material as a whole broiled brook trout and a generous serving of string beans.

Which brings us to another proof that it's extra food that makes heavyweights. The statistics of nutrition and diet clinics show that housekeepers tend to gain more than businesswomen. The latter are more safely out of temptation, and the number of calories a woman can tuck away, without even realizing it, in the course of preparing and clearing up a day's eatables is staggering. For, you notice, it's always the dab of chocolate pudding, the spoonful of icing or the bit of cream in the bottom of the pitcher that are "too good to throw away." The left-over spinach and half-cup of consommé go into the waste without a glance.

Of course, it isn't only at home that that sort of thing goes on. Look around you at a soda fountain. The size sixteen on your right is tossing off a lime-and-lemon while the forty-two on your left blissfully spoons her way through creaming ice cream in sirup. Yet each just stepped in for a "drink" and chose what her taste dictated—which is what made her what she is today. Moreover, as the thoroughly disillusioned diet expert will tell you, it's a hundred-to-one shot the soda sneaker will go home and peck at her salad supper—though the accompanying hot buttered biscuits disappeared without comment—and nobly reject the apple pie, while just "tasting" a bite of the soft new cheese. Yes, you can fool a husband. You can fool yourself. But you can't fool your body because it's a machine that works automatically. Whatever goes down the hatch counts, and if it's the kind that sticks to your ribs—*and* elsewhere—time and the scales will tell.

You Don't Inherit Avoirdupois

It's a hundred-to-one shot, too, that that's the kind of weight that "runs in families." Mother has a knack with charlotte russe and Spanish cream. She loves them. But her salads show less enthusiasm. She may even say—and believe—that "acid fruits" don't agree with her, not knowing that it's the sweets and starches that become acid under the action of digestive juices while acids become the needed alkali. And the uncomfortable battle inside her after the sliced peaches or the pineapple ice

(Continued on page 43)

The mystery of the overupholstered "light eater" is really not much of a mystery at all

The size 42's have a genius for selecting the richest of foods for between-meal indulgences

The size 16's who toss off a lime-and-lemon instead have a fair chance to stay that way

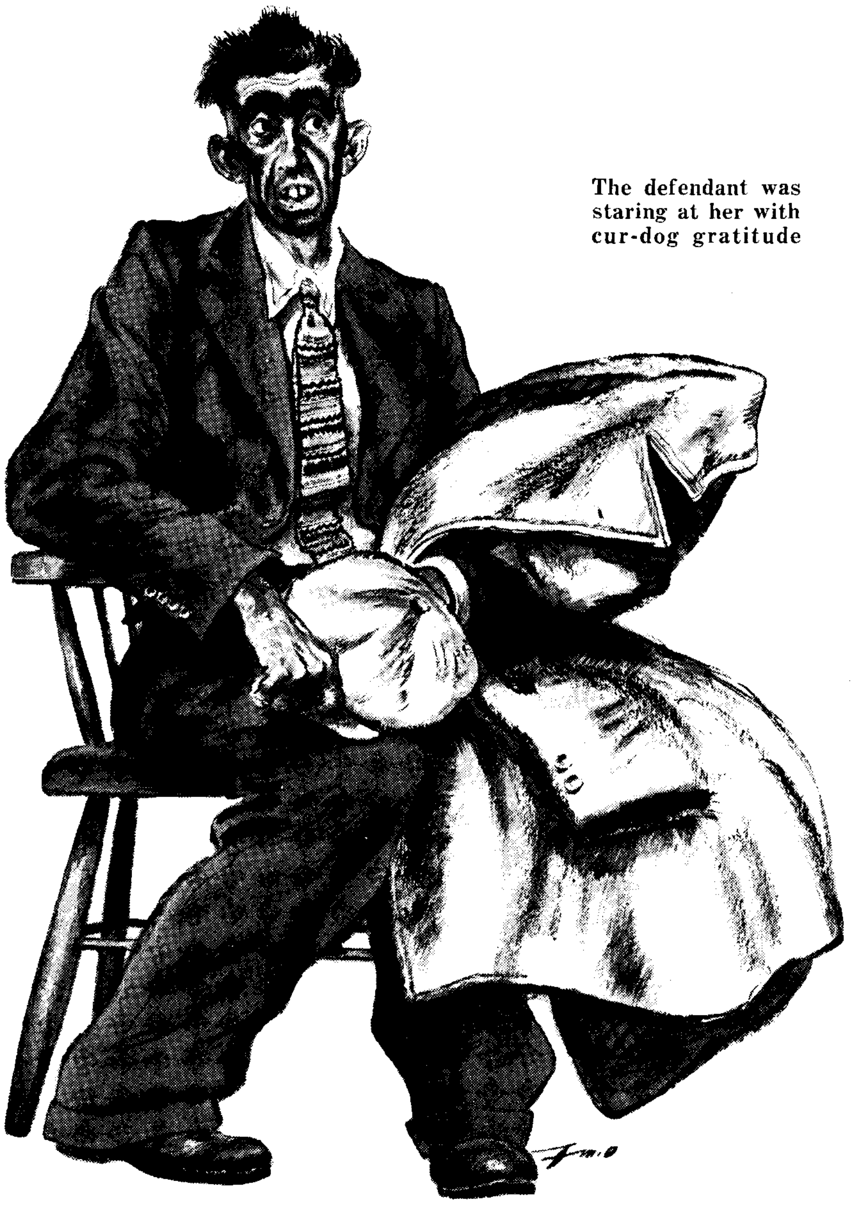
Culinary tail-ends, too good to waste, were what wreaked all that havoc with Mamma's shape

Call the Witnesses

The curious courtroom adventure of good old Aunt Vay. Aunt Vay probably doesn't know what a necktie party is. But she knows plenty

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS



The defendant was staring at her with cur-dog gratitude

THE love of a stableman for a horse and the love of an upstairs maid for a stableman are not matters which should have involved my Aunt Vay.

When she made her magnificent entrance into the courtroom that day, shooing before her a startled bailiff and an awe-struck, cheap-jack criminal lawyer whose name I vaguely recollect as sounding like Dibben, it was as if Queen Mary had appeared in a Whitechapel magistrate's court.

Spectators gaped and the press table buzzed rather angrily. Aunt Vay, my colleagues sensed at once, had injected a surprising and formidable element into what was to have been a cut-and-dried necktie party for the defendant. We reporters already had described the forlornly hopeless bearing of Louis Miggs during selection of the jury. We had pointed out that he was "the former stableman and suspected radical agitator charged with the murder of his employer, Preston Hardwick, Jr., wealthy sportsman."

And here was my Aunt Vay, two hundred pounds of superbly corseted figure, marching like a fat knight, like a wise and puissant old abbot to a chair at the defendant's table. Her presence could not be blinked away or laughed into a chimera. The bailiff was so rash as to attempt a mere diversion of Aunt Vay. We heard him say:

"Seats for spectators outside the rail, lady."

Aunt Vay regarded him for an instant with her blithe, shortsighted gaze. Aunt Vay never bothered to look through or beyond a person who annoyed her; she simply indicated with an indolence of eyelids that she was not taking the trouble to look as *far* as that person.

"I know your seating arrangements very well, my man," said Aunt Vay, her voice booming heartily and cheerfully above the gray, smelly hubbub, "but I'm of counsel for the defense!"

"Oh . . . excuse me," said the bailiff.

PRODDED by my duty to the city desk, I pushed forward, followed by the other reporters. Aunt Vay was preparing to sit down, always a lengthy process with her. She had removed her black fur neckpiece; she had opened her well-worn alligator bag to have handy the three sets of pince-nez glasses, each in its old-fashioned leather case, and was about to unbutton her coat.

I stepped squarely in front of her.

"Well, Alexander! What are *you* doing here?" Then, beaming, she turned to the little criminal lawyer and said: "This is my nevvew, Alexander Hoffman. Alexander is a journalist. Are you here in your professional capacity, Alexander?" Then, again, "Alexander is my nevvew. I seldom see him; but I'm very fond of him!"

Being a very young and callow reporter, I blushed for shame. I liked to be called Alec; I did not want to be described as a "journalist" in front of the other reporters, and Aunt Vay's remark about seeing me so seldom disturbed my conscience.

"What are *you* doing here, Aunt Vay?" I said.

Louis Miggs, the defendant, was staring at her with cur-dog gratitude. She nodded to him casually while wrapping her veil into a band around her hat. Aunt Vay had lovely white hair, not streaked or yellowed any place, and plump cheeks which had color in all seasons as though a winter wind blew on them.

"Louis has kindly allowed me to assist with his defense, nevvew," said Aunt Vay, "and if you care to have tea with me some afternoon at five o'clock—after the trial—I will tell you all about it."

Thereupon, Aunt Vay seated herself in the stout hall of her corsets as if that ended the matter. My friends of the press and I assailed her warm, comfortable mood with rapid explanations that tea at five o'clock after the trial would not do at all.

We were interrupted by the arrival of a poorly dressed girl with rich, sad brown eyes. She carried, wrapped in a huge monogrammed napkin, a complete escritoire set of chased silver, very old and none too well polished. Ducking her head worshipfully, the girl placed the writing set on the counsel table at Aunt Vay's elbow.

"Thank you, Ethel," said Aunt Vay.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Hoffman. Can't I do anything else to show you—" Frightened, she glanced toward Mr. Miggs and began to snuffle. Her nose already was red from crying.

It annoyed Aunt Vay, definitely.

"Leave the room, Ethel. If I want anything I shall send you a written instruction."

The upstairs maid, whose name later appeared as Minnie Sirkvas, nodded humbly, and with another desperate look at Mr. Miggs went off into the crowd. Mr. Miggs, a skinny, knotty young man, with large eyes like a harried stag and a ridiculous sailor haircut, examined his knuckles and gulped. He wore a cheap blue serge suit, but from the collar of his faded tan flannel shirt there hung a very expensive knitted silk cravat, of the square-end type worn by gentlemen twenty years ago. The cravat troubled him; he kept fingering it nervously.

"Aunt Vay," I stage-whispered, "are you the one who hired Dibben? Why are you interested in this case?"

Aunt Vay had adjusted pince-nez set No. 3, for distance sight, and was watching Judge McBain, who had stopped to speak to friends. It was no use. Aunt Vay would not change glasses or refocus her sight on me.

"I cannot be disturbed now, Alexander," she boomed. "Later. At tea."

"Order in court!"

I TRIED hard in the two hours or so before the first recess of court that morning to fathom Aunt Vay's amazing participation in a murder trial, more inexplicably this particular murder trial.

Louis Miggs, as I have said, was scheduled to hang. The wealthy and socially important Preston Hardwick, Jr., had been found dead from a fractured jaw and skull on the cobblestones in his stable yard. The stableman, with whom Hardwick had quarreled on numerous occasions and had finally discharged, was captured by police trying to board a freight train for Texas. Thrown into jail and unable to raise bond or hire a lawyer, Louis Miggs had maintained a sullen and stubborn silence. The circuit attorney's office promptly announced that Miggs was an anarchist. This revelation at a time when radicals were in extreme disfavor in our city, coupled with the prominence of the victim, had made it a cause célèbre.

And there sat my Aunt Vay with shyster Dibben and Louis Miggs.

It was preposterous, incredible.

My Aunt Vay belonged to the richest and snootiest group in town, though she herself was a pensioner of the New York branch of Hoffmans and lived in a modest boardinghouse in the West End. Aunt Vay's odd career had caused many a Middle-Western Hoffman to sniff. "She always toadied to the rich," my forthright Uncle Charley used to say.

That was unfair; Aunt Vay never toadied to anyone. She played a harder, more intelligent game than that.

"I am engaged in social service work, Alexander!" Aunt Vay would tell me, winking.

It was a jest between us; and I, of all the family, had come to understand what Aunt Vay meant. She was, for example, not merely an invited member of The Whist Club. She had organized The Whist Club. She had been elected, for another example, secretary of the Thursday Forum, because its elderly and crotchety members needed a referee and peacemaker.

AUNT VAY, in short, had possessed the insight to realize that a penniless gentlewoman might make a place for herself among the great aunts, the grandmothers and the widows of the rich. She knew their loneliness. She appreciated their hunger for the interest and attention money cannot buy. She understood all the sharp and bitter facets of women living out the wintry years in luxury and boredom. To Mrs. E. I. D. Courtridge and Mrs. Howland Privet and Mrs. Casper January and others whose names made society editors of our town gasp and gush, Aunt Vay was a godsend. She had come to them, warm and hearty, like some traveler inured to the snows who stamps in from a blizzard and lights a bleak room with his courage.

This game Aunt Vay played had its risks and heartaches and desperate finesses, I had happened to learn. Aunt Vay's "very dear friends" were a terrifying mixture of whims and pettinesses, occasional generosities and heart-chilling tawdry tricks. I had dropped in on Aunt Vay to find her dressed in her finest lavender ensemble (shrewdly retailored from a box sent by New York Hoffmans) and to hear her announce that dear Mame Wickham was calling soon to take her for "a motor ride along the Mississippi." And I had heard the telephone ring and Aunt Vay's deep, indomitable voice saying: "Why, of course, my dear, you musn't think of it today, if your head aches . . . Oh, not at all . . . not at *all*."

I had watched her return to her single bedroom—it always looked more like an office and curiosity shop than a bedroom—and marveled at her careless chuckle.

"You can have tea with me after all, nevvew! Poor Mame is in bed with another attack of migraine."

I NEVER minded these additional half hours. Aunt Vay was always good company. She had read the novels that were being discussed across bridge tables (a rack of them from the circulating library around the corner stood between yellowed ivory book ends on the window sill) and she had invariably kept pace with current events. The one time she had called me at the office she wanted to borrow a published script of a Broadway hit. She was a bridge shark of tournament caliber. She had a stock of mildly-off-color stories; and usually she would try out several on me, her face flushing red from chuckles and her pince-nez popping off the bridge of her nose.

"I'm a wicked, lewd old woman, nevvew. Ought to have my mouth washed out with soap."

"The one about the Bishop is the best," I would say.

"Yes. I shall tell it at dear Mrs. Wilton's dinner party."

And how my Aunt Vay would get around! I'd see her at the Horse Show in old Miss Dempster's box. I would run into her at a swanky lecture helping her very dear friend Mrs. Holman, eighty if a day, hobble to a front row seat. I had even encountered Aunt Vay at a college football game, chaperoning a flock of debutantes. She was the professional filler-in; the expert fourth for bridge; the sickroom visitor; the patient sister-confessor up in Grandmother's suite.

Only once had I seen Aunt Vay in tears. That was the afternoon she was scheduled to depart with dear Mrs. Rockwell for a summer at Bar Harbor. I rang the rusted bell at Aunt Vay's boardinghouse and was shown upstairs by a crippled slavey whose face always put on an old family retainer dignity at the name "Miss Hoffman." There in her room, surrounded by trunks and bags, sat Aunt Vay weeping.

"Good golly, what's happened, Aunt Vay?"

"My summer plans have been canceled, nevvew."

"But I thought Mrs. Rockwell had invited—"

"It isn't Caroline's fault. Her son and daughter-in-law decided at the last minute that they didn't want me to go."

"Why not?"

Aunt Vay dried her eyes with a handkerchief of distinguished linen so old the creases had set forever.

"They never give reasons, nevvew." Then, "I must try to get Caroline on the telephone. She'll be so disappointed, poor soul. Cancer, you know—and not many months left. I could have cheered her. I'm sure of it. Excuse me a moment, nevvew—"

I STOPPED her, exploding with the newspaperman's contempt of the very wealthy.

"Why do you bother with such people, Aunt Vay?" I said. "They only make use of you and then insult you—"

Aunt Vay tilted her beautiful white head in a gesture regal and undaunted.

"They're my sort of people, nevvew. I'm a snobbish old woman, a very snobbish old woman."

"Nonsense. That isn't the reason. I'm hanged if I know what it is, but—"

"And a wicked, prying old woman, nevvew. I like a show. Yes, I like a show!"

Well, that was my Aunt Vay and the life she had chosen to live. Why, then, had she marched to the defense of Louis Miggs? Why was she risking the friendships by which she set such store?

"Court will now recess for fifteen minutes."

Aunt Vay, who had been busily prompting Attorney Dibben to make objections to each separate sentence uttered by the circuit attorney, heaved mountainously to her feet.

"Judge McBain—a word with you!"

I was at her elbow, trying to steer her away from my rivals for an exclusive interview in one of the chambers behind the courtroom.

"In just a moment, please, Alexander. I must greet Judge McBain. His aunt, Mrs. Mortimer Post, is a very great and dear friend. How do you do, Judge. And this is my nevvew, Alexander. . . ."

Finally, we were alone, with the door bolted, in a jury room.

"What *is* all this, Aunt Vay? What is Louis Miggs to you, that you should—"

"Louis? To *me?* Don't be obtuse, nevvew. Louis is a *stableman!*"

"But why are you interested in the case?"

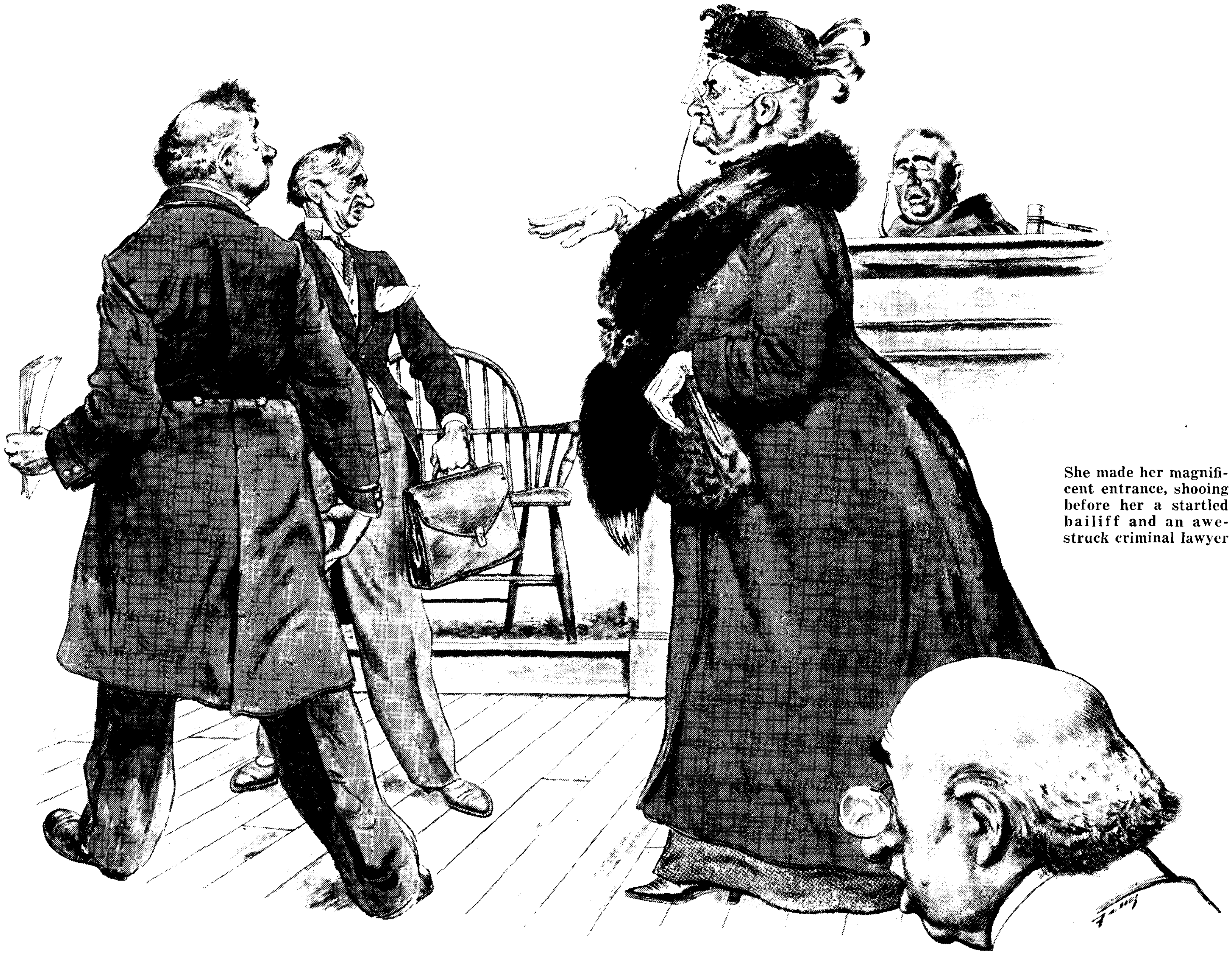
"Why? The fellow isn't guilty, that's why. H'mph. It's as plain as the nose on your face—or it will be, it will be."

"He was caught trying to leave town, and—"

Aunt Vay snorted.

"Stop interrupting me, Alexander. I'm doing Nancy Hardwick's duty for her; and I will not be badgered. I simply *cannot* understand Nancy Hardwick. The woman has background. She came from an excellent finishing school—old lady Detwiler's school—Richmond. Good, horsy people—that branch of the family. Had the right traditions. And yet she'd

(Continued on page 58)



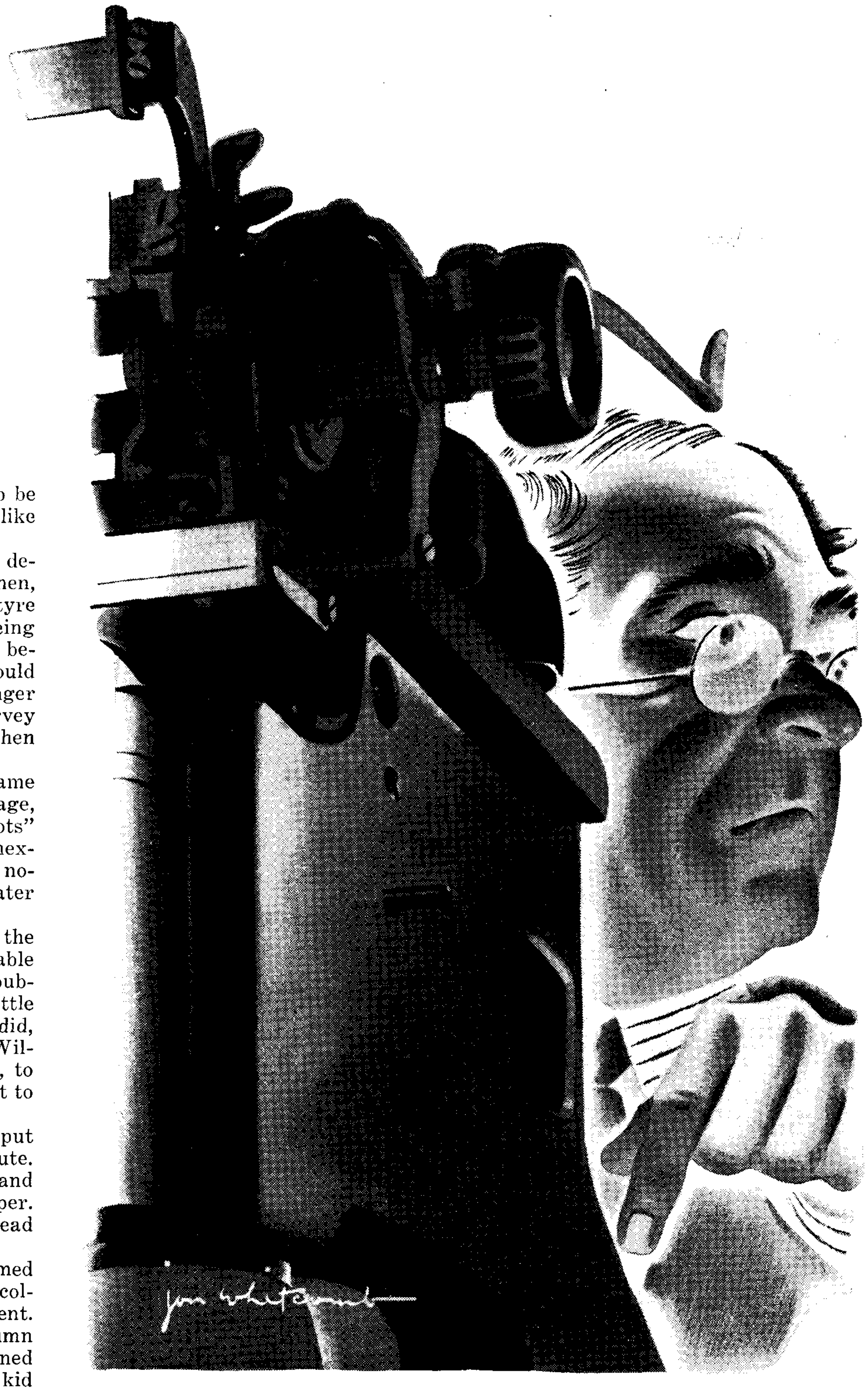
She made her magnificent entrance, shooing before her a startled bailiff and an awe-struck criminal lawyer

The Loyal Cog

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Lou Wedemar

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



After a careful glance around, he tapped out two more words

THE old man chuckled mildly as he leaned back from his battered typewriter in the noisy newspaper office. He read the last line again:

"An optimist is a man who thinks he is a pessimist!"

A good line, if he did say so himself. Not very important, but cheerful. Thousands of people would read it in the "Nubs" column of the Daily Press and get a laugh out of it. He liked to make *them laugh*; there was enough sad stuff in the news columns.

After a careful glance over his shoulder, he leaned forward and tapped out two more words: "HARVEY GRANT." That was his signature, and he felt a guilty thrill in putting it there. Although he had written the column every day for thirty years and by his loyal, loving care had won for it many readers, Harvey Grant had always been cloaked by anonymity until recently. He had not been afraid to sign his column; he had been proud of what he wrote. It was rather that he had preferred to let his work be judged for itself.

PROBABLY even Colonel Fairfield, eccentric owner and publisher of the Daily Press, didn't know who wrote the "Nubs" column. Colonel Fairfield, who boasted he could tell by a single glance whether a man would make a good newspaperman, paid attention only to his important executives, not to insignificant cogs he had never seen, such as Harvey Grant. He probably thought the column assembled itself automatically.

Harvey Grant's modesty had been of value in one way—it had helped to protect his job. For Colonel Fairfield's "firing sprees" were notorious, and his wrath fell principally on the employees whose names were prominent enough for him to remember. His "hiring sprees" were almost as notorious, for he selected new editors by a sort of intuition. One had been a floorwalker, another a bond salesman. They had happened to attract the great publisher's attention and had been knighted by his magic wand.

These editors didn't last long, and the rest of the staff always managed to get the paper out if the editors didn't interfere. But the publisher's latest whimsy, a rabbit-faced young man named Mr. Willard, loomed up as unusually dangerous. This new editor had "reorganized" the staff, and had most poignantly reorganized Harvey Grant. "You sort of take care of the messenger service," Mr. Willard had said, very youthfully and very efficiently. "You can do your—er, column—in your spare time." Harvey Grant had not protested, for although he still carried himself erect, and his hair was not all gray, he knew he was getting old. And when one gets old in the newspaper business, one increasingly expects to be kicked around a bit. Real life isn't like the movies.

That was why Harvey Grant had decided to sign his column. Younger men, like Walter Winchell, O. O. McIntyre and F. P. A., had not consented to being nameless, and as a result they had become nationally famous. No one would think of making a glorified messenger boy out of any of them. Yet Harvey Grant had been writing "Nubs" when even F. P. A. had been in breeches.

For a week now Harvey Grant's name had been appearing on the editorial page, just like the names of the "big shots" high in Colonel Fairfield's favor. Inexperienced Mr. Willard hadn't even noticed the change, but sooner or later Colonel Fairfield was sure to see it.

Then, learning at last the name of the man who had been writing the valuable column for so many years, the great publisher might send Harvey Grant a little note of congratulation. When he did, Harvey Grant would show it to Mr. Willard, who wouldn't dare, after that, to make him run errands when he ought to be thinking up "Nubs."

Harvey Grant crossed the office to put the column in the composing-room chute. On the way Mr. Willard halted him and handed him a yellow square of paper. The old man held his breath as he read the telegram:

"Willard: Just noticed someone named Harvey Grant is now writing 'Nubs' column. He must be kindergarten student. How did such rot get past you? Column might be good if we got proper seasoned man to write it. Who is this Grant kid anyhow? Fairfield."

Old Harvey Grant didn't say a word. It was the way things often worked out in the newspaper game; he had gambled, and he had lost. Handing the telegram back to Mr. Willard, he turned away. He didn't go back to the rickety desk that he loved; he just walked slowly over to the messengers' bench and sat down.

"BOY!"

If Mr. Willard noticed there were no messenger boys around and that it was Harvey Grant who responded, he gave no sign.

"Colonel Fairfield wants a messenger at his residence right away to get a hot editorial. It's for the first edition. Go get it—quick!"

Harvey Grant looked at the young editor for a long moment, and then went obediently out the door. He stood on the sidewalk and took a deep breath of the cool, fresh air. He could run away if he wanted to, now; he didn't have to furnish his readers with cheerful little "Nubs." The realization brought a lump to his throat.

But he must get that editorial; it was for the first edition. On the way he decided this wasn't such a bad errand, as errands went. At last he might get a glimpse of the world's greatest publisher, whose judgment made men or broke them. Even now there was no doubt in Harvey Grant's mind that Colonel Fairfield, whom he had served faithfully for so long, was a great man. Involuntarily he straightened his back, squared his shoulders. A newspaperman should be proud of being even a messenger on Colonel Fairfield's Daily Press.

Colonel Fairfield was pacing furiously up and down his luxurious library when Harvey Grant was ushered in.

"Optimism!" he was shouting at a meek little secretary, poised pencil in hand. "This country's flooded with optimism! It reeks with optimism!"

He turned on Harvey Grant with a glare. "You look like a sensible man. What do you think of optimism at a time like this?"

Harvey Grant gulped. The great publisher was actually asking him for help, and looked as if he expected a reply. But, for the first time in his life, Harvey Grant couldn't think of a comment on an important question. He was speechless.

THEN, suddenly, he recalled the last line of his last "Nubs" column.

"Well, Colonel Fairfield," he faltered, "I've always said—an optimist is a man who thinks he's a pessimist."

Colonel Fairfield stood as if transfixed. Then he emitted a roar that made Harvey Grant shrivel, until he caught what the publisher was saying: "Wonderful! Marvelous! It's an epigram of genius! That line will run the optimists out of the country!

"Young man," Colonel Fairfield continued—and Harvey Grant knew he was being addressed, although he didn't feel at all young, "we need lines like that in the Daily Press! How would you like to write a column?"

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Tommy Pierce, a senior at Morrison University, Caroline Fanning, also a senior, learns that he is merely a charming weakling. And she breaks the engagement. Whereupon, Tommy switches his attentions to Helen Herrick, Caroline's roommate, who presently promises to marry him when he gives the word.

Caroline knows that Tommy has been caught embezzling student funds; she knows that he has supplanted Eugene Fifield, a faculty member, in the affections of Paula Traggas, gay young wife of Maurice Traggas, one of the leading professors; she knows that Fifield, abruptly dropped by Paula, hates Tommy Pierce, and has even threatened to kill him; and she knows that Maurice Traggas, ignorant of Tommy's interest in his wife but fully cognizant of Fifield's activities, is a bitter enemy of Fifield.

But she does not confide in Helen, a few guarded words of warning having been interpreted by her roommate as the natural product of jealousy. With two leading seniors, Emery Smith and Steve Abbott, and David Bingham, Traggas' best friend on the faculty, she stands by and watches a sinister drama of hatred and jealousy unfold.

Informed by Tommy that the time for their marriage has arrived, Helen goes to a near-by town and awaits his arrival. He fails to put in an appearance. Whereupon, Helen phones Caroline, who rushes to her in a car and brings her home. Notified that David Bingham, with whom she is in love, has tried several times to get her on the telephone, Caroline phones him. He informs her that Eugene Fifield has committed suicide—has shot himself at Maurice Traggas' summer camp, a few miles distant!

To Caroline and Bingham, who knows far more than the college authorities concerning the affair, it appears that, far from being a suicide, Fifield may have been killed—*by Maurice Traggas!* But Traggas accounts for every minute of that tragic Saturday afternoon during which Fifield had met his death. Clearly, he is innocent. At least, so it appears, until, alone with Caroline on the campus, he turns to her and says:

"I've something to tell you, Carol. I lied about Saturday afternoon. I don't know what I did, for six hours. I can't remember. Tell that to Dave, please."

Caroline is speechless with horror, as he wheels and strides away.

VIII

CAROLINE got Steve on the phone at the Zeta Beta house. "Turn your mind back to the day when you confessed your past to me," she said. "Part of it had to do with owning a garage. Wasn't that the Cass Street Garage?"

"Sure," Steve said. "I'm still a sleeping partner till they get hold of the cash. How can we serve you, madam?"

"You can tell them to stop being snobbish. Tell them I'm a trustworthy citizen with reasonably good credit. They seem to think I'm a gangster's moll, and it just happens I'm not."

Steve laughed and promised to clear up that misunderstanding at once. They would tell him what she wanted, probably. Well, he wouldn't know what she wanted it for. She went back to the Cass Street Garage, and Steve's word had turned their suspicion into an eagerness to please. It was a small place but a public garage nevertheless, and it had to obey the law. Caroline had only to glance at the time record for Saturday a week ago to assure herself that Maurice, who confessed himself an inexpert liar, had lied inexpertly.

That certainly didn't illuminate the ambiguity, but she was convinced that the new darkness was in Maurice's favor, and she went to meet Dave with the first exhilaration she had felt for quite a while. He had told her to come to Keller's Cellar, and when she got there he was talking with Horse Walters. Horse was agreeable and vague. He called Caroline's attention to his highball glass and said mournfully that he'd given up beer because it seemed to lead to finding corpses and he had lost his fondness for that.

He nodded at Dave. "Here's one guy that gives me credit for not fallin' victim to John Barleycorn. He knows beer can't get Horse Walters down. Sure there were two shots. Just because I'm with a gang of softies that a slap with a bar towel gets 'em blind and deaf to the world don't make it one shot."

"Sure you heard two shots," Dave said soothingly, "but, hang it, Walters, it must have been some definite time. Why can't you remember when you heard them?"

"Listen," Horse protested, "we got too many firebugs gratifyin' a low tabloid curiosity. Here's Smith of the Daily bein' Mark Tidd the Boy Detective all over Morrison, and now you. Me, I'm goin' to forget about it. Why do you have to buy chips and sit in?"

"Fifield was a friend of mine," Dave said easily. "All I'm interested in is finding out when he killed himself."

"Them softies were too tight to know," Horse said. "I had high spiritual matters on my mind, and I wouldn't know. I heard one shot and maybe ten minutes later I heard another. Pretty soon Castine fell overboard. Then later on the squall hit us."

"It was pretty close to six forty-five when the squall struck," Caroline said. "Anyway, it was after six thirty and before seven." The Brookfield road and the endless line of cars, then lightning, finally the sickening swerve into the ditch.

Horse lounged away, having been unable to fix the time of day. Dave started to comment but Caroline said, "Let's not talk in here. I've found something out," and they went out to the street. She was breaking the chapter's prohibition, being this far from the campus with a man, but that couldn't be helped. "Look, Dave," she said, "whatever Maurice was doing Saturday afternoon, wherever he went, he wasn't in his car. Paula was. She got it at half past one and she brought it back about eight o'clock. I know. I went to the garage and looked at the register."

"GOOD!" He nodded, making estimates. "That checks with Paula's story. So he hadn't forbidden them to let her use the car. That's about right to go to Allentown, see a movie, have an early dinner and come home. He's clumsy at lying."

"Why is he lying?" Caroline demanded. "Why did he make me tell you all that bunk? Why does he want to make you think he's involved so deeply?"

"Yes," Dave said, "that would be very nice to know. It's simple enough if he's telling the truth. He would want me to understand if—" he shrank from the word suicide, picked his way round it—"if anything more happened. But if he's lying, nothing makes sense." His voice rose. "I've got to work fast! At this moment, Maurice may be contemplating something crazier still. And at this moment Dad Hannan may be marching up to the chief of police and saying that, in his opinion, the case of Eugene Fifield had better be reopened and investigated."

"No," Caroline said. "I don't believe you. You are lying!"

His legs were moving in time with his mind. "Nobody has investigated anything because it was obviously suicide—there was nothing to investigate. Let anybody suggest that it was murder, and then watch!" He smiled thinly, and then the smile went away. "I went out to the shack this afternoon. Nobody else has bothered to do that. Well, Fifield had a lot of guns—he bought them the way people buy first editions. He appears to have kept some of them at the shack. There's still a .22 target pistol there. The gun he shot himself with—maybe—was a .38 automatic. Well, there's ammunition for the .22 and for the .38 in a drawer. And there's half a box of cartridges for a .45 automatic. But there isn't any .45 automatic."

Dave stopped short on the sidewalk. "That needn't mean a thing," he said slowly. "Maybe he had a .45 once and sold it. Maybe he kept it somewhere else. Maybe he never had one. But there was only one shot fired from that .38—one vacancy in the magazine, one cartridge case on the floor. And Horse Walters heard two shots. That's bothered me from the first."

BECAUSE it bothered him it bothered Caroline. But it couldn't be important; it was just something unexplained but irrelevant. Horse had to be mistaken. If the rest of them were tight, then Horse was tight too.

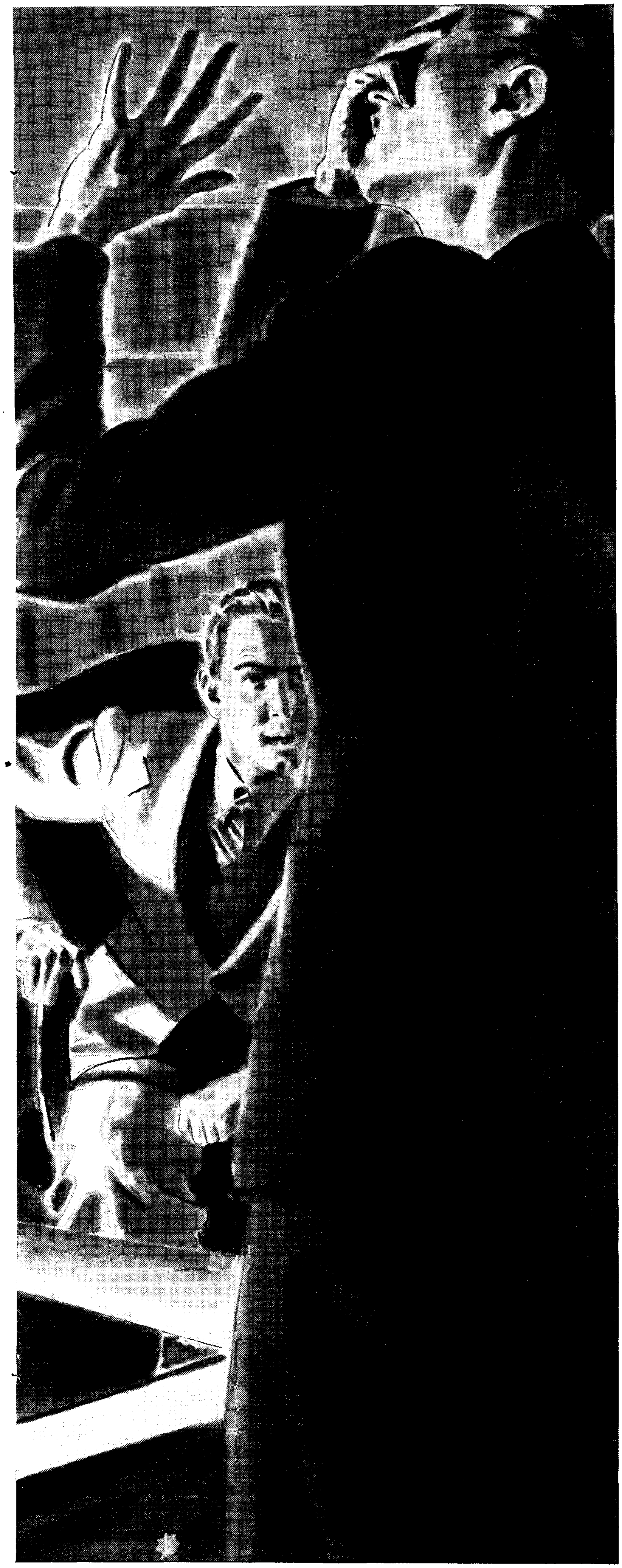
It was now clear where Dave had headed for. They had reached Fifield's apartment house. Dave said, "I've got to take a look . . . Carol, if the inquest was wrong, if it wasn't suicide, then it was manslaughter or murder. If we go in, we won't be just interested friends. We'll be accessories after the fact."

"Yes, and Maurice wants you to think that he killed him," she said impatiently. "For heaven's sake, Dave, don't worry about me—let's get in if we can."

All it took was a dollar to the Negro janitor and Dave's explanation that he wanted to get some books that Fifield had borrowed. Fifield's brother, who had come to take the body home, would not return to pack the furniture till sometime next month. Inside, Caroline could not feel any guilt or criminality. She could only feel a faint distaste at being in the midst of a dead man's possessions, and a too vivid recollection of how unpleasant Fifield had been. In this study, a teacher holding conference with a student, he had tried to flirt with her, tried to get his hands on her. The same chairs, the same shelves of books—and their owner was dead.

She said, "When you didn't know me well enough to ask personal questions, you asked me if he'd ever made a pass at me. Well, he did, right here in this room."

The gun cabinet was in the bedroom. Behind glass five different pistols and revolvers hung from spring clamps. There were four empty clamps—no telling whether they had ever been used. Dave grinned, "The crime stories tell you to watch out for fingerprints," and opened the glass door with a handkerchief round his hand. He scrutinized all the guns without touching them. "No .45." He straightened up. "So what do we know? Nothing at all." Using his handkerchief, he opened the little draw-



Dave came out of his chair, jubilant. "No," he cried, "I don't believe you either, Maurice. You *are* lying!"

ers in the base of the cabinet. "Data," he said gravely, pointing to a stack of pasteboard boxes. "He had a lot of .45 cartridges. If he had that many, he must have had a .45. Do I—" he said softly, "do I dare ransack the whole apartment?"

"You don't," Caroline said. "I don't dare let you. If we're accessories, we'd better have clean hands. You'd better pick up a couple of books and get out."

HE WAS reluctant to act on that plain common sense, and looked longingly round at the apartment. Anywhere, in any drawer, behind any book, that .45 might be concealed. "What if you found it?" Caroline said. "You'd just know he had another gun." Dave muttered that not finding it would count more and, still doubtful, went out with her. The town was beginning to soften with the approach of sunset and afternoon warmth had gone before a risen breeze. Dave swore bitterly. "Why don't we find things out? I can't stop telling myself that Dad Hannan is on the march. With a dean's conscience and a feeling of obligation to society. If there's been dirty work at the Morrison crossroads, Dad Hannan is determined to clean it up. No matter if it did get rid of the filthiest maggot that ever defaced his faculty. No matter if cleaning it up sends Maurice Traggas to the chair."

"You make me furious!" She *was* furious. "How can you think such things? Your best friend, Dave! You know better than you know anything else on earth that Maurice wouldn't, didn't, couldn't do it."

"Do I? I wish I did! How often do you change your mind, Caroline? Yesterday you were absolutely sure he was going to kill himself out of remorse for killing Fifield."

He had her there. She could only shake her head. "I was out of my mind. I don't know why he put on that incredible act. I do know it wasn't for the reason I thought—and you still think." It was grotesque to be walking down a sidewalk colored with sunset in the familiar circumstances of a college town—and having these thoughts, saying these things. She stopped in slanting light and said, all of her concentrated in one furious effort of will, "Maurice wasn't there. Maurice didn't shoot him."

"How do you know?"

"He couldn't."

Dave was somber and withdrawn. "Intuition may help you choose a dress, Carol—it's a pretty poor substitute for facts in a murder trial. It's nice to know we live in a world where our friends can't shoot people. But when the cops call him in to ask him to explain himself, try telling them you just know he couldn't have done it."

"TRY living in a world where your friends are people you believe in!" "Is it your idea I like this?" This was the first time his eyes had ever hardened at her. "Do I long to accuse Maurice? It's forced on me."

"What's forced on you?" she said hotly. "A lot of guesses. The most loathsome guesses I ever heard of. Guesses you ought to be ashamed of. I thought chemists didn't guess. I thought they fell in love with facts."

His voice took a wiry edge. "That's just it. I've got some facts. They don't comfort me. There's the one wild fact of the two shots that doesn't fit in. All the rest of them fit much too well—the way Maurice acted that Saturday, the way he's been acting ever since, the lies he tells me, the other lies he tells you."

"Then," Caroline said coldly, "I think you'd better get some more facts. Pretty quick, too, Dave—if Dad Hannan really scares you. . . . I'm going home. Don't come with me. Goodby."

She turned away from him. That was a life-size, three-dimensional quarrel. It didn't seem to matter—it slipped disregarded away. For she was caught up and swept along by a tide of conviction and determination. She hadn't the faintest idea what would come of this aroused will. She only knew that something would. . . . Dinner at the house was, as always nowadays, a kind of sandwich hour in the nursery—a lot of children excited over kindergarten things and pretty spiteful toward her. Priscilla was being dignified and disdainful tonight—pretty funny. Caroline ate and talked inattentively with Helen and Betty Stevens. Then this proved to be one of the evenings when a double quartette from the glee club strolled through Women's Quadrangle singing college songs—a Morrison tradition. The children were frightfully interested in that too, had laid in pretzels and beer and were excitedly awaiting Gamma's turn.

The boys were at the other end of the Quadrangle singing Lord Jeffrey Amherst when Caroline went upstairs, and the grand old tune came sweetly in the evening air. Helen was changing her sweater and skirt. Caroline smiled and pulled down the shades. "The Glee Club would be charmed," she said, "but after all we hardly know them, do we? The Gammas are modest girls."

It was fine to see a dimple appear, if only momentarily, at the corner of the mouth that had grown more mature and much more grave. "Especially a Gamma who gets caught coming in at four A. M. A good job of soundproofing would be worth more than modesty, wouldn't it?" Helen actually giggled. "How can you hold out, Carol? The sisters are clamoring for you to break down and confess what man you were with."

HELEN struggled into a yellow sweater, the red-gold curls emerging gloriously. She stood at the mirror restoring them to order, and her mouth was grave and so were her eyes. "You're a white man, Carol. Steve is too. I wish I'd known him long ago."

Caroline had a moment of contentment. Helen must feel as acutely as she the sober homespun of such friendliness after the ecstasy and despair of ten days ago. She went down with Helen when Steve came and stood for a moment with them in spring dusk, across the lawn from where the girls were gathered on the terrace. The Glee Club was just down the drive, now, at the Pi Phi house. The scent of lilacs came on the breeze that brought the singing and the laughter; the dusk had nostalgia in it and the flutter of white frocks and a poignancy of youth and mutability. Almost too much to be borne—with Dave somewhere in that perfumed darkness and Maurice somewhere else and both of them at grips with realities which no singing in the dusk could soften.

"I told you about senior spring," Steve said. "Shall we all bawl a little?"

There were tears in that singing and Steve's comment was so aware of her mood that Caroline felt drawn to him. He wasn't, she found, talking to her at all! He was talking to Helen. Well, naturally.

"Where are you going helling tonight?" she asked.

"I never dictate. Where do you want to go, Helen?"

"It doesn't matter. Anywhere. Come with us, Caroline."

"No, thanks."

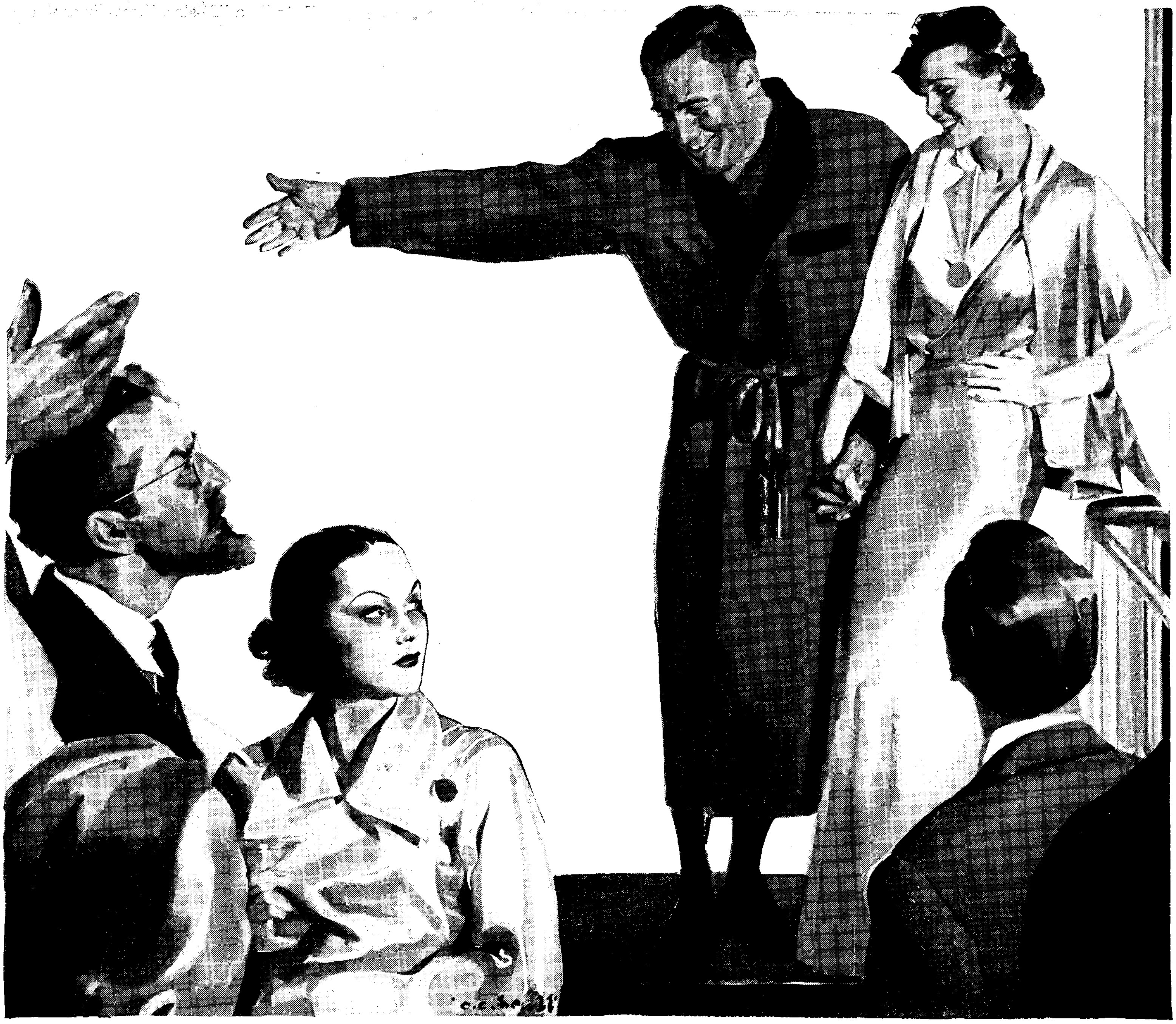
"Don't dream of it," Steve said.

"I keep forgetting you're campussed."

"Campussed—Caroline?" Steve was oddly sardonic. "Dear, dear, how the Gammas keep up to date."

That innocent remark was too much of a piece with all Steve's recent behavior toward her. Caroline shrugged. That was part of the fee, and she couldn't

(Continued on page 34)



"Folks!" Bragg roared. "I want you all to meet my new secretary"

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

AMERICA is in the throes of an exciting presidential campaign. Supporting Dr. Orwin Prescott, one of the candidates, is *Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls* millions of votes. While making a radio address, Donegal, on the verge of exposing a sinister plot to insure the election of Prescott's opponent, Harvey Bragg, falls unconscious. The victim of some powerful drug, he recovers in his headquarters, the Tower of the Holy Thorn, only to learn that he cannot remember what he had planned to divulge—and his notes have been stolen.

Summoned by the U. S. Secret Service, *Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted ex-operative* of Scotland Yard, is on hand. Assisted by Captain Mark Hepburn, he makes a shocking discovery: Dr. Fu Manchu, the world's most dangerous criminal, is in America; he is plotting to make Bragg President so that he, Fu Manchu, may become Dictator of the United States!

Shadowed day and night by Fu Manchu's hirelings (directed by the wily Oriental from secret headquarters in a gigantic skyscraper), Nayland Smith and Hepburn work quietly. The disappearance of Prescott adds to their perplexities; but they soon learn that he is alive, in the hands of the enemy.

Again and again, Nayland Smith escapes with his life—his enemies make many attempts to murder him. Then, hidden with *Hepburn in his bedroom, forty stories above* the street, he awaits another attack. It comes strangely—a shadowy figure *climbs a wall of the building* and, from the window-sill, projects into the room a telescopic rod (at the end of which is a square box).

"Shoot that man, Hepburn!" Smith cries.

IV

THE shadowy shape at the window *had not moved from that* constrained, crouching attitude—two enormous hands, which appeared to be black, rested on the window ledge —when Mark Hepburn fired—once, twice. . . . The sinister silhouette disappeared; that strange hissing continued; the muted roar of New York carried on.

Yet, automatic dropped beside him, fists clenched, he listened so intently, so breathlessly, that he heard it—

A dull thud in some courtyard below.

"Don't move, Hepburn," came Nayland Smith's crisp command. "Don't stir until I give the word!"

An indeterminable odor became perceptible—chemical, nauseating. . . .

"Sir Denis!"

It was the voice of Fey.

"Don't come in, Fey!" cried Nayland Smith. "Don't open the door!"

"Very good, sir."

Only a very keen observer would have *recognized the note of emotion in Fey's* almost toneless voice.

The hissing noise continued.

"This is terrible!" Hepburn exclaimed. "Sir Denis! What has happened?"

The hissing ceased: Hepburn had identified it now.

"There's a switch on your right," came swiftly. "See if you can reach it, but stay where you are."

Hepburn, altering his position, reached out, found the switch, and depressed it. Lights sprang up. He turned—and saw Nayland Smith poised on top of the bureau. The strange weapon which vaguely he had seen in the darkness proved to be a large syringe fitted with a long nozzle.

The air was heavy with a sickly sweet smell suggesting at once iodine and ether.

He looked toward the bed . . . and would have sworn that a figure lay under the coverlet—a sheet drawn up over its face! *On the pillow and beside where* the sleeper's head seemed to lie rested a small wooden box no more than half the size of those made to contain cigars. One of the narrow sides—that which faced him—was open.

There seemed to be a number of large black spots upon the pillow. . . .

"It's possible," said Nayland Smith, staring across the room, "that I missed the more active. I doubt it. But we must be careful."

Above the muted midnight boom of New York, sounds of disturbance, far below, became audible.

"I'm glad you didn't miss our man, Hepburn!" rapped Nayland Smith, dropping onto the carpeted floor.

"I have been trained to shoot straight," Mark Hepburn replied monotonously.

Nayland Smith nodded.

"He deserved all that came to him. I faked the bed when I heard his approach. . . . Jump into a suit and rejoin me in the sitting-room. We shall be wanted down there at any moment. . . ."

Three minutes later they both stood staring at a row of black insects laid upon a sheet of white paper. The reek of iodine and ether was creeping in from the adjoining bedroom. Fey at a side-table prepared whiskies imperturbably. He was correctly dressed, except for two trifling irregularities: his collar was that of a pajama jacket and he wore bedroom slippers.

"This is your province, Hepburn," said Nayland Smith. "These things are outside my experience. But you will note that they are quite dead, with their legs curled up. The preparation I used in the syringe is a simple formula by my old friend Petrie: he found it useful in Egypt. . . . Thank you, Fey."

MARK HEPBURN studied the dead insects through a hand lens. Shrunken up as they were by the merciless spray which had destroyed them, upon their black bodies clearly he saw vivid scarlet spots. . . . "Scarlet spots". . . the last words spoken by James Richet!

"What are they, Hepburn?"

"I'm not sure. They belong to the genus *Latrodectus*. The 'malmignatte' of Italy is a species; and the American 'Black Widow' spider. But these are larger. Their bite is probably deadly."

"Their bite is certainly deadly!" rapped Nayland Smith. "An attack by two or more evidently results in death within three minutes — also a characteristic vivid scarlet rash. You know, now, what was in the cardboard box which James Richet opened in the taxicab! No doubt he had orders to open it at the moment that he reached the hotel. One of the Doctor's jests. I take it they are tropical?"

"Beyond doubt."

"Once exposed to the frosty air, and their deadly work done, they would die. You know, now, why I provided myself with that—" He pointed to the syringe. "I have met other servants of Fu Manchu to whom a stone-faced building was a grand staircase."

"Good Lord," Mark Hepburn said hoarsely. "This man is a fiend—a sadistic madman—"

"Or a genius, Hepburn! If you will glance at the receptacle which our late visitor deposited on my pillow, you will notice that it is made from a common cigar box. One side lifts, shutterwise: there is a small spring. It was controlled, you see, by this length of fine twine, one end of which still rests on the window ledge. This hook on top was intended to enable the Doctor's servant to lift it into the room on the end of the telescopic rod. The box is lightly lined with hay. You may safely examine it. I have satisfied myself that there is nothing alive inside. . . ."

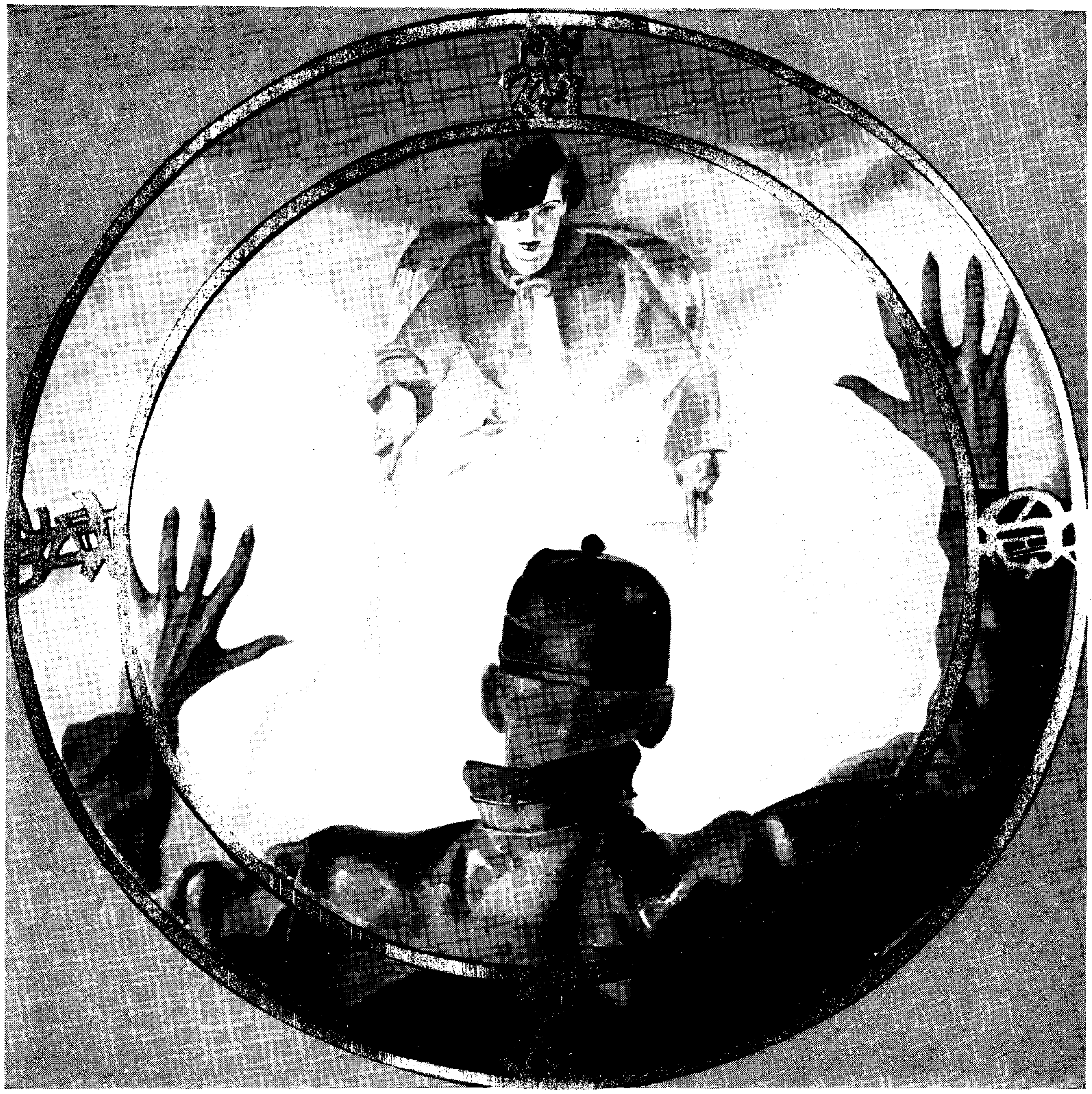
"This man is the most awful creature who has ever appeared in American history," said Hepburn. "The situation was tough enough, anyway. Where does he get these horrors? He must have agents all over the world."

Nayland Smith began to walk up and down, twitching at the lobe of his ear.

"Undoubtedly he has. In my experience I have never felt called upon to step more warily. Also, I begin to think that my powers are failing me."

"What do you mean?"

"For years, Hepburn, for many years, a palpable fact has escaped me. There is a certain very old Chinaman whose records I have come across in all parts of the world; in London, in Liverpool, in Shanghai, in Port Said, Rangoon and Calcutta. Only now, when he is in New York (I can't guess how he got here!) have I realized that this dirty old barkeeper is Dr. Fu Manchu's chief-of-staff!"



"Are all my dreams to end in a prison cell, in the death of a common felon?"

Mark Hepburn stared hard at the speaker, and then:

"This accounts for all the men at work in Chinatown," he said slowly. "The man you mean is Sam Pak?"

"Sam Pak—none other," snapped Nayland Smith. "And the truth respecting this ancient reprobate—" he indicated the writing table—"reached me in its entirety only a few hours ago. If you could see him you would understand my amazement. He is incredibly old, and, so much for my knowledge of the East, I had always set him down as one step above the mendicant class. Yet, in the days of the Empress, he was governor of a great province; in fact, he was Dr. Fu Manchu's political senior! He was one of the first Chinese to graduate at Cambridge, and he holds a science degree of Heidelberg."

"Yet in your knowledge of him he has worked in slums in Chinatown—been a barkeeper?"

"It might occur in Russia tomorrow, Hepburn. There are princes, grand dukes—I am not speaking of gigolos or *soi-disant* noblemen—spread about the world, who, the right man giving the word, would work as scavengers, if called upon, to restore the czars."

"That's true enough."

"And so you see, we have got to find this aged Chinese. I suspect that he has brought with him an arsenal of these unpleasant weapons which the Doctor employs so successfully. . . . Hullo! there's the phone. We are wanted to identify the climber. . . ."

OLD Sam Pak was performing his nightly rounds of "Base 3." Two Chinese boys were in attendance.

Up above, political warfare raged; the newspapers gave prominence to the Washington situation in preference to love, murder or divorce. Dr. Orwin Prescott was reported to be "resting up before the battle." Harvey Bragg was well in the news. Other aspirants to political eminence might be found elsewhere: "Bluebeard of the Backwoods" was front-page stuff. America was beginning to take its Harvey Bragg seriously.

But in the mysterious silence of Base 3, old Sam Pak held absolute sway. Chinatown can keep its secrets. Only by exercise of a special sense, which comes to life after years of experience in the ways of the Orient, may a Westerner know when something strange is afoot: sidelong glances; sudden silences; furtive departures as the intruder enters. Police officers in Mott Street had been reporting such trivial occurrences recently. Those responsible for diagnosing Asiatic symptoms had deduced the arrival in New York of a Chinese big shot.

Their diagnosis was correct. By this time, every Chinese from coast to coast knew that one of the Council of Seven controlling the Si-Fan, most dreaded secret society in the East, had entered America.

Sam Pak pursued his rounds. The place was a cunning maze of passages and stairs; a Chinese rabbit warren. One narrow passage, below the level of the room of the seven-eyed goddess, had a row of six highly painted coffins ranged along its wall. They lay on their sides. Lids had been removed and plate glass substituted. This ghastly tunnel was vile with a smell of ancient rottenness.

One of Sam Pak's attendant Chinese switched on a light. The old mandarin, who had known nearly a century of vicissitudes, carried a great bunch of keys. In his progress he had tried door after door. He now tested the small traps set in the sides of the six coffins. In the sudden glare, insidious nocturnal things moved behind the glass. . . .

There was a big iron door in the wall; it possessed three locks, all of which proved to be fastened. Here at once was part of that strange arsenal which Nayland Smith suspected to have been imported, and a secret sally port, the existence of which police headquarters would have given much to know about. It communicated with an old subterranean passage which led to the East River. . . .

(Continued on page 66)

Finishing School

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THERE is nothing devious or secretive about Elmer A. Benson, the forty-year-old Farmer-Laborite newly arrived in the Senate of the United States from Minnesota to fill out the term of that rock-ribbed Republican, the late Thomas D. Schall. When it comes to political, social and economic beliefs, he disdains even the traditional fig leaf, wearing every conviction in plain view. Not for him any revamping of the Old Order. What he wants is a brand-new one, and he stands ready and willing to superintend the construction. Every pocket bulges with a plan.

At no point does Senator Benson make any effort to conceal his radicalism. He is a Left Winger, so far to the left, in fact, that even the LaFollettes will have to communicate with him by swift runners and smoke signals. Were it in his power, he would collect all of the international bankers, the munitions magnates and heads of the great monopolies, have them expertly stuffed, and then hand them over to the Smithsonian Institution for the edification and education of posterity.

From all of which it might be argued that Elmer A. is the wild and woolly type, collarless and uncurried. On the contrary, he is slim, well-tailored, as precise in his speech as in his attire, and looks and acts far more like a young partner in the House of Morgan than a representative of the rampant and rebellious democracy of the Northwest.

To make attack by Senate conservatives even more difficult, they will not be able to tell him to go back where he came from if he doesn't like it here. As it happens, Master Elmer was born in Appleton, Minnesota, and quit his law school to go to France to fight for his country. His parents, it is true, were immigrants, but they came from solid, substantial Norway as far back as 1866, and played no mean part in turning Minnesota's virgin forests into fields and orchards.

A Bigger and Better New Deal

To give his radicalism an even more respectable background, he quit the law to become a banker in his home town, and between the years of 1919 and 1933 rose to be a cashier. At the beginning of 1933 he was appointed state securities commissioner by Governor Floyd Olson, and a few months later was elevated to the post of state bank commissioner. As a proof of his persuasiveness, and by way of warning to Republican senators, he succeeded in winning some of Minnesota's independent bankers to his way of thinking, so that today small-town money masters in Minnesota can be heard denouncing Wall Street and Special Privilege.

Democrats in the Senate thrilled mightily when the newcomer elected to sit on the Administration side, but they are due for a shock if they proceed on the theory that the choice indicated unquestioning support of the President and his policies. On the contrary, Senator Benson makes no bones of his belief that the New Deal has only pecked at problems. Instead of going too far, it has only made an encouraging start. Take, for instance, his attitude with respect to the AAA.

"Good enough in its way, but palpably a makeshift." Leaning forward, he tapped the desk with well-tended fingers by way of emphasis. "There can be no such thing as real recovery until the crushing debt burden has been lifted from agriculture. The Frazier-Lemke bill goes straight to the heart of the matter. Three billions in new currency will permit the purchase of Farm Credit Administration bonds that will be used to take up farm mortgages under a long-term financing plan at low interest rates.

"Printing-press money?" His smile was one of amused tolerance. "What have we got right now? Our currency is not redeemable in gold. It is nothing on earth but the government's promise to pay. More than that, our printing of currency can go much farther before it is near the danger point. We have some five billions in currency today. At the same time the federal treasury has nine billions in gold, and a billion and a half dollars' worth of silver. Even under the terms of the old law, which stipulated a forty-per-cent gold base for our currency, we would be justified in having approximately twenty-two billions of dollars in currency. So, far from having a dangerous expansion today, we do not possess even an adequate currency."

"The Supreme Court?" Here a very distinct irritation clouded the senator's youthful face. "Well, one may have respect for the Constitution and the courts, and at the same time question the authority of the judicial branch of government to ride roughshod over the executive and legislative branches. Certainly the people of today have the right to deal with the problems of today as their needs require, and I have the deep conviction that there is a growing resentment against five to four decisions, which have all the earmarks of economic judgments rather than conclusions based on law."

The Man Without Doubts

Along with his money views and his impatience with Supreme Court curbs, Senator Benson believes implicitly that all natural resources ought to be brought under popular control for fullest development, and particularly is he insistent on the public ownership and operation of all public utilities. Rural electrification, in his opinion, can and should be carried to a point where there is electric light and power in every barn.

"Government ownership of railroads?" The lift of his eyebrows expressed surprise at the question. "Of course! It is the one and only way to a fair and effective machinery of distribution."

"No." He shook his head when asked about the "Share Our Wealth" movement. "Nevertheless, the concentration of the country's income in a few hands is an evil that must be cured. How? Why, by a fearless extension of the Roosevelt tax program to a point where society will reclaim that portion of wealth which represents mass coöperation."

The Townsend Plan likewise fails to excite his enthusiasm, but in the same breath he insists that the present Social Security law is "grossly inadequate" in the matter of pensions for America's aged. "A far more generous provision for our old must be made," he declared.

"Production for use? I have never believed in the possibility of creating economic islands or the possibility of any new type of civilization in a community or a state wholly apart from the life of the nation. I do hold, however, that we have got to cure the disparity between what the producer receives and what the consumer pays; that we have got to bridge the big gap between America's purchasing power and America's producing capacity.

"Chain banks and chain stores and chains of every kind have no place in the American scheme of things. I mean to work for drastic legislation that will put an end to monopolistic combinations and pyramidal finance by means of which powerful, distant groups are able to drain the wealth out of every American community."

Knows His Politics

Let no one make the blunder of writing the Minnesotan down as a yeasty, impractical emotionalist. He is every whit as hard-headed and assured in his own way as any Old Guard Republican, and knows his politics just as well if not better. He represents, in fact, a distinct change in the radical movement's type and idea, standing for plan, purpose and organization as opposed to fanatical individualism. The Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota, for instance, is no longer a loose thing, held together by indignations, but a disciplined body that works with all the iron precision of an intelligent political machine. About the only point of difference is in the frankness with which intentions are announced and orders given. Witness, as an example, the following editorial from a Minnesota paper at the time of the Benson appointment:

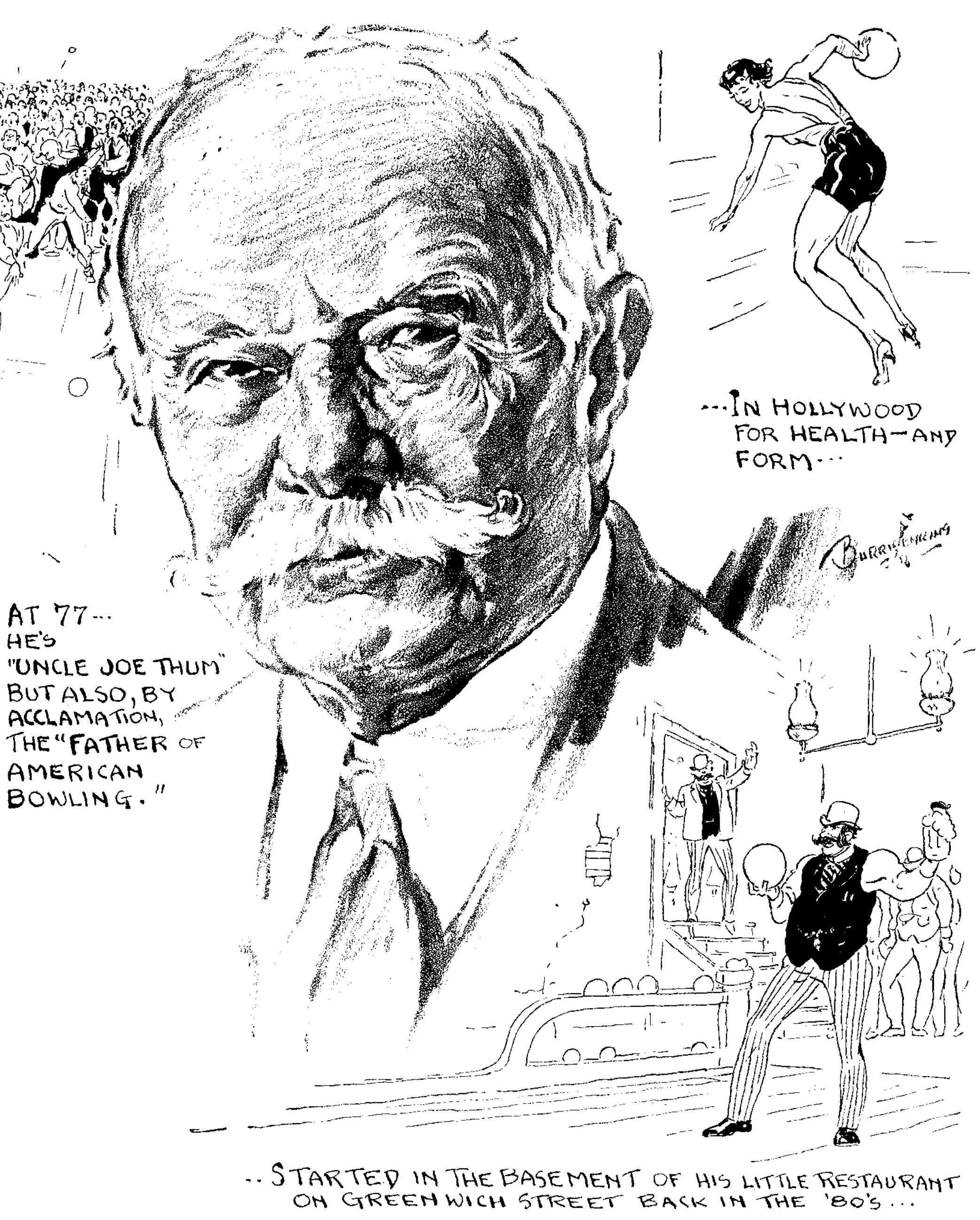
"From their standpoint, the managers of the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota are fully justified in sending Benson to the Senate. He is their choice for governor to take over that office when Olson's term ends, and Olson goes to the Senate. A year in Washington will give Benson more opportunity to develop as a public speaker. It will give him a chance to mix with national leaders, sit in high places, deal with national and world problems, and to return for the 1936 campaign with a bigger reputation. It will give him the use of the franking privilege, which means that he can mail speeches and statements into all parts of the state without paying postage. This will be a big help in making his name familiar to the voters in preparation for the campaign after he has been nominated for governor."

Could James Aloysius Farley do it better?

WIDE WORLD

Social-minded Elmer A. Benson profitably marks time in the U. S. Senate while waiting to be elected next governor of Minnesota

8 MILLION STRONG
--FROM MAINE TO THE MEXICAN BORDER...


...IN HOLLYWOOD FOR HEALTH—AND FORM...
AT 77... HE'S "UNCLE JOE THUM" BUT ALSO, BY ACCLAMATION, THE "FATHER OF AMERICAN BOWLING."
..STARTED IN THE BASEMENT OF HIS LITTLE RESTAURANT ON GREENWICH STREET BACK IN THE '80'S...
Burris Jenkins

Bowling Along

The biggest annual sports event in the world? You're entirely mistaken—it's the American Bowling Congress. Fifteen thousand entrants from the eight million players in this country. Why so many? Well, try it sometime and see. All right, boy, set them up in the other alley!

By Robert Harron

DRAWING BY BURRIS JENKINS

IT'S funny the way things happen sometimes.

For instance, if business had been good back in 1880 at the little German restaurant 'way downtown in New York at 401 Greenwich Street, then some eight or ten million right arms, discounting the occasional southpaw, might not have been hurling sixteen-pound bowling balls down a sixty-foot stretch of pine and maple fairway in ten thousand cities, towns and hamlets on these chilly winter evenings. And the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, would not be busy entertaining, from March 10 to April 13, the biggest sports event held annually anywhere—the American Bowling Congress—with more than 15,000 entrants.

Business, however, was not good down at 401 Greenwich Street during that cold winter of 1880. On the contrary, business was distinctly bad. So the old gentleman who had come from Munich three long years before decided he had had enough of America and the bustling metropolis that was New York. He called in the German lad who recently had come to work for him.

"It is enough," he said. "I am returning to Munich, where people are satisfied with good beer and pretty music. There is not in Munich so much of this competition. The business is yours if you want it. Some day you may pay me if you wish. I do not care."

The young man reflected. Hadn't they told him back in Pfullendorf that America was the *land of opportunity*? Surely this was opportunity. And it had come so soon. He accepted with thanks.

He had a ready smile. He knew good beer, as what German boy born and reared in Pfullendorf wouldn't? He went to work. Presently he acquired a wife. He had a natural enthusiasm for eating which he seemed to be able to impart to others. Within two months, the little place at 401 Greenwich Street was paying dividends and the young man was making daily visits to the branch bank around the corner.

Business was good now. And, of course, it should have been, with the regular dinner—thick, steaming soup, meat, vegetables, kraut, beer or coffee, good German bread and butter—for a total of twenty-five cents. True, if you were extravagant enough to leave a five-cent tip for the waiter, that made it thirty cents. But even at that figure, the customers seemed satisfied.

A Refuge from Prosperity

Soon business became so good that the young proprietor was a little put out about it. He liked a bit of recreation. But people were coming in so much now that he didn't have a chance to get out for two or three hours a day among his friends. The customers were even beginning to encroach on his evenings. Of course, there were many among his customers who were his friends and he could always join them in a glass of beer. But it was difficult to enjoy oneself when there were customers to be served and when the extra waiter had to be cautioned to make Herr Kienholtz's kraut *a little more dry than Herr Rudolph's.*

So the young proprietor and his wife decided on a daring innovation. Together, with their own hands, they built two bowling alleys in the basement of the little restaurant. They lighted it as brightly as possible with kerosene lamps and invited their friends downstairs on a gala evening to join the sport.

And that's how bowling at tenpins, as we know it in this country today, passed its first important milestone. From that evening can be dated the modern growth of the sport which finds 15,000 good men and true from every state in the Union, from Canada and Hawaii, hurling balls down the polished fairways of thirty-two especially constructed alleys in the thirty-sixth annual tournament of the American Bowling Congress at the Indianapolis Fairgrounds Coliseum for more than thirty days and thirty nights beginning March 10th. At the same time the eight million of whom these 15,000 are merely the leaders are bowling for fun and health from Maine to the Mexican border while perhaps seven million pairs of trousers will assume unwonted bulges at the knees. The discrepancy between the number of bowlers and the number of pairs of trousers is not to imply that some bowlers exercise in bathing suits. It is merely to state that upwards of a million of the country's bowlers are women.

That's what the young man, who is now known as Uncle Joe Thum wherever the bowlers of a dozen nations take off their coats, hitch up their belts and prepare to attack the tenpins, started on that evening in his little restaurant on Greenwich Street back in the '80's. He's "Uncle Joe Thum" but he's also, by acclamation, the "Father of American Bowling."

Uncle Joe Thum is not to be confused with that other individual prominent in the cause of public entertainment who achieved fame as "Little Tom Thumb." At the age of seventy-seven, Uncle Joe Thum is a rugged gentleman of ruddy complexion. He has a snow-white mustache of approximately five and one-half inches in wingspread. He still has the smile which was his first definite asset in the business down on Greenwich Street.

A Game with a History

And he is still able to step up to the line and knock off a 200-game of tenpins in crisp fashion on his burnished and modern White Elephant alleys, one of Broadway's landmarks. True, he has slipped a little in late years to the extent of becoming a powerboat enthusiast during the summer on Long Island. But that is his only concession to the foibles of modern sport, aside from bowling. And no man should be condemned for a single wayward step.

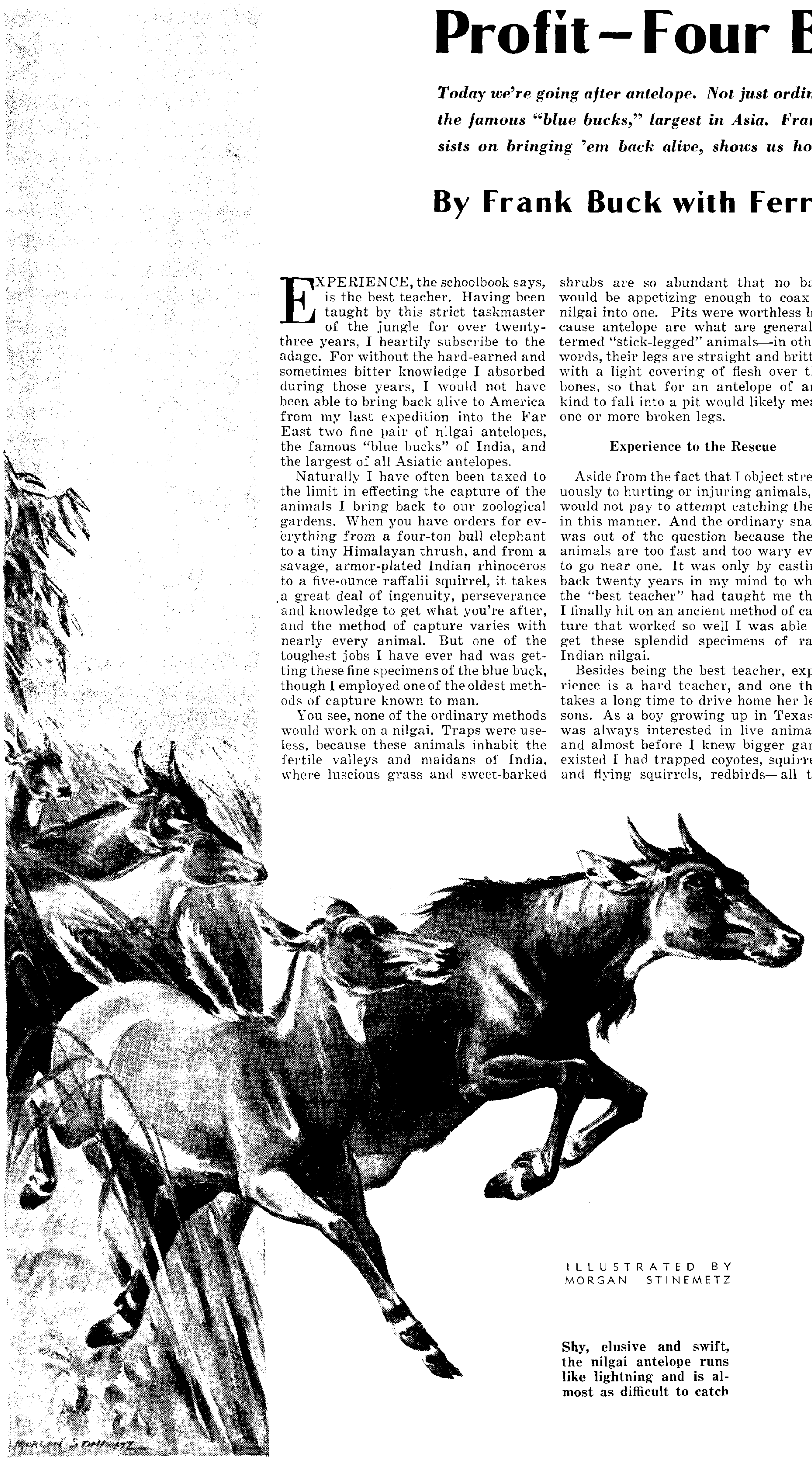
Of course, there had been some bowling in this land before Uncle Joe Thum constructed with his own hands those alleys below his little eating place on Greenwich Street. As early as 1732, three gentlemen of New Amsterdam, Peter Jay, Peter Bayard and John Chambers, had introduced the game of Dutch ninepins to Manhattan. In England, bowling had been the early sport of commoners and kings, becoming so popular that in 1366 King Edward III, who must have been a singularly selfish person, prevailed upon Parliament to enact laws prohibiting bowling, lest it cause the

(*Continued on page 62*)

Profit—Four Bucks

Today we're going after antelope. Not just ordinary antelope, but the famous "blue bucks," largest in Asia. Frank Buck, who insists on bringing 'em back alive, shows us how to go about it

By Frank Buck with Ferrin Fraser



ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN STINEMETZ

Shy, elusive and swift, the nilgai antelope runs like lightning and is almost as difficult to catch

EXPERIENCE, the schoolbook says, is the best teacher. Having been taught by this strict taskmaster of the jungle for over twenty-three years, I heartily subscribe to the adage. For without the hard-earned and sometimes bitter knowledge I absorbed during those years, I would not have been able to bring back alive to America from my last expedition into the Far East two fine pair of nilgai antelopes, the famous "blue bucks" of India, and the largest of all Asiatic antelopes.

Naturally I have often been taxed to the limit in effecting the capture of the animals I bring back to our zoological gardens. When you have orders for everything from a four-ton bull elephant to a tiny Himalayan thrush, and from a savage, armor-plated Indian rhinoceros to a five-ounce raffalii squirrel, it takes a great deal of ingenuity, perseverance and knowledge to get what you're after, and the method of capture varies with nearly every animal. But one of the toughest jobs I have ever had was getting these fine specimens of the blue buck, though I employed one of the oldest methods of capture known to man.

You see, none of the ordinary methods would work on a nilgai. Traps were useless, because these animals inhabit the fertile valleys and maidans of India, where luscious grass and sweet-barked shrubs are so abundant that no bait would be appetizing enough to coax a nilgai into one. Pits were worthless because antelope are what are generally termed "stick-legged" animals—in other words, their legs are straight and brittle with a light covering of flesh over the bones, so that for an antelope of any kind to fall into a pit would likely mean one or more broken legs.

Experience to the Rescue

Aside from the fact that I object strenuously to hurting or injuring animals, it would not pay to attempt catching them in this manner. And the ordinary snare was out of the question because these animals are too fast and too wary ever to go near one. It was only by casting back twenty years in my mind to what the "best teacher" had taught me that I finally hit on an ancient method of capture that worked so well I was able to get these splendid specimens of rare Indian nilgai.

Besides being the best teacher, experience is a hard teacher, and one that takes a long time to drive home her lessons. As a boy growing up in Texas I was always interested in live animals, and almost before I knew bigger game existed I had trapped coyotes, squirrels and flying squirrels, redbirds—all the native animals, in fact, of the state.

I had even caught a dozen or so rattlesnakes with forked sticks, and was pretty proud of my ability and knowledge—so proud that with the little knowledge and experience I had I decided to make the capturing of wild animals my life work, and I set about it, I imagine, with more enthusiasm than brains.

But my first trip to Malaya opened my young eyes. I decided immediately that a full-grown tiger, three or four hundred pounds of fang-and-claw dynamite, was a bit different from a Texas redbird. And it didn't take long to decide that while I might know something of trapping a coyote I was utterly ignorant of how to cope with a wild herd of jungle elephants. I was nothing but a babe in the woods, and right then and there I made the wisest decision in my life.

I decided to see how the other fellow did it, to go to the natives themselves, the jungle Malaya and Sakai, and learn by experience what experience had taught them. And it was this decision, made over twenty-three years ago, that enabled me to bring back to America last month those fine nilgai antelopes I spoke of.

I had my first break with experience in Yew Kee's shop in Singapore. Yew Kee was an old Chinese trader. In those days Singapore contained a number of markets or bazaars operated along the lines of trading posts. These were run mostly by Straits-born Chinese, and natives from the surrounding country brought in various jungle produce. In addition to rattan, beeswax, copra and other jungle commodities, small animals and birds were often obtainable from these shops, and occasionally larger animals were brought in from the wilder districts. Old Yew Kee has a little shack on Cross Street in Singapore's Chinatown and he specialized more than most traders in birds, animals and reptiles.

Who Trapped the Leopards

It was at Yew Kee's that I saw my first pair of black leopards fresh from the jungle. They were magnificent animals, sleek and long in their flimsy-looking bamboo cages, and I imagine my eyes must have been as big as saucers as I stared at them, thinking of my Texas squirrels.

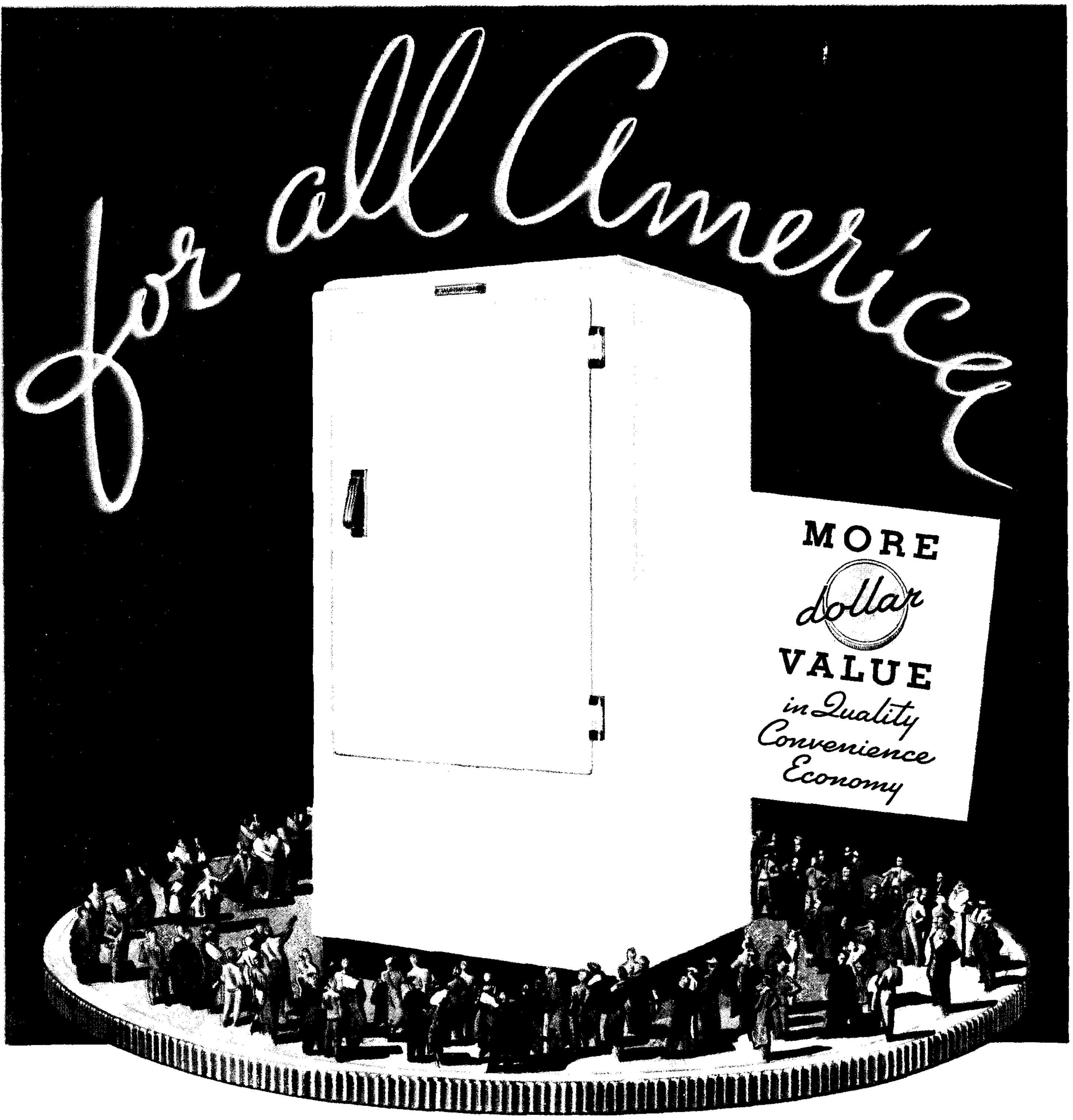
"How were they caught?" I asked Yew Kee.

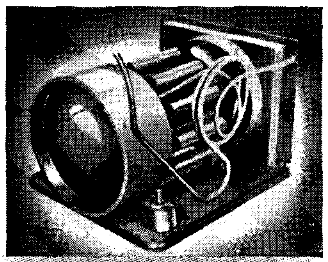
Yew Kee spread his yellow hands and smiled his expressionless Oriental smile. Being a Chinese he gave me no information whatever.

"Who can say?" he said. "Brought to me—I sell them."

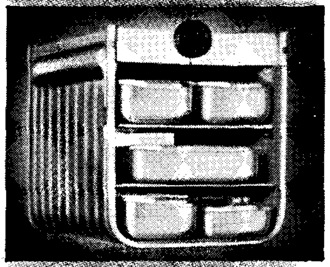
I asked half a hundred questions but learned nothing. All Yew Kee wanted to do was sell those leopards and get his commission. It wasn't until I left his place and was walking up Cross Street that I gained any information, and then from a queer source. A voice behind me called, *"Tuan! Tuan!"* and I turned to find a thin little brown Malay running after me. He was about fifty years old, and his scraggly white beard stuck

(Continued on page 72)

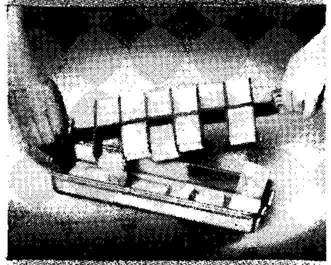




The time-tested Westinghouse Hermetically-sealed Mechanism with Built-in Watchman protection is oiled for a lifetime.

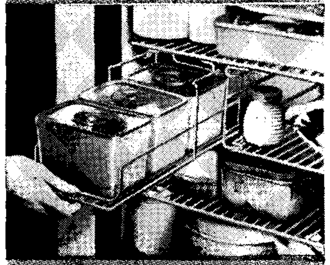


The big Sanalloy froster with refrigerated shelf freezes an ample supply of ice between meals . . . is always easy to keep clean.



Big, dry, zero-cold ice cubes pop out instantly from the new improved Eject-o-Cube Ice Tray . . . no fuss or bother at the sink.

New Adjusto-shelf varies space to meet your special requirements . . . room for a watermelon, large roast, or tall bottles.



Beautiful green Moonstone Ware accessories include the Triple Food Saver Set on the handy sliding shelf . . . fine for leftovers.

5 years' service protection on the Hermetically-sealed Mechanism costs only $5 . . . $1 a year . . . included in the purchase price.

AN UTTERLY NEW STANDARD OF REFRIGERATOR VALUE!

Point by point, dollar for dollar, year for year of trouble-free operation . . . check these Westinghouse Golden Jubilee models against any refrigerator you can find. Exterior values impress you first . . . snowy-white High Bake Dulux finish . . . welded all-steel cabinet with steel reinforcement . . . graceful streamline styling . . . recessed pedestal base.

Interior values are even more striking . . . Moonstone Ware Water Cooler, Triple Food Saver Set, and chilling tray . . . the clever Adjusto-shelf that varies its space to meet special needs . . . the wonderful new Eject-o-Cube Ice Tray that pops cubes out instantly with no fuss or bother at the sink . . . the Built-in Crisping Pan, Utility Basket, Fold-away shelf and other features that you would expect to find only in the most expensive refrigerators.

But most important of all is the matchless Westinghouse value of money-saving *efficiency* . . . the famous time-tested Westinghouse Hermetically-sealed Mechanism with five years' protection against service expense.

The Westinghouse Golden Jubilee line is complete . . . a size for every family . . . features to meet every individual preference. Let your Westinghouse dealer show you how amazingly easy it is to own a Westinghouse this year. You'll find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators — Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

Westinghouse Jubilee **REFRIGERATORS**

THE NEW STANDARD OF REFRIGERATOR VALUE

A short Johnnie Walker
before dinner . . .

A long Johnnie Walker
after dinner . . .

. . . and you're headed for
a pleasant evening!

Clothed in tradition . . . backed by common sense . . . is the custom of enjoying a "Scotch and soda" before dinner. And of all the good Scotch whiskies, there's none better for this pleasant purpose than Johnnie Walker. Smooth, tangy, bracing . . . it whets the appetite and warms the spirit.

And of course after dinner, you'll find the knowing ones sticking with Johnnie Walker. For no whisky "sits better" after food and drink. All Johnnie Walker Red Label is matured 8 years; Black Label, 12 years. So stick with Johnnie Walker . . . for an evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

No matter what the clock says
stick with . . . . .

JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR have to get around fine enough to eel inside the parked lead tractor.

He backed, slowly—toward—nothing. His assistant had got out, picked up a rock, stood ready to jam it under a front wheel; there was no room to work behind the rear one. "Stop!" cried the four soldiers. "Stop!" we all cried. The driver went forward, made up his gain, and backed once more. "Stop!" everyone shouted, and he filled ahead again. He backed a third time. It was hard work, leaning far out the door, in a tortured position, so that he could see to the rear, one hand on the wheel. He accelerated a little too swiftly, then caught himself with his brake. But panic had seized the four soldiers and they jumped. *One jumped from the wrong side.*

It was now that we saw that little puff of dust. We ran to the brink. The stars were bright enough to show that we all were pale, that night in a far and hostile mountain land. Several of us clicked on flashlights, and directed their rays down the vertical face of the precipice. The dust spun up where his body had bounced once against the side and ricocheted off into space. That much our lamps showed us, but they could not sound the bottom of that pitch-black abyss nor reveal the fate of the boy. We shouted, but of course there was no answer. We talked, rather wildly, about ropes, and climbing down, and this and that; and all the while slowly choked up with the knowledge that nothing could be done for him.

You cannot drop from the topmost floor of New York's tallest building directly to the street pavement, and live. This lad had pitched from a height thrice as great, and there were giant rocks down there to receive him. Even tomorrow, in daylight, there was little a party of alpinist searchers would be able to do; the hyenas would have been there first. We dispersed at last, back to our own trucks. The driver of the lorry from which the boy had jumped crossed himself as he got in.

Don't Look for Romance

Our trucks inched past the battery of 75's. We were painfully conscious of *three* soldiers, in the lorry ahead.

Yet, within two kilometers their driver and ours were firing away at the bends again with the thoughtlessness which makes all passengers down here believe they are a race of lunatics. It was a relief, then, to see earth rise out of the depths beside us and to know that we had gained at last "The Plain of a Thousand Villages," whereon lies Asmara, the moldy capital of Italy in Africa Orientale. You have lived through your first ride over the roads of the modern Roman conquest.

If you have not found it exactly romantic, possibly you shall have better luck on the next trip, presently, along a different section of the road. Surely, in a crusade the glorious avowed purpose of which is to carry the "lamp of civilization" into one of the last corners of deep shadow left on earth, you may reasonably expect to come upon achievements of which a white man could be proud. However, I must warn you that our experience tonight was not unusual. Quite the contrary. Between Ghinda and Nefasit, on this very trip, I witnessed the aftermaths of three other accidents; one resulted in a fatality, the others in grave injuries.

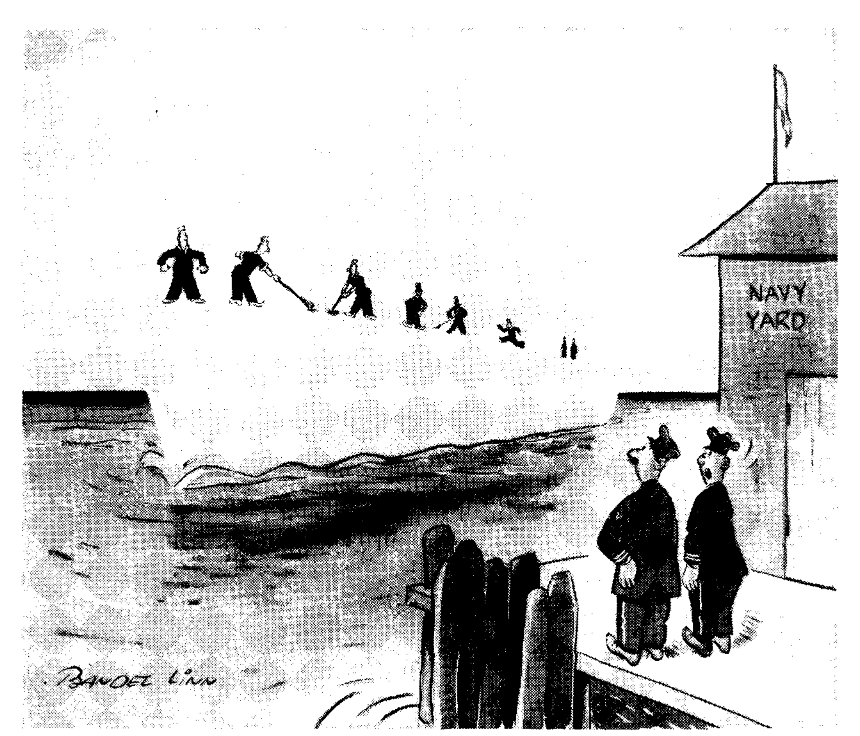
On a road journey from Adowa to Asmara—mostly by car, but too often on foot when the grades became steep beyond the power of our small Italian flivver—I counted 37 lorries freshly out of action. Italian authorities told me the daily casualty record in motor vehicles amounts to five per cent. Estimates—there is no wholly trustworthy tabulation—of the truck strength of the Italian Expeditionary Forces vary from 2,000 to 5,000, or 100 to 250 knocked off each day, many to the repair shops but some to the junk pile. I cannot tell the fates, to the last man, of the personnel involved in this extraordinary wastage. But every correspondent with the Italian Armies could virtually belie, out of his own first-hand accountings, the official published lists of civilian losses. Few ever returned to press headquarters from a trip of a day—or an hour—lacking sordid and bloody eyewitness tales.

Dark and Bloody Roads

Continued from page 11

Worse than War Itself

It is certain that roads and trucks—nominal allies, yet mutually destructive—are waging upon one another a constant and bitter economic war that is far more significant to this campaign than its military operations. It is certain that many kilometers of new construction are pounded to uselessness within a fortnight. It is certain that the wreckage of *millions of lire* worth of motor equipment is strewn each month along the road from the front to the sea; abandoned to the elements as the result of accidents, destructive roads, gross driving. It is certain that in the first three months of the war, more young Italians died under wheels, and in plunges over cliffs, than in front of the rifles and the spears of the Abyssinian warriors. It is, moreover, certain that slaughter on the roads exceeded the *combined* Ethiopian and Italian battle losses up to January.



"They're on the deck of our new camouflaged ship!" BANDEL LINN

Nor is this highway of your initial adventure, the link from Nefasit to Asmara, exceptional. True, it is "*molto periclos,*" very perilous, as the Italian drivers say. Once I saw a whole truckload of newly arrived soldiers hysterical on this road; some of them vomiting over the sideboards. Yet, you long for its comparative safety when you come upon certain other divisions. For example, that from Asmara to Addicaie, on the route to Adigrat. Here, in one section just thirty miles long, there are, by count of the Italian engineers, seventeen hundred hairpins. You are spun and wrenched and flung around a bend approximately every hundred feet, until, at the end, your body is actually sore, as from a physical beating; your mind has no more spring than a blob of lard, and your eyes are bloodshot from dust and from ceaseless staring over the raw edges of a scarred landscape. Before you reach Makale you have reeled through more than three thousand such dizzy curls.

My personal nomination for a road that I can happily do without ever seeing again is the one that winds from the rim of the Eritrean plateau, near Adi Quala, to the floor of the Mareb River Valley. This choice may be governed by recollections of the afternoon thereon when a car in which I was a passenger was sideswiped on the outside of a hook turn by a large and powerful staff car that roared on without halting. First our off front wheel, then our off rear wheel, actually spun in the clear over the abyss. Then the rear wheel bit into the edge again, like a buzz-saw coming to a loose plank, gripped, and we swerved back to firm ground. Half an hour later the other American in the car, and I, leaned forward and kissed our Italian driver on the back of the head. He did not even look around. He knew what it was for. Besides, the car was quitting and we had to get out now, and, carrying stones to jam under the wheels at the end of each spurt, plod along in tropical heat and at altitudes that caused speeded heart action and made walking on the flat, let alone uphill, arduous.

Where this Adi Quala road starts down from the mesa, you can walk to the brink, if you have the stomach, and look over and see the road which you are about to descend where it debouches upon the valley bottom three thousand feet *almost exactly below your hobnails,* and certainly with a forward gain of not more than half a mile. A plane flying down this escarpment could scrape its tail on the road turnings precisely as a boy rattles a stick along a picket fence. I saw a giant fallen boulder resting in the center of a loop bend on this road, so that lorries had to go through hair-raising gyrations to pass it. Three days later the boulder was still there; laborers were breaking it up by hand. They could not blast it because of the danger of starting other rockfalls. They could not roll it over the side because it would have bounded ruinously step by step down the writhing stairway of the road.

These, mind you, are not obscure and little-used trails but are the two and only main branches of the sole line of communication through enemy territory of an army of some three hundred thousand men; white and black soldiers, and civilians. A road that is the umbilical cord through which the sustenance of this great expedition must flow during six months of a tropical wet season; a road, moreover, that would be the only channel of flight of a conceivably routed army—and this in a land where the commonest axiom, based on tradition, is "anything might happen."

The Land of Illusions

We paused to watch the laborers who patiently chipped away at the great fallen boulder; and my Italian comrade—veteran of the Turkish campaign, the Great War, and Libya—said quietly: "If there is any romance in our African expedition, it is not to be found in the Palazzo Venezia, the Quirinal, or the tents of the generals—but here, in the work and in the hearts of these ignorant and humble men." Far above us there was a pool of jagged brilliance that hurt our eyes even through blackened goggles. This is one of the memorable sights of the occupied territory; but you are bewildered when first you see it, for it seems to be a waterfall, broken and frothing in a million facets, strangely halted in its plunge from the heights. You wonder if it is just another freak of this awesome land, where every manifestation of nature seems phenomenal and unreal. Then your eyes pierce the gleaming illusion, and you perceive that it is the light of the tropical sun reflected from acres of smashed bottles flung out and spread around a nondescript core of huts, tents and boxes. We get out and scramble up the hard way for a closer look; and some of the workers go along.

"It is the mineral-water bottles," laughs one man, who appoints himself our guide. "There is no water in these parts. Some is hauled, on trucks in drums, for cooking; but for drinking we depend upon the mineral water that comes from home. Millions of bottles have been imported. It is one business in Italy that has benefited from the war! But I have often heard the bosses say that it takes up room in the ships that should be used for other things."

The officer tells me, under his breath: "In the dry season on this northern front there isn't enough drinking water for the number of soldiers and workmen we have brought down. Hah, the bright staff men and the politicians, who sit in Rome and make grand plans with their pencils—instead of their heads!"

The laborer, sweating and panting, talks on. He is a middle-aged man, fine and strong, with a freckled bald pate and a red beard. Dirty, torn shorts are the only covering on his toasted body. He says: "It is our life, this mineral water. I have shaved with it—even tried to bathe in a tinful of it. We simply throw the empty bottles out. There is no plan for gathering or returning them. Our empty food and gasoline tins, signore, are very useful—as you see there. Not one is thrown away. We cut them up, very carefully, so, and hammer them flat, and use them to make roofs for our huts, and to patch leaky spots. In the village markets we have to pay one lira apiece for the cut-up petrol cans. You have seen how every native *tukul* has a door made of those."

Now we had picked our way, in the dazzling heat, through a hundred feet

(Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 29)

of broken bottles and were in the camp where lived a typical battalion of the laborers who have been transported from green and fair Italy to months of bondage in these African hills of repellent desolation. There were several large barrack tents, with rolled-up walls. In them, cots were laid, row on row, head to head, with no footroom between and a narrow aisle separating each two files. There were no mosquito nettings, although I had seen those at lowland camps. Men, naked and unwashed, lay fitfully on many of the cots. Each, whose eyes are opened, gives you a friendly little wave and a smile that is filled with vague longing.

"When the rains come," the officer tells us—again being careful the workmen shall not overhear—"this will be mud. Rain, here, falls in curtains. The runoff from above will flow through. Everything will turn moldy. There will be no let-up. Twenty-four hours a day, month after month, mired down, through darkness and light, unable to work or to play, thinking of home. . . ."

We go on to have a look at the cook tent. In here the flies are thicker, the odors less bearable. There are no screens. Dough, for the night's bread, is being rolled; the baker flicks out the flies that his quick moves trap, and curses.

You Can't Fool with the Sun

"Say," the workman tells us, "you've got to be careful how you pick things up around here. Once I took my helmet off the ground, and was just going to put it on, when a fellow standing next to me yelled, 'Hey, look out for the tarantula.' Sure, there he was in my helmet! You've got to shake out your shoes, too, on account of the scorpions. Listen, mister"—he sidles close, and looks cautiously at the major—"this is a hell of a place, honest."

From this vantage point, you look down upon the laborers in the roadway cut. Under the malevolent sun, they move listlessly, like men in a dream. You see the foreman go up occasionally, and warn a careless one to put on his helmet. Our guide says, "It's hard to remember, but you can't fool with this sun. You don't notice anything, either; you just keel over, when the sunstroke hits you, and vomit and twitch. Lots of the fellows have died from it; more than a hundred in one camp down near Massaua, when they first came, last summer. Thousands have been sent home on account of it, because, even though you get better, you ain't no use down here any more."

"Who are those children?" you want to know, indicating a score of little youngsters who, with their shammas tucked up around their waists and over their heads, sit off the roadside, holding between their bare feet large chunks of sandstone which they beat into small pieces. In age, they seem to range from six to eleven. The major laughs: "We have 50,000 laborers here now, and if it wasn't for those kids we'd have to have ten thousand more. They break the rocks, right on the spot, for all our road builders, in Eritrea and in Ethiopia. Their fathers bring them to work, and their fathers collect the pay—a few centimes (much less than a cent, American) a week.

"Why don't the parents do the work? Well, that is going to be one of Italy's greatest problems. Down here few adults work—and people are adult from twelve on. As you have seen, the average native is scrawny, undernourished, anemic—a grown-up product of disease and filth. They stand around to watch the Italian road makers, and they don't seem to understand why the white man should be so foolish. Usually, if they are even partially able-bodied, the men want to be soldiers—Askaris. Occasionally, we can get a few to do manual labor."

We slide giddily down to the road and our car, and drive on. The workmen rest on their implements to call goodby. The major tells us more about the labor situation. A fourth of those who have come to Africa Orientale, with grand hopes, with visions of a lush acre on which they could build a little home and to which they might fetch their loved ones from poverty-stricken Italy, have sighed and buried their dreams forever in this hot, parched, hostile black man's earth and gone home again to the hopeless grind. "The censors keep it out of the mails," he says, "but they cannot stop those disappointed and sick thousands who have returned to Italy from spreading the truth about Abyssinia by word of mouth!" Indeed, largely from these sources, Mussolini's whole African enterprise has lost so much appeal, so much prestige, since the first of this year *that you now actually see ads in local newspapers throughout Italy pleading for workmen to go to the front.* "The gold rush is over," said the major, who is of the regular army, "because the sand and the dregs have leaked home, and the casualty lists are being published—and the Duce will have to do some fast thinking now. Italian people can't stand casualty lists!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Any messages?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

Now that you have seen how they live, heard what they think, you appreciate that these humble drudges have no motive beyond their pittance of lire and solicitude for their families in Italy, who, in spite of the lowest standard of living known to white men, in spite of equatorial heat and arctic cold, homesickness and malaria, hunger and incredible lack of sanitation, have carved in this wilderness marks of which their masters are not worthy. In East Africa it is these poorest sons of Italy who thrill you with the eternal romance of human fortitude opposed to hopeless odds.

Ethiopia, where the Italian road builders are feverishly at work in a race against the double jeopardy of the rains and the guerrillas of the Negus, has not reached the petrol age of military progress. Moreover, it is not suitable for it, being full of traps for plans bred in European minds and unconsciously predicated on wheels. Take, for example, the belated Italian discovery that in most places down here motor vehicles can run only in low gear, because of the grades and their corkscrew nature, thus burning up more fuel than the general staff had figured necessary for the campaign.

The Cost of Irresponsibility

Consider, also, the belief of this same bureaucracy—predicated upon heaven knows what basis—that Italy's shortage of experienced drivers could be overcome readily by converting men of other trades to the wheel. Those who have visited Italy as tourists know full well that average professional Italian chauffeurs, judged by our standards, are scatterbrains. Therefore, you may picture the chaos, in a land of which most districts had never seen a motorcar until these last four months, on roads which are the most hazardous in the history of mechanized traffic, when plumbers and farmers and clerks were turned loose in the drivers' seats of thousands of five and seven-ton trucks.

These men have contributed, by their ineptness, to the slaughter on the roads. They have, in their ignorance of engines as well as by their lack of road sense, added immeasurably to the wastage of fuel and equipment. Much of the truck equipment is of American manufacture; the small cars are Italian. Both labor on the hills. I asked at least a dozen chauffeurs, and several transport officers, whether the carburetors had been adjusted for the special conditions of driving on a plateau, generally above 8,000 feet, with a temperature range through four seasons each full day. They had no idea what I was talking about.

The drivers feel no weight of responsibility, because they are not held accountable. If they smash a truck, they know they will get another. Their patience is undisciplined. Once I saw a lorry, heavily laden with food cases, stopped on account of motor trouble on a mountain road. The driver tinkered aimlessly with the engine. The narrow highway, up and down, became clogged. No one could pass, because he was halted at a construction point. The canyon was a bedlam of horns. The driver turned abruptly and called to the score of workmen near by. They came, brought a tree limb and, with the aid of other truckmen who ran up for the fun, levered the vehicle over the side. It bounced and slithered down, hundreds of feet, and brought up in fragments among rocks. The driver got a lift from the next truck. The stream of conquest flowed again. I spoke to my chauffeur: "But —they didn't even bother to unload it!" He grinned, and ran a hand over his sleek black hair: "There are more lorries where that came from, more food, too!"

The lines of communication of the Italian northern army have been called, by Fascists more distinguished for enthusiasm than for humility, "miracles" of road-making. But miraculous features are singularly lacking if you examine the roads with relation to their cost and to the task, the oppressive responsibility, put upon them. Mussolini's legions have taken old trails, hacked them a little wider, hard-surfaced them in part; along the escarpments the roads are continuous ledges—nothing more. The whole result is a sum in extravagance and unreliability.

Before the current assault on Abyssinia began there were only 434 kilometers (about 271 miles) of roads in the Italian colony of Eritrea; a territory virtually as large as the State of Missouri. These roads were the accomplishments of fifty years of occupation by the Italians. The Fascist mouthpieces in Asmara innocently assured me that prior to March of last year even the 271 miles were in "terrible condition"—not seeming to realize this was an indictment of Italy as a progressive colonizer, and of the sincerity of her present cry that she wants to carry into Ethiopia roads and other fruits of civilization.

The Foundations of Conquest

Abyssinia herself, indeed, has more to show for its modern years under Haile Selassie: about 2,500 miles of trails that are reasonably passable for mechanized traffic in season. It is true such mileage is no more than a bit of thread dropped on a barn roof, when you consider Ethiopia's 350,000 square miles: a land six times as large as New England, twice as large as California with Ohio thrown in; a population—as near as can be told—less than Greater New York's.

The Italian invaders must depend altogether upon their own roads. Their expedition in the north has its left flank, and farthest wave, at Makale—about 300 miles from the base port of Massaua. The right flank, just beyond Aksum, is a hundred miles nearer the coast. There is no Italian "front," in the Great War meaning, and—most serious of all—no parallel roads. The strength of Germany in the west throughout four years was the marvelous railroad system she usurped and converted, the road communications she installed, just back of and paralleling her trench line from Switzerland to the sea. Adigrat, halfway from Asmara to Makale, is flimsily connected with Adowa by a camel trail. This is wholly impracticable for lorries, and doubtful for the smallest cars.

Italy's road projects—the foundation upon which her fate in Africa Orientale rests—comprise 475 kilometers of hard-surfacing and 430 kilometers of auto trails; about 566 miles in all. This is not all straightaway, but includes camp approaches, streets, and incidental byroads. The main route may be considered from Massaua to Makale, skirting clear to the south of Asmara, but with a by-pass to it.

Its bridges throughout were incomplete early this year, and it was only when sections threatened to float away

(Continued on page 32)

20 Years a "Hammer Man"

You run across lots of them around here . . . men with the skill of many years . . . helping to make Plymouth a great car.

Take the man who operates this big "hammer." He's been doing it for twenty years.

This picture shows him forging a 1936 Plymouth crankshaft. He knows it is fine steel . . . knows that it is extra heavy and strong for a low-priced car . . . and he has a good, practical idea of the fine precision with which it will be machined, finished and balanced for a smooth-running Plymouth engine.

That's the kind of men they are . . . these ten-year, fifteen-year, twenty-year veterans you find around here. Doing the best work of their lives, with modern machines, tools and equipment. Doing *precision* work, whether on machines that weigh tons and are tall as a house or working to measurements smaller than the thousandth part of an inch.

You find the same spirit among the younger men, too . . . this idea of knowing how each individual job fits into the whole plan of building great cars . . . and quiet pride in doing it right.

That's what goes into Plymouth cars . . . into every one of the thousands that come purring off the lines, three a minute. And *that*, along with great engineering, keeps a Plymouth performing so brilliantly for tens of thousands of miles!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Insist on the

Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Available through all PLYMOUTH Dealers

You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment — cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance*

***In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.**

PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

MOTOR OIL
"WOULD YOU PAY
5¢ a gallon
FOR THIS OIL?"

TWO WEEKS AGO this black, tarry-looking substance, that you wouldn't buy at any price, was a fine high grade oil . . . taken out of a sealed can and put in the completely drained crankcase of an engine that was not protected by an oil filter. Today, this once fine oil has already begun to develope sludge...and to accumulate the dirt and grit and hard carbon that always find their way into an engine. These harsh, destructive substances are sources of costly replacements and repairs . . . for they are carried by the oil stream into closely fitted moving parts, where they grind away at valves and cylinder walls and bearings.

If you are driving one of the many millions of cars that were protected with a Purolator Oil Filter at the factory, your oil will continue to be a fine, clean, effective lubricant, and will even retain its color after thousands of miles of driving. There are just two things to remember. First,

YOUR PUROLATOR MUST BE RESERVICED AFTER ABOUT 8000 MILES.

That is because its reservoir has become so full of the destructive sludge it has removed that it will hold no more. Second,

Be Sure You Get a Genuine Purolator Refill

That is because it is the overwhelming choice of automotive engineers . . . as is attested by the fact that 91% of all filter-equipped cars during 1935 left the factory carrying GENUINE Purolators.

Your garage man will give you this service while you wait. Ask him about the Purolator. He knows. Motor Improvements, Inc., 365 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter on Your Motor Car

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Important Notice

To owners of Ford V-8 Passenger Cars or Trucks

You can now secure a GENUINE Purolator Oil Filter with all the attachments, at a price of $3.50 plus a small charge for installation. Ask your service station.

(*Continued from page* 30)

in the "little rains" that drainage trenches got the attention they deserve. From Asmara to Adowa, the road is narrow, rough, but fair. From Adowa to Aksum there is a trail which is disconcerting in its abrupt changes from bogs to crags. Beyond Aksum, as beyond Makale, there is only the unmarked wilderness and the sports of beasts.

That is the entire picture of the Italian lines of communication. It is as though a city twice as populous as Spokane, Washington, or about the size of Rochester, New York—and as far as either from the seacoast, *but not self-supporting*—depended upon a single highway for daily living necessities. There is one ineffectual supplement: the narrow-gauge railroad which runs from Massaua to Asmara; then on toward the Sudanese frontier, obliquely from the fighting zone. This toy railroad has a maximum capacity of 400 tons a day. In its climb to Asmara, in one section of half a kilometer *it doubles over itself twice*. It is a noteworthy engineering feat. As to motor roads: the difficulties of the region preclude additional lines, unless these are laid beside the existing roads in flat country and in tiers along the gorge and mountain facings.

Roads, Roman and Modern

In accordance with Fascism's claim of being the reincarnation of everything that was glorious and mighty in ancient Rome, you are assured the roads in Africa Orientale are Roman roads, built by the heirs of the Roman skill in road engineering. You are told that Italian workmen, trustees of the tradition, find the making of great roads child's play; are happier with stone chisels in their hands than men of other nationalities are with golf sticks or tennis racquets. You are reminded that certain divisions of highways thrown out from classic Rome to snare parts of Asia, most of Europe, and near-by Africa have lasted to this day. The part of the Nubian slaves, who performed most of the actual labor, is not mentioned; nor is the difference in construction methods of the ancient Romans and the modern Italian contractor.

When the engineers of the authentic Caesars laid down a road, they first scoured out a four- to eight-foot trench. This was filled with several courses of boulders and smaller rocks, each laid in mortar and rammed; then rubbled masonry in concrete, and finally a top layer of flat paving stones, nicely fitted and joined in mortar. Yet such roads had only to bear the traffic of chariots, foot soldiers, carts, occasional siege catapults, horses and sometimes a few elephants or camels. A whole day's swarming of Roman troops and auxiliaries would raise less hob with a road than a single passage of a loaded seven-ton truck.

The roads in Mussolini's East Africa are lacking in the deep foundations that were characteristic of the Roman roads. They have bases equal to those arranged for secondary roads in America. Where it crosses from sea to mountains Fascism's African highway is banked up, with broken stones laid on the desert floor, graveled, steam-rolled, then spread with tar. In the foothills, the stone foundation is much thinner, but the rest of the procedure is the same. Nowhere did I observe excavated and rock-filled bases. Across flat country, on the plateaus, broken stone is laid and topped with gravel. The mountainside roads are, simply, narrow shelves dug or blasted out of the earth at hand.

We had planned another trip, so we shall take it now, from Asmara toward the Takazze front—about 200 kilometers —to Adowa, capital of Tigre Province, home of the elusive Ras Seyoum, and most over-publicized jumble of mud hovels in all history; thence another thirty-odd kilometers to Askum, mysterious holy city of this dark land. Pavement is left behind outside Asmara; from there on, all day, we are in the dust. Flying goggles with black lenses are essential; in addition, we pack cotton under the rubber guards. Whatever you do will not be enough. Your face will be puffed at the end of the day, from dust that has worked into the pores; your nose and eyes will run in a hot feverish condition; your tongue will feel as though it has been dragged on the road behind the car. The drivers? Well, what can they do except constantly brush their goggles? Many are hospitalized at the end of each day, for eye trouble, or sheer exhaustion. And—over the side of one hairpin on the Addicaie road of 1,700 turnings you may observe wreckage that shows the ultimate menace of dust. A lorry driver, blinded by the sand kicked up under a car ahead, missed the turn. Five other trucks followed him over, like circus elephants holding tails.

Not a pretty view, nor a romantic one. But neither was the sight, on another road, of a young boy, two hundred feet down the mountainside, impaled through his back on a snapped thorn bush. Such displays are not unusual; they are the average daily toll. On our road, now, we pass a truck, exactly on its back, in a gully; natives, in their drab shammas, stare at the two bodies, laid out side by side, awaiting a burial squad. Our driver, lurching gayly along the edge, so that we can almost see the wreck by looking down through holes in the floorboard, says virtuously: "See what happened to *him!*"

We go on: around a curve from which we can see our road gradually descending for miles ahead of us, like a serrated breadknife set back-edgewise into the ridge mass. The lunar mountains of Adowa are visible in a lavender haze.

We pass through the towns of Addi Ugri and Adi Quala, where geography seems to have taken a hand in morality, from some ancient circumstance lost to present knowledge. Addi Ugri means "City of Pleasure;" and its main street, for more than a mile, is lined on both sides by small one room 'dobe quarters, each identical in pattern, each graced with a red-crossed white flag, which means that the invariably pretty little Coptic girl inside is hospitable. Adi Quala, a few kilometers on, means "City of Virgins." Its appearance is quite similar; the only difference, a cynical Italian truck driver tells us, is the lack of flags. Beyond Adi Quala, we reach the drop from the tableland of Eritrea, and the less said about our descent the better.

Americans in Africa

We ford a harsh depression which is, no doubt, a river bed—although today it looks about as navigable as a scorched frying pan. Labor gangs are pecking away in desultory fashion at the beginnings of a bridge. We stop to watch, and there is the inevitable movement toward our car to beg cigarettes. One man is startled by our speech, and exclaims:

"Gee, are you Americans?"

We say yes, and he grabs our hand and pumps and grins and fidgets, and won't let go. If he had a tail he'd wag it.

"Hell," he says, "I lived in Oregon fourteen years. I had out my first papers, too, and was all ready to go down about the final ones; and then I was damn fool enough to visit the old father in Italy, and things was so bad with him I stayed on to help and I got stuck, and here I am. Gee, I'm glad to talk to an American!"

He is a frail man, in his thirties, with blue eyes and the gracious manner that makes Italians so charming. He speaks our language without accent—indeed, is pathetically grateful for the chance. He says:

"There are a lot of Americans knocking around these camps, and wishing they had been sensible enough to know what was good for them and stay in the States. Funny thing, they can take it better than the fellows who've never been out of Italy—and believe me, it's tough going. The Sicilians, and other guys from the south of Italy, who should be used to the heat, you would think, can't stand Ethiopia as well as the North Italians—the men from the Alpine districts.

"The best money I could make in Italy at this kind of rough work is eleven lire a day. They promised us twenty-six lire a day here, the same whether we are assigned to one of the private companies or to the army. Say, that sounds like a bank president's salary to a poor wop. It would be swell, too—if we got it. We are supposed to get paid every two weeks. I been here two months now and ain't had a pay yet.

The Price of Heroism

"Along with not getting paid at all yet, they tell us about the 'travenutta'—that means the government deducts a part of your pay for eventual necessity. What does eventual necessity mean, mister? We're supposed to get ten lire a day extra at this camp, because it's in a malarial place. If we get sick and sent to the hospital we get half pay for ten days. But, mister, the sicknesses you get down here last a damn sight longer than ten days. If you lose a couple of legs or so you're supposed to get 50,000 lire. If we're killed, they tell us our families would get 30,000 lire. I hope they keep them promises better than some of the others. They got a system of Blackshirt spies in every camp. If they overhear you grumbling, your name is put on a special register, and you're fined part of your salary—maybe all of it—and these fines go to the Fascist Federation of Eritrea. Believe me, a lot of guys who was Fascists before they came down, ain't no more. This place takes ideas out of you. Eleven hours a day in this sun!

"Our health? Pretty good, yes. It's on account of all the inoculations, I guess; don't know what's going to happen when they wear off. It was better up in the mountains, where I was first. The trouble up there was that we couldn't keep warm at night. Some of the men got pneumonia. Down here, they feed us twenty to forty grains of quinine a day, on account of the malaria, but some of the boys got it anyhow; and all of us has headaches all the time from the quinine. The worst trouble is something else, mister. You lie in your shack at night and listen to them damn hyenas and you get the creeps, and then you talk in the dark, just to hear your pals' voices; and tell each other this ain't no country for us. I'd give my right eye for a look at the Willamette River now!"

We empty our car of chocolate bars, cigarettes and tins of fruits; and our friend, generous, like all his simple countrymen, shouts to his mates. They hurry around; and you break away as soon as possible to continue your journey, for their pathetic gratitude carries you beyond the emotion of embarrassment. We hold out for our friend a special gift, a tin of California fruit that we got in Port Said. He takes it and looks at the label, and doesn't say anything.

As we drive away that broiling noontime in a pestilential Abyssinian swamp, he sits upon an arid bank. He is bracing the can between his knees, and trying to open it with a chisel and a small rock. Then he gives up; this is not a chore for a man whose hands are trembling and whose eyes are blurred. He wipes his nose with his bare forearm, and then just sits and stares at the can. We lose sight of him in the dust.

To check a *Cold* in a hurry do these 2 things!

CLEANSE THE SYSTEM
COMBAT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

THAT BUSINESS of "letting a cold run its course" is out-of-date.

Today, physicians recommend two ways to help your system fight a cold:

1. **Rid your system of wastes.**
2. ***Combat the acidity** that **encourages a cold.***

And Sal Hepatica does both these things. First, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestinal tract—speedily, gently, thoroughly. Second, Sal Hepatica does something that no ordinary laxative can do. It brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve. When you realize that cold germs seldom take hold in an alkaline system, you see how important this anti-acid action of Sal Hepatica is, in fighting a cold.

So whenever a cold threatens, take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—both to cleanse the system AND to combat acidity.

In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed and call a physician if your cold is too severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the new scientific way to fight colds. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
(ORIGINAL)
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
WELL BALANCED
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." Full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Network. Coast to Coast.

APRIL 1936
MARCH 1936

Does the end of the season usually find you in a condition of *lowered general resistance?*

These first weeks of early spring are a bad time for common ills. So many people are affected!

One reason is that during the past months of rigorous winter, of hard work, of too little exercise and sunshine, you've probably been using up your reserve forces. At the end of winter your general *resistance* may be low.

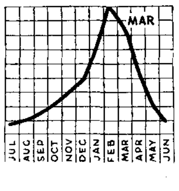
That's why it's so important, during this "in-between" season, to use measures for *increasing* your general resistance.

Adex offers you an easy, pleasant aid. With every Adex tablet or capsule, you get the protective benefits of Vitamin A, which specifically helps to increase your general resistance. Adex also provides Vitamin D, which you should get from a *special* source at this trying season.

Each Adex capsule will provide you with not less than 6,600 units of Vitamin A and 1,320 units of Vitamin D. In both capsules and tablets, only *natural* sources of the vitamins are used.

Take Adex routinely *every day*. That's how to benefit most. You can get it at any reliable drug store. And remember—Adex is prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



ADEX TABLETS Squibb
ADEX CAPSULES Squibb

ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 21

bother about it. She said maliciously, "Walk him along Shagbark and talk about railroad tracks. He loves to discuss the wrong side of them. Or the price of stockings."

Steve swore at her more amiably, and Helen said, "I'm wearing my own, for once." Steve said, "What we talk about is tragic youth in a disintegrating world, and how to get the kink out of carrot-colored curls." He pulled Helen's arm through his and they strolled away. That was the quiet backwash after tremendous things and Caroline decided that she showed executive ability part of the time.

She sought a chair on the side lawn, away from the terrace. She turned her mind away from Dave and tried to make sense of Maurice. All that she knew was that he was lying when he said he had lied. Or something like that. He hadn't been in his car; Paula had had it all afternoon. The fact that Maurice had lied about it must mean—well, a lot more than Dave's idiotic obsession, the two guns. But what could it mean? Caroline repeated the words so often that they just spun and whirled without making sense.

Then in the strangest way they began to mean something. A curious light shone on them and a pattern appeared that wasn't so crazy after all. Caroline stood up. Maybe! She had to submit it to Dave at once. She started away, but Priscilla Farley had somehow materialized out of the darkness beside her.

Caroline stopped and said, most unpleasantly, "What is it this time?"

"Oh, Caroline—" Pris wasn't faking that break in her voice—she didn't have to fake it, "you can't go on being stubborn. Oh, I know!—we've made you mad at us, and it's hard to acknowledge you're wrong; nobody likes to be rebuked by her sisters. But we are your sisters, Caroline. All we want is to be kind to you, and forgiving, and—"

"Nobody gets to forgive me."

"Where are you going?" Priscilla wailed.

"Out."

"Caroline! Aren't you going to—"

"To repent? No."

SHE wanted to giggle at that gushing adolescence, but there wasn't time. She hurried across a corner of the campus to Dave's apartment. The lock of the front door did not click when she pressed his button. She pressed it several times and then held it down, for there had been lights in all his windows, but he did not answer. Someone came through the door, and Caroline seized it before it swung shut. She raced up two flights of stairs and knocked on Dave's door. He didn't answer. She knocked again, more vigorously, and then she pounded on it.

He finally opened the door and she swept past him, noticing that he looked excited, but she was too excited herself to bother. Momentum carried her into the study—and there was Maurice. Haggard, his eyes bloodshot, his whole massive body giving off the electric unrest that had come to be all she remembered about him. He looked at her blankly and then, recognizing her, began to scowl still more and to wave his arms.

Dave was right behind her. "Caroline!" he said. "What made you come here? You can't stay. Maurice and I are talking."

"This is no place for you," Maurice rumbled. "Go away, Caroline!"

That put it pretty clearly! Both of them. And both looking like dervishes. What had she interrupted? She said, slowly, "I'm sorry. I want to hear this. What is it?"

Maurice had resumed his familiar striding about, his long arms working convulsively. His face burned and burned. "Go away!" he roared.

Dave took her shoulder and turned her round. "You've got to go, Caroline," he was saying angrily. "I would never have let you in." Then, more humanly but just as urgently, "Please don't say anything, don't ask anything, Caroline—just go."

"I won't!" She slipped out of his grasp and got across the room, at the apex of a triangle away from them both. "Don't think I can't guess what's happening!" she said. "I know what you're saying—"

"Sure you do!" Maurice turned away from her to face Dave. His voice rose. "She knows! She guesses, anyway. I tell you, everyone will guess. That's what I tell you—it must come out." He turned back to Caroline, his arms gyrating, "Why shouldn't I tell you? I have just this minute told Dave. Look, you guess right—it was me—"

"Maurice!" Dave's shout clattered in the closed room. It didn't stop Maurice. His arms working again, "I killed Fifield."

SHE remembered that somewhere along Shagbark Creek, Steve and Helen were quietly strolling, saying gay things to each other, in a world that had no murder in it. . . . Dave had slumped down in a chair, altogether spent. Caroline's knees wobbled and a harsh hand closed on her diaphragm.

He had said it. And it wasn't true. Caroline couldn't breathe, but it wasn't horror that held her breath back. It was the tumultuous certainty that he was lying.

The caged stalking interrupted, he stood there and began to talk torrentially: "So you know now. Both of you. You had to find out, Caroline, and so you have. I found him there at the shack and I shot him. I'm damned proud of the job. All right. That is what has been wrong with me since. What is wrong with me now is—what do I do now? Something must be done. What do I do? What—" he stopped and fixed inflamed eyes on Caroline—"what is it now? What is the matter with you? Don't you believe me?"

"No," Caroline said. "I don't believe you. You're lying."

That acted like a trigger spring on Dave. He came out of his chair, jubilant. "No, by God! I don't believe you either. You *are* lying."

"Lying! I would lie myself into the electric chair? Look, it must be told. I was driving like a madman. Maybe I was a madman—who knows? I saw the old road to the forest. Of a sudden I thought they were having a rendezvous at the shack, Fifield and Paula. Often enough before I had thought that—but now, suddenly, I could not stand it. I had to go and see. So I drove there. An army could not have stopped me. An army could not have controlled me when I got there. Paula wasn't there," he said, with a hard, grating finality, his voice under control again, "Paula was not there, but Fifield was. He had been shooting—Fifield was always shooting. I was shaking like a palsied man. And pretty soon we were quarreling. And pretty soon I had to kill him. So I picked up his own gun and shot him!"

Vivid, circumstantial, plausible and incredible! She could breathe now, and every breath she took made her more certain. But it was Dave who interposed: "How many times did you shoot?"

"You saw him, a few hours later. How many times was he shot? How many times would I have to shoot when he was practically in my arms, squealing like the rat he was because he was going to lose his rat's life, trying to get the gun away from a man four times his strength? I shot him—once. It was the best day's work of my life. I knew that. So I came away and got drunk."

Like the curtain of the next-to-the-last act of a play. Maurice had made a fine grouping of it, a fine climactic tableau, with everything accounted for and all the realistic details thought out. He had worked hard on that story. And it wouldn't do.

"Maurice," Caroline said, "did you see anybody else there?"

"There was nobody else there!" he said fiercely. "Fifield and me. Just us."

"You didn't pick him up in Webster and drive him out to the shack?" she asked. She began to tremble again, for this was what she had thought of on the lawn, what she had set out to say to Dave.

"Would he let me pick him up anywhere? He would have run squealing for a rat hole at sight of me. I tell you, he was there alone, shooting when I got there."

She shook her head. "It's a rotten story, Maurice. If you didn't drive him there, who did?"

"He drove himself."

"Funny his car wasn't there, then," she said, and couldn't say any more.

"Oh, a rotten story!" Dave cut in. "If he was shooting, why didn't the beer party hear him? You were driving round in a blind rage, were you? In your own car? God knows what insane urge you've got now, Maurice. Whatever it is, it's a pretty childish yarn. If you had your own car, why didn't the garage check you out in it when you got it? They do, you know. They keep records. And the record of your garage shows you didn't call for your car at any time that Saturday."

MAURICE'S shout was formless, inarticulate, almost a scream. That mask of rage wasn't like his face at all: "Will you keep out of my affairs?" he whispered in extremity. He fairly ran out of the apartment.

Dave was a sculptured image of deliverance. "He didn't go near the shack! His first story must be right. He couldn't have been anywhere near it. Carol, you miracle!"

He crushed her hands in his but his relief produced no response in her. She was cold, afraid and bitterly clear. She said, "Of course he wasn't. But you'd better not stay here feeling good about it. You're always saving Maurice from himself—you'd better get right back to your old job."

"I'm going to. Now's the time to tear the whole thing out of him by the roots."

"Right now, right this minute," she repeated. "And then you'd better give yourself a delicious few minutes explaining to him that it wasn't only Gene Fifield. You'd better tell him just why Paula quarreled with Fifield."

"Tell him about Tommy? With Maurice blowing steam at every valve? Are you—"

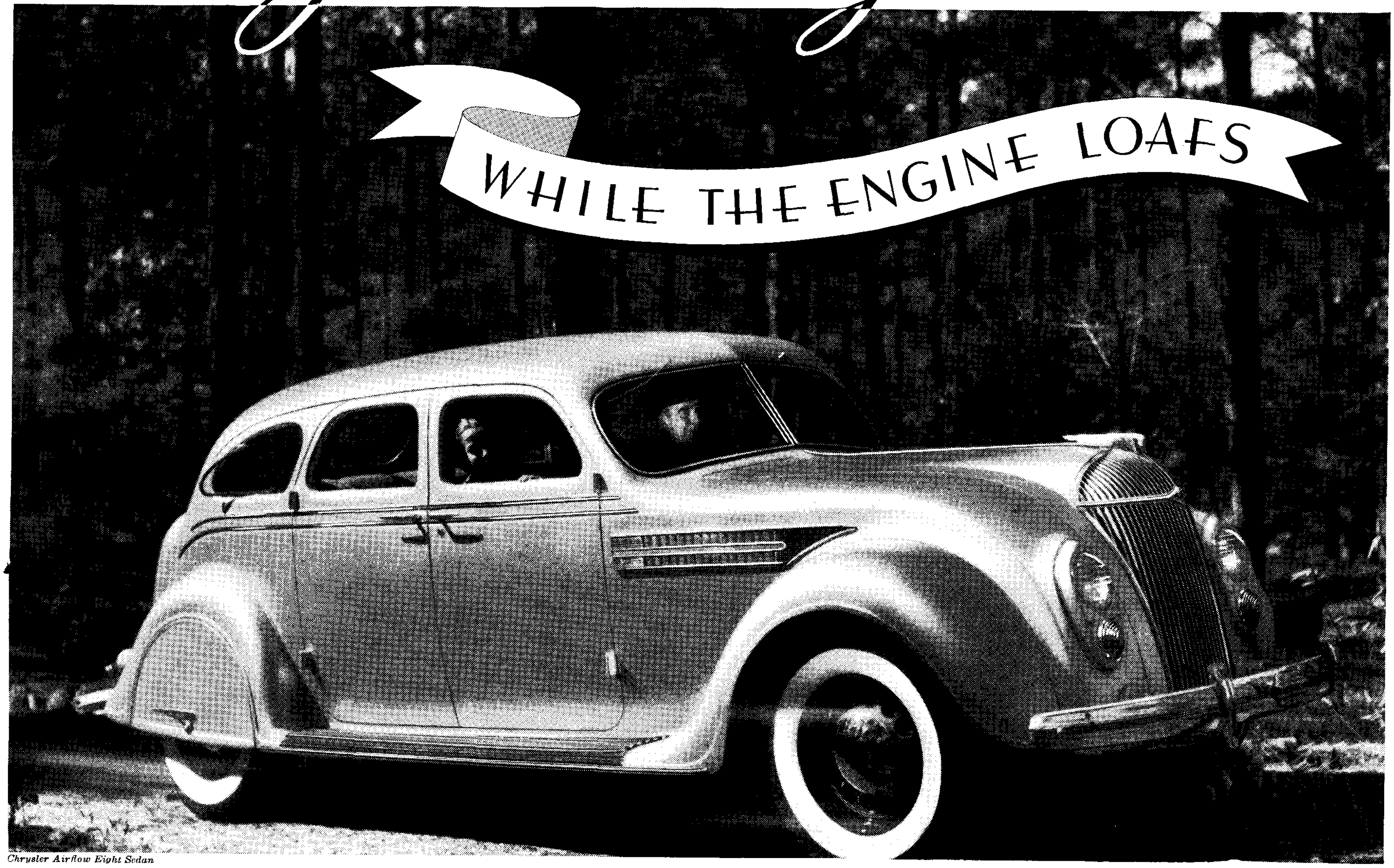
"And," she interrupted him, "that isn't all, either. Sure, you feel fine, now that you know Maurice wasn't there. I told you that over and over! No, that was just intuition; I was just being loyal to Maurice; it wouldn't be enough when the police got interested! Well, it won't be enough for his sake, either, now—"

"Maurice is on his beam ends—too many things piled on him—"

"Dave," she said hysterically, "it's no

(Continued on page 36)

JUST *Ghosting* ALONG...



Chrysler Airflow Eight Sedan

... AND EVERY FIFTH MILE IS *Free!*

MOTORING'S newest thrill . . . and a big saving! That's what you get in a 1936 Chrysler with Automatic Overdrive†.

Overdrive comes into operation like magic at about 40 miles an hour. Engine speed drops one-third . . . but the car floats on in sailboat silence!

Gasoline economy is increased as much as 5 more miles per gallon. You save on oil, you save on wear and tear. The life of every engine part is lengthened. It's one more big reason why you'll be money ahead with a Chrysler this year. One of the many good things Chrysler gives you to reduce upkeep and insure longer life.

You know that Chrysler engineers have pioneered most of the great motor car advancements . . . genuine hydraulic brakes . . . safety-steel bodies . . . Floating Power . . . scientific weight distribution. And you know you get these things at their finest in a Chrysler car . . . top-ranking masterpiece of Chrysler engineering genius.

Just imagine buying a Chrysler for as little as $760, list at factory! That's the opportunity facing you this year! For little more than the cost of lowest-priced cars, you can step right into the FINE-CAR CLASS. See and drive a 1936 Chrysler today.

$760* AND UP

☆ CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase, $760 and up.

☆ DE LUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase, $925 and up.

☆ AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. All models, $1345.

☆ AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. All models, $1475.

☆ AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 137-inch wheelbase, $2475 and up.

†Standard on Airflow Imperial. Available on all 1936 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

*All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

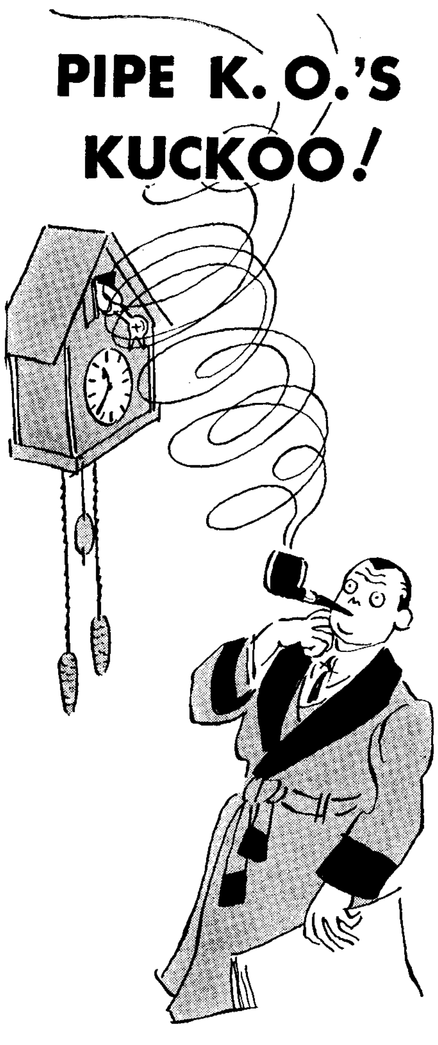
6% Time Payment Plan . . . Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment plan. Available through all Chrysler Dealers. You pay for credit accommodation *only ½ of 1% per month* on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance — 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car. 2. Deduct down payment (cash or trade-in) result—original unpaid balance. No other charges. In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

Chrysler's on the Air! . . . Big Star Program . . . Every Thursday, 8 P. M., E. S. T. . . . Columbia Network.

Chrysler

★ IT PAYS TO BUY A FINE CAR ★

PIPE K.O.'S KUCKOO!



WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢
SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPES AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later–Your Favorite Tobacco"

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-63

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

(Continued from page 34)

use telling yourself that he's a man with a streak of genius in him who's just been made erratic by powerful emotions and exciting events. He's about as erratic now as an adding machine." Caroline was suddenly overwhelmed with fatigue; the steel spring that had kept her taut snapped. Tears came to her eyes. She slumped down on the sofa. "Oh!" she cried, "don't you see even now why he went to such pains to make us believe all that hideous nonsense?"

"I do." Dave was incisive. "He's a man who broods—and he's brooded too long, too savagely. He's convicted himself. After all, he did want to kill Fifield."

"But he didn't kill him!" She could feel her fists doubling. "But if he wanted us to think he did, he wants still more for others to. Dave, somebody drove Gene Fifield there. Even I know—now—that nobody walks ten miles for the satisfaction of committing suicide in an ex-mistress' house. You began by deciding that it was murder—why are you willing to drop that when you know Maurice didn't do it? Maurice isn't willing to drop it. Maurice knows better. Or guesses. Don't you see?"

Dave looked thoughtful, keen, attentive. But he looked skeptical too. "You've had too much—your nerves have buckled—you're having nightmares."

"All right," she said, against the clamor of nerves that were far worse off than Dave could know, "all right, I'm having nightmares. But you aren't. And you heard him tell us that he killed Gene Fifield. And you know he didn't. Why? Why would he lie? Because he suspects it was murder, too. Or because he knows something we don't. And he has made up his mind to take the blame. He can still kill himself, can't he?"

Dave was impressed at last, and in another moment she could let go and cry her eyes out or scream or faint. "If ever there was a man under sentence of death," he said softly, "he looked like one tonight. But it isn't conceivable, Carol. Why would he do it? Whom would he be trying to shield?"

"I don't know much about marriage," she said. "I don't know. But even if a man's wife had knifed him, if he found her in a terrible jam he might want to protect her. He might feel pitiful about her, or brokenhearted. He might remember when he was in love with her. He might be in love with her still."

"Paula?" Through the swirling shadows, she saw belief come into his face. "When it comes to lying, she would be better than he. That could be possible. He could imagine her killing a man. . . . I could too."

He went, without another word, without so much as waving to Caroline. She cried for a moment, then she couldn't even cry. She sat there in the study of a man it was hard to remember she was in love with, a man who had shown some evidence of being in love with her. Sat there and felt tremors run along all the muscles of a body she had once been proud of, till they quieted and there was only blankness, the bare beach down which all feeling had receded, and she could get up and walk home.

FRIENDSHIP, Dave mused, was a darker passion than love. To be in love with a woman might buffet you with the power of something beyond control but it stretched you on no such rack as the imperious despotism of your feeling for a friend. That was a tyranny submerged and dark and contradictory, more unpredictable than angels or the weather, strange and uncharted, beyond logic beyond guessing.

And certainly friendship was an arrangement for the measurement of miles. A fantastic, an astronomical sum of them he had walked, in five years' time, and especially in the last three months, with Maurice Traggas. On this, the hardest night of his life, a night that passed out of the credible into utter phantasm, they walked till the dawn came up across the fields and the farmers' trucks were jolting into town. It was like the horror that shadows the mind when sleep filled with old dreads has gone but waking is not yet complete. Love, marriage, not even death could ask so much as that.

Maurice, after Dave caught up with him, ebbed steadily away from humanity into an animal-like cunning and frenzy. They talked, argued, quarreled, all but fought, but never by any chance did they allude to the scene that had taken place. Assailed by gusts of words, Maurice sometimes came to the very edge of it but always turned away, fleeing down any avenue that offered escape. He cursed Dave, he threatened him, he denounced him with a circular and convulsive obsession—but he did not again try to declare himself a murderer. He became mere shuddering nerves, exposed, pulsating in the air.

And Dave, on his part, conceding everything else to necessity, still refused to do what Carol had commanded him to do, refused to hammer those exposed nerves with the truth about Paula and Tommy.

THE night ended with a simplicity that no one could have predicted. With the risen sun stretching their shadows twenty feet ahead of them, Maurice began to stagger, his feet scuffling in the dust. Dave saw that a green tinge had come into the cheeks that had been purple ten minutes ago, saw the lips turning white. "What is it now?" he asked.

Ever since there had been light to see them, Maurice's eyes had been glazed. Now they weren't—they were sane but darkening with pain. "Migraine," he said quite rationally. "Every six months. We'd better go home. It will knock me out all day."

Fantastic! The man had been as crazy as a locoed horse—and now struck down by no more than a headache. Hand across his eyes, Maurice began to explain. "It is a congested artery in the brain. It is related to epilepsy. That is all we know about it. They are making an interesting study of it at the Rockefeller Foundation—"

That scientific calm angered Dave more than anything in the night's delirium. "I don't give a damn who's studying it," he exploded. "What do you do for it?"

Hand still at his eyes, "The shortest way out is to go to the hospital and let Ted Porter give me an emetic and a hypo and put me to bed. I sleep for thirty-six hours. Then I am all right. About twice a year."

On the outskirts of town they found a taxi and were driven to the hospital. Dave stayed on till Maurice began to yield to the morphine. He had some idea of asking Ted Porter to see to it, by stealth or force, that Maurice got some kind of treatment that would keep him in bed more than thirty-six hours, but gave that up. For today and tomorrow at least Maurice had been taken out of action. And, it seemed likely, pretense had been ended for good.

Dave went out, crumpled by fatigue and reaction, and ate breakfast at a lunch counter opposite the medical school. The campus, in bright morning, was populous with students on their way to nine-o'clock classes when he plodded across it. He passed Tate Hall without going up. Everything connected with chemistry, everything connected with college, with any rational life whatever, seemed unreal. Nine o'clock chimed from the campanile. . . . Dad Hannan came up the walk behind him and fell into step.

"You look bad, my boy." The dean looked away. A green bag swung from his left hand. His right hand played with a Phi Beta Kappa key. The dean was old! No, the dean wasn't old—he was breaking up, like everyone else. For the same reason.

Dave spoke impulsively. "I've just taken Maurice Traggas to the hospital with a crashing migraine. Look, Dad." He paused, swallowed, went on. "It's all right. He was out of harm's way. He wasn't anywhere near."

Color came to the delicate cheeks. The dean's eyes, blue and sharp, probed Dave's. "You must not say so unless you know, David."

"I know."

Dad Hannan sighed gently and came together, no longer old. "It is good to know that," he said quietly. Then, more quietly, "I've been afraid to do what I have to do. Scandals are very bad for Morrison." He swung the green bag over his shoulder, saluted Dave and, erect, miniature, resolute, walked away toward University Hall. Oliver Hannan, dean of liberal arts, would now summon Chief Tolman of the Webster police.

Some day, no doubt, he would have time for sleep—he had no time for it now. He shaved and took a cold bath. He came back to his study, refreshed and dogged. He wondered where to begin now, which of the meaningless strands to take up. He had two days. Less, if Chief Tolman started.

A crumpled bit of color in a chair drew his eyes. Caroline's handkerchief. It was wrinkled and a little damp, as if the child had cried. A faint scent of narcissus rose from it, and Dave, holding it, seeing her clear, angered eyes, her slim height, her glorious hair, lost all awareness of desperation and mystery. She was lovelier than ever before, remembered in morning light, in a room where she had been so troubled. Her handkerchief belonged here, she herself belonged here. He was letting that idea grow when the telephone rang.

Paula's voice. Maurice's fully imaged fear leaped to Dave's mind. Paula's voice, cold and wiry. "You haven't been to see me, Dave. I had no idea you would leave me alone so long. When you're so active everywhere else. Well, others have been."

Straining for every overtone, he wondered if that voice didn't have also an anxiety Paula was trying to keep out of it. And who had been to see her? And what was she trying to convey? "You're right," he said; "I am active. Is there any reason why I should come?"

"I wonder," Paula said. He would have given anything to see her face. For the voice was oppressive, ominous, murkily threatening. "I've had to do some thinking," she said. "With the most amazing results. Really, Dave, I think you'd better come," casually. And, just before hanging up, "Did you know that Maurice came to see me the afternoon Eugene was killed? What could he have wanted?"

Was killed! There was no telling what crisis had overtaken Paula. But it was fatally easy to imagine what effort she would make. With, for instance, Chief Tolman.

Well, get started. But started where? To what end?

FROM her window Caroline saw Emery Smith cross the drive from the campus and come up the walk. A moment later Betty Stevens called, "Caroline!" from downstairs. Well, this too—what did it matter? She went down. Emery looked like a sleepwalker, but he didn't act like one. He said, "Come on out for a minute. We've got to do some talking."

He took her back across the drive and sat down under an oak fifty yards from the nearest walk. Only a hundred yards or so, she thought with no feeling, from the sun-dial and the marble bench. There was hostility in Emery's face. Another

(Continued on page 40)

MAKE THIS FREE *Gas Test* BEFORE YOU BUY A TRUCK!

LOOK! This clever instrument tests gas mileage automatically . . . See your Dodge dealer.

DODGE gas economy is amazing truck buyers the Nation over! Now Dodge calls for a show-down in the lowest-priced truck field with a simple, revealing "prove-it-yourself" plan that ends claims and talk. In five minutes by the clock, without fuss or bother, you can see with your own eyes exactly how far a Dodge truck will go on a gallon of gas. Then you can check the mileage of your present truck just as easily. Buyers who have compared Dodge against other trucks, both old and new, say "Dodge saves up to $95 a year on gas alone."

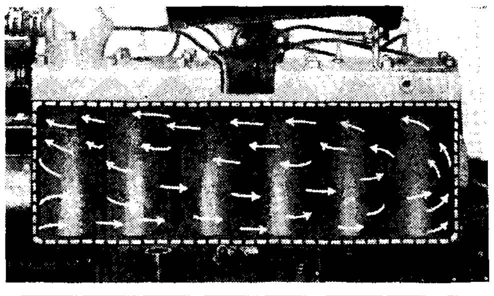
You, like every truck buyer, want savings like that on gas. But Dodge savings don't end there! Dodge has many features, quality features found only on much higher-priced trucks, that save dollars every week on oil, tires, upkeep. On top of this, everyone knows that Dodge trucks are more dependable, last longer. And remember, only Dodge of the lowest-priced three is built in an exclusive truck plant by trained, experienced truck mechanics.

See your Dodge dealer and ask to make the free gas test. No obligation. Phone, or drop in at his showroom, today.

DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

NEW DODGE TRUCKS SHOW GAS SAVINGS OF UP TO $95 A YEAR

Dodge Engine Features Mean "Pre-Proved" Gas Economy



Only Dodge of the 3 lowest-priced trucks gives you all these 6 features: full-length water jackets, spray-cooled exhaust valve seats, aluminum alloy pistons, 4 piston rings, valve seat inserts, special oil cooling.

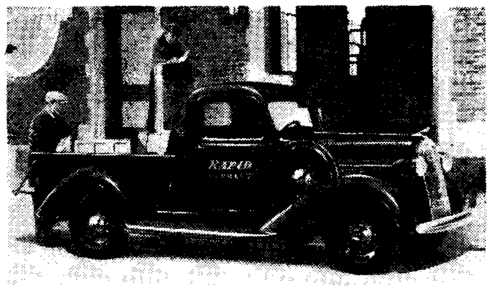
Many Other Money-Saving Advancements

New "Fore-point" load distribution increases hauling efficiency. Crankshaft has 4 main bearings. Safety-steel cab lasts longer, Dodge pioneered this type of cab. Dodge has led over the years in quality truck building, now leads by a wider margin than ever!

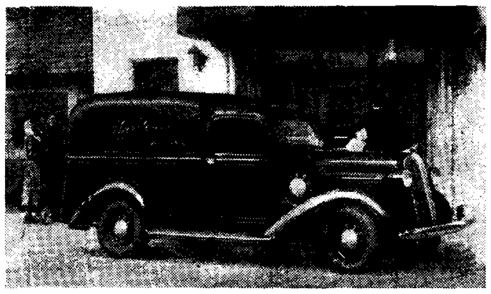
QUICK SAFE STOPS!

*1½-ton, 136" W. B. Stake, $690**

Genuine HYDRAULIC BRAKES save tires, brake linings and adjustment expense. Dodge introduced hydraulic brakes in low-priced trucks! See your Dodge dealer today.



NEW COMMERCIAL EXPRESS—116' W. B.—6 cyl.—Fast, economical, dependable. Many money-saving features like safety-steel cab, "Fore-point" load distribution, combine to make it an outstanding value.... **$500***



NEW COMMERCIAL PANEL—116' W. B.—6 cyl.—It's America's handsomest delivery car! With all the famous Dodge money-saving features. Priced with the lowest, yet try to match it at any price!............ **$585***

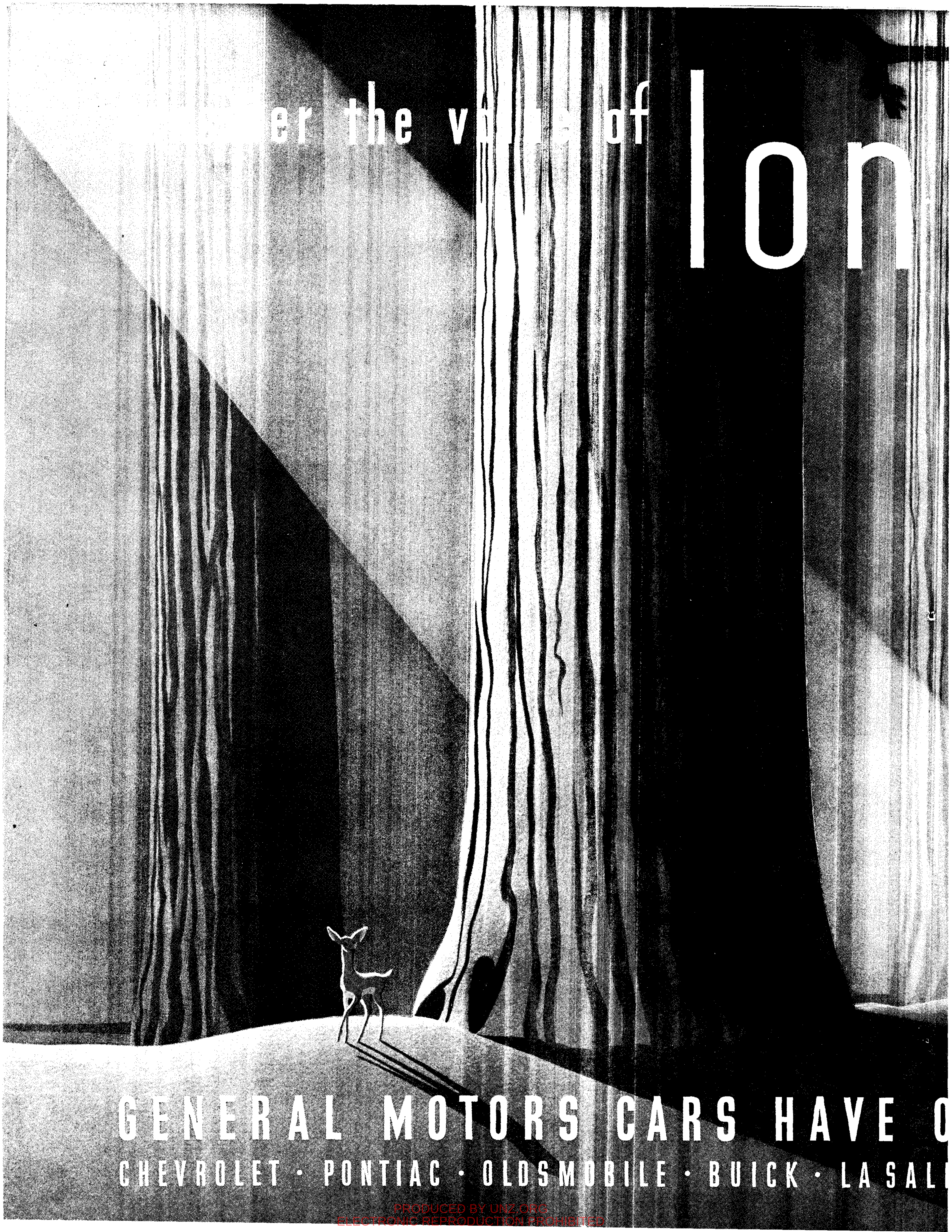
STILL PRICED WITH THE LOWEST
½-Ton Chassis, 116' W. B.

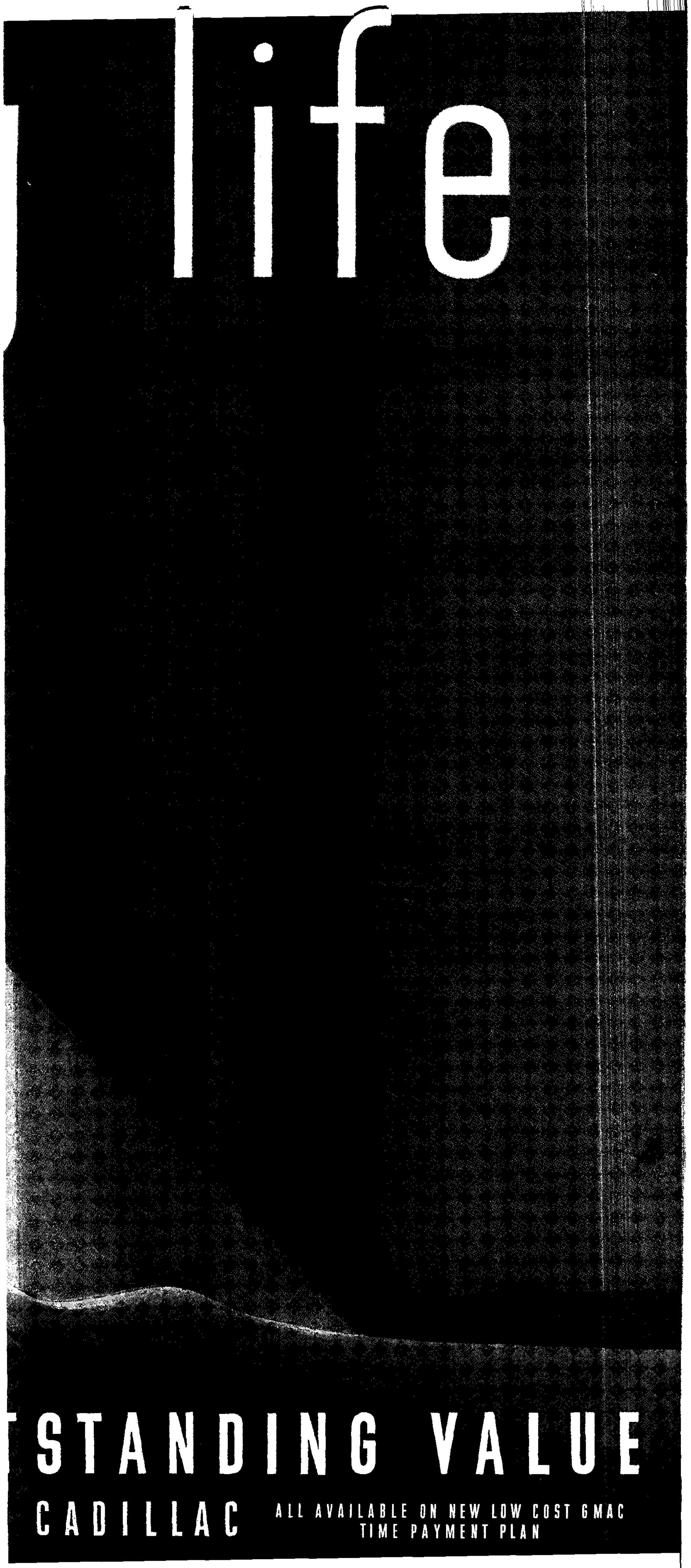
$370*

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton, extra.*

Through the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company New 6% Time Payment Plan, you will find it easy and economical to arrange time payments to fit your budget.

Dependable **DODGE TRUCKS**


er the value of
lon
GENERAL MOTORS CARS HAVE O
CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SAL



GM
GENERAL MOTORS

It is well to remember, when you buy a car, that it will play an important part in your activities for some time to come. While you first think of a new automobile largely in terms of beauty, performance, safety, comfort, and economy — be reminded that your judgment of value will depend likewise upon how long it serves you well . . . That is why there is such a generous over-measure of strength in chassis and bodies and a big reserve of power in the engines of General Motors cars. That is why, also, the automobiles made by General Motors have a modern beauty which is not soon out-moded. So, when you invest in a car, General Motors would like to make this suggestion to you: it is important to consider the value of long life.

Only General Motors cars offer all of these modern elements of motor car satisfaction:

KNEE-ACTION

reduces road shocks, prolongs life

TURRET TOP

resists the wear of weather

HYDRAULIC BRAKES

stop smoother, last longer

BODY BY FISHER

sturdiness with style

For help in making an intelligent selection of your new car, write to Customer Research, General Motors, Detroit, Michigan, for 80-page non-advertising booklet, "THE AUTOMOBILE BUYER'S GUIDE."

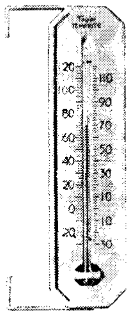
You are invited to tune in on the General Motors Concerts every Sunday night from 10 to 11 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, over the coast-to-coast NBC red network.

IS YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH worth $1.00?

Taylor Instanta Fever Thermometer, $1.*

AN INACCURATE THERMOMETER IS WORSE THAN NONE AT ALL

THERE'S no question about that—all the money in the world couldn't pay you for his health. Don't risk it by using a cheap, inaccurate fever thermometer—accuracy is vitally important. $1.00 is all you need to pay for perfect accuracy. It's the cost of a Taylor Instanta Fever Thermometer, either oral or rectal model, *tested* for accuracy and *guaranteed* against everything except breakage. Taylor Tycos Fever Thermometers, the choice of thousands of doctors, are $2, made in both rectal and oral models. Built into both brands are Taylor's 83 years of experience in making accurate thermometers of all kinds. *If your dealer cannot supply you, write* direct to the Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. Plant also in Toronto, Canada.



DRESS BY TEMPERATURE AT THIS TIME OF YEAR. Let a Taylor Temprite Outdoor Thermometer, not a look at the sun, tell you how you should dress, and you'll avoid a lot of colds. White vitreous enamel, black markings; Permacolor tube with magnifying lens, mounting brackets, $1.*

**Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.*

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

(Continued from page 36)

mysterious but unpreventable part of the wreckage: she had somehow forfeited her warmest friendship. Oh, well.

"See here," Emery said, "I don't know whether you know that your friend Bingham is nosing round a lot. If you're wise, you'll call him off. You can probably do that, can't you?"

After all, then, there was one way he could make her mad—to talk about Dave. "I probably can," she said arrogantly. "Why should I?"

Emery glared at her. "If you must ask—because things he's sure to run into will make you uncomfortable."

"Thanks." She glared back. "It's nice you're helping. But I'll take a chance."

"You'd better not. You little fool, Carol, do you think I can't see there's hell to pay with Tommy Pierce? I live in the same house with him! Look," Emery said, with a hard drive, "did you find him, that Saturday afternoon, when you were looking for him?"

"No."

THE monosyllable bristled with antagonism. But underneath that swift opposition, Caroline was alarmed just as swiftly—aware of a thousand dangers if Emery had got it into his stubborn, quixotic head to go floundering round in that tragic Saturday. Hostility increased in his eyes, answering her denial, then slowly ebbed. It died out altogether. Emery looked anguished—young and grieved beyond endurance.

"Carol," he said brokenly, "you're all that counts. You know I'm crazy about you and nothing else matters. Nothing's ever shot for good—you can be pulled out of it—but look, honey, how can I help you when I don't know what's going on?"

"Help me?" Her laughter was probably far from convincing to Emery's mood. "Have you heard me calling for help?"

"No," he said, "but you need it." He threw away a just-lighted cigarette and lit another one, his hands shaking. Squinting above the smoke, "Carol, I want to know if you found Tommy that Saturday afternoon, after you left the Daily."

"I did not," she repeated. "I quit looking for him."

Emery flung the new cigarette thirty feet across the grass. "All right. At that, a story's no good unless you stick to it." Why, he was really formidable, this stout, amiable young man, the jovial Emery Smith of three unbelievably distant college years—he was downright dangerous. "Well, I'll tell you for a while. Tommy's got a story too, and he's sticking to it. His story is, he was at the track meet. It's a good story too. Thousands of people at a track meet. Easy to be unobserved in a big mob. Yeah, a first rate story. The only trouble is, he wasn't at the track meet."

IT WAS impossible to make out what Emery thought he was doing. Caroline couldn't even guess. But, wherever he thought he was getting, he was precariously close to Helen. The fool! He would ever so innocently raise the very devil with Steve.

"You're pretty interested in Tommy," she said.

"I have to be. I'm the guy who paid his debts." Her surprise must have shown in her face, for he said, "Oh, didn't he tell you? He wouldn't. Well, he will, dear, he will." Here Emery went out of hand. "I don't know what is going on! I'm even scared I'll find out. But I want to tell you, Carol, a lot of people will be wanting to know. Dad Hannan. And your boy friend. Or isn't Bingham your boy friend? Who was your boy friend that Saturday?" He stopped for something halfway between an oath and a sob. "Caroline, darling, it doesn't matter what you're doing. Only, you're in trouble and I can't stand that."

Caroline looked at him steadily. "If you want to help me," she said, "the help I could use most would be for you to stop this prying."

"How can I? The town's gone cuckoo. Now it's Tommy getting out of college. Why? What's forcing him? What's happened? And lying his head off. And the dean's office on its ear. And Bingham nosing round. And you—you're lying too. Look, Tommy wasn't at that track meet. He was too many other places. He was seen. Yes," he finished under stress, "and you were seen too. With Tommy. After you came to the Daily looking like a ghost, wild-eyed and asking for him. After that. Do you think I'm two years old, Caroline? On that day—of all days in the year. I went looking for him—to give him money—for your sake. He couldn't be found all that afternoon or evening. I went looking for you too. You couldn't be found. All afternoon or all night. And running up scores of miles on my speedometer. And campussed by the Gammas for being out till four. On that Saturday. I'd say you were in it plenty deep, Carol. You need help damn' bad."

"I did not see Tommy," she repeated, dazed.

The denial brought Emery to his feet in repudiation. "All right, play it out yourself. I still say you'd be a bright girl to call Bingham off." He started away, slowly, "Maybe it's less fun than it used to be, being walked on by your French heels. I'm afraid you're being a fool, Carol, and there's no cure for that. And I still want to know why Tommy's leaving town."

There had been many threats in Emery's talk. But everything else was infinitesimal compared to that one majestic and inexplicable mistake. She had been seen with him. There was only one woman in the world it could have been. Saturday afternoon! . . . Impelled by a gathering excitement, she walked swiftly toward the river road. The janitor. That amiable and respectful Negro with the stilted speech—ask him! He might know. But what could Emery think that she herself had been doing? Had he joined the Gammas in attributing an illicit week end to her? She scorned him for a moment, and then pressed on beyond that. Something more was on Emery's mind. He kept telling her to call Dave off—which meant that he knew something about Dave's activity. He kept asking her why Tommy was leaving college—which meant that his mind was not on week ends. Or was it? Was he merely pitying her as a betrayed and abandoned girl?

SHE reached the apartment house where Fifield had lived, and started round to the back door. She never reached it. For Dave came out of it. He saw her and said instantly, "You thought of it too? I got it an hour ago." He seized her arm and turned her round, walking as if possessed.

"It was a good story as long as nobody got suspicious," he said. "Everything depended on that—on its being taken for suicide and no questions asked. But if anybody did wonder—then it was flimsier than anyone should ever tell."

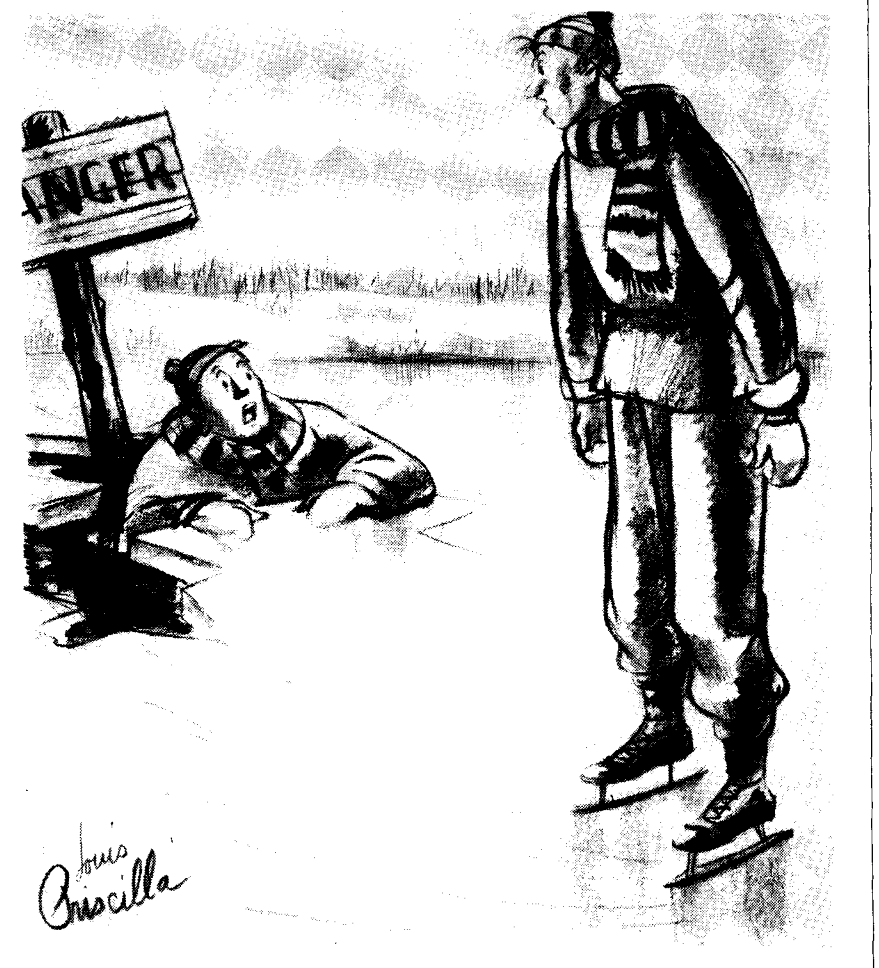
He still had her arm, hurrying her along, his excitement communicating itself to her till her scalp prickled. "There's a good black man," he said vibrantly. "He sees what he sees. He knows what he knows."

She saw Dave's eyes—lambent, fiery and fierce. "Paula went to no movie," he said. "At the time she said she reached Allentown, she was right here, in Fifield's apartment. And Fifield too. She was here for an hour. It was two thirty when she drove away. And—" his voice leaped up, brutal and withering, "and when she drove away, he was with her—"

"Who was with her?" Caroline asked in agony.

"Who? Who would be? Fifield. She drove away with him. Two or three hours after she claims to have gone to Allentown. Two or three hours before he was dead."

(To be continued next week)



"If I can't find a rope, will anything else do?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

SOFT-PEDAL THIS ONE THOUGH IT'S SAFE AS YOU ARE

IF YOU ever face the need and the way is clear you can bullet the Buick Century down the road at a pace to give the average airplane a run for its money.

Now, we counsel against that — we certainly don't want to encourage you to try it — for needlessly fast driving is usually foolish, often dangerous.

But to picture fairly this marvel car's calibre, we have to say that you could keep up this time-punishing flight hour after hour without taxing either the engine or yourself.

No car is more capable, or sweetly willing, or comfortably smooth and steady on a long swift ride; but speed-for-speed's-sake is emphatically not the brilliant Century's main story.

Take acceleration: in a traffic tight-spot, or to dodge a reckless car's careening path, the Century will swoop you from 10 to 60 in high in 19.6 seconds, and to offset this, Buick gives you tiptoe-pressure hydraulic brakes that shut down like four velvet-coated hands of steel.

Take control: this beautifully poised car doesn't weave, roll or even tire-squeal taking curves, and there's polo pony obedience in its instant answer to your lightest touch on the steering wheel.

Take stability: it's a road-hugging level traveler, steady as an aviator's eyes; you ride over a chassis with the firm solidity of a battleship's keel — and under the stout protective canopy of Fisher Body's seamless solid steel "Turret Top."

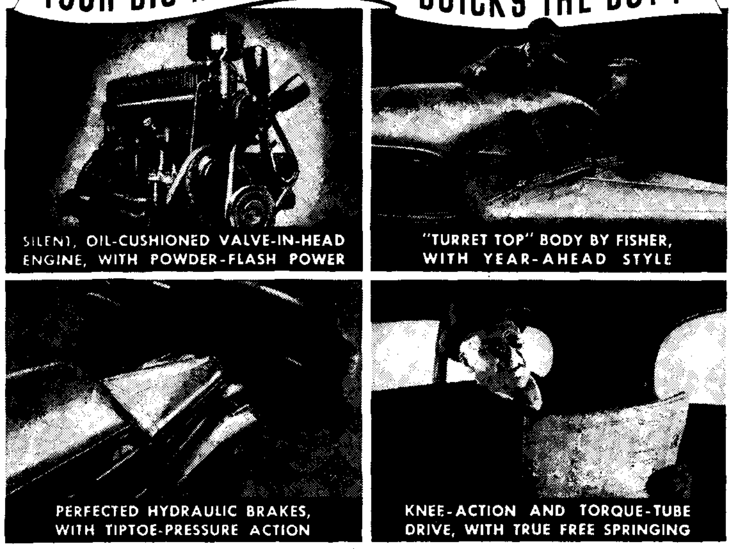
Indeed, in this cyclonic performer every provision has been made for safety except one; we cannot build a car to increase the speed of the driver's reflexes or to sharpen the accuracy of his driving judgment.

So we're not mentioning the Century's top-speed, but it's something to soft-pedal — remember that, and let your good sense and prudence say "when" to the speedometer needle.

We can say, however, that the car is safe as you are — and more than that no car can be.

★ ★ ★ ★

FOUR BIG REASONS WHY "BUICK'S THE BUY!"



SILENT, OIL-CUSHIONED VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE, WITH POWDER-FLASH POWER

"TURRET TOP" BODY BY FISHER, WITH YEAR-AHEAD STYLE

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES, WITH TIPTOE-PRESSURE ACTION

KNEE-ACTION AND TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, WITH TRUE FREE SPRINGING

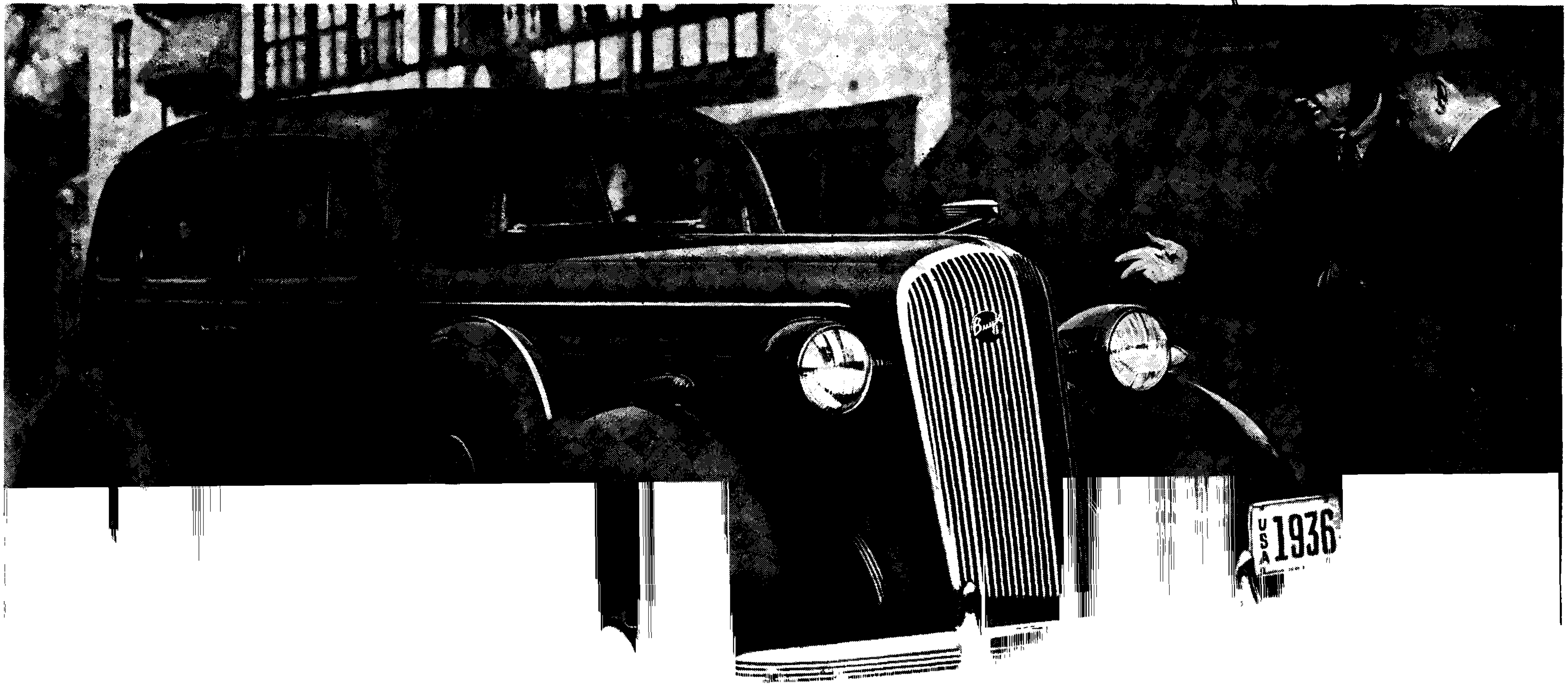
YOU CAN AFFORD THE NEW BUICK

$765 *to $1945 are the list prices at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient new*

GMAC 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Buick 8

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



A GENTLEMAN treats whiskey as he does a friend. He chooses it with care. He enjoys it thoroughly. He respects it too much to abuse it.

Paul Jones has been made by the same family for four generations to gain the appreciation and respect of just such men.

Paul Jones
★★★★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey!

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Paul Jones, Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

You Can't Laugh It Off

Continued from page 16

was probably the struggle to assimilate some previous and entirely different unneeded calories. So mother gains pounds with the years and the weight tradition passes down from generation to generation, though it was the sweet tooth, not the weight, that was inherited. Not even inherited, really, but created by the family menus.

Of course, once in a blue moon you get a true inherited tendency, but generally unusual size as well as weight goes with it. One of the questions in insurance tests is to ask the hefties their weight at twenty-one. If you were overweight then, and still are at forty, your inherited framework and internal chemistry are partially to blame; but if you were average in girlhood you've eaten on your weight since, just like anybody else, no matter how much your Aunt Tessie weighed when she died. And it's the cheese and olive-oil cookery of the Italians, the beer, potato pancakes and good coffee of the middle-Europeans, the bread, potatoes and sweet-tea diet of the Irish, and the rich national dishes of the Jews that put weight on their women with advancing years. The vegetable-eating Yankees, the meat-eating British and the fish-eating Scandinavians stay lean to the end of the chapter. Climate, activity and other things enter into the national picture, but food habits are still the underlying factor.

Though the cause of what our French cousins hide under the fancy name of *embonpoint* is so simple, once a person gets a sweet tooth and the resultant accumulation of fat well under way, it becomes a medical problem to stop it. They literally crave this type of diet, aren't "hungry" for any other, and even while under a doctor's care will backslide at the least temptation. The false friend who says "just this once won't hurt you and it's plain coconut-marshmallow-pudding, anyhow," the pastry counter or menu card that whispers, "start tomorrow instead," a good party, or even a spell of worry or overwork will set them off again. A patient at a diet clinic who had by slow and painful steps lost twenty pounds under medical care, gained back thirty while nursing her mother through a dangerous illness. Under nervous pressure she sought comfort in favorite foods—and when such people break over it's a landslide. They need help, not wisecracks and temptation from friends and family; firm, watchful help, at that, just like a person whose taste for alcohol has gotten out of control.

Dosing Won't Do

But that's another story. Long before you get into such a state you can stop yourself. You don't have to spend your whole life—and conversation—on it, but just get on the scales every now and then and if you're five pounds or more overweight for your height and years you're eating more weight-makers than you need. Incidentally, don't be too encouraged by the first weight chart you consult. Lots of them give the weights dressed, allowing ten pounds for your clothes. Just an old chart-maker's custom from the days when a lady staggered about under that much modesty.

Exercise alone won't solve your problem. It's good for you, and it hardens you, but it won't reduce you much. In fact, if you're a sweet-tooth victim and not used to exercise, it will make you so hungry you'll probably eat two cream puffs instead of one and decide to start the diet tomorrow instead.

And everybody must be convinced by now that you can't dose fat off. Not and keep your health and spirits. Self-prescribed thyroid can run you straight into heart trouble or a severe nervous breakdown. Dinitrophenol, a constituent of some innocent-looking patent reducers, has left blindness and death in its wake. And the least damning thing the medical journals report on the so-called slimming medicines is that they only begin to reduce you when their contents have so impaired your digestion that you lose weight from the resulting illness. Starvation and trick diets, what the medical profession call "deficient diets," are another menace to health, since they melt away muscle mass as well as fat. You look sick and you probably soon will be, for too severe or too unbalanced a diet lowers your blood pressure so quickly that your whole system collapses.

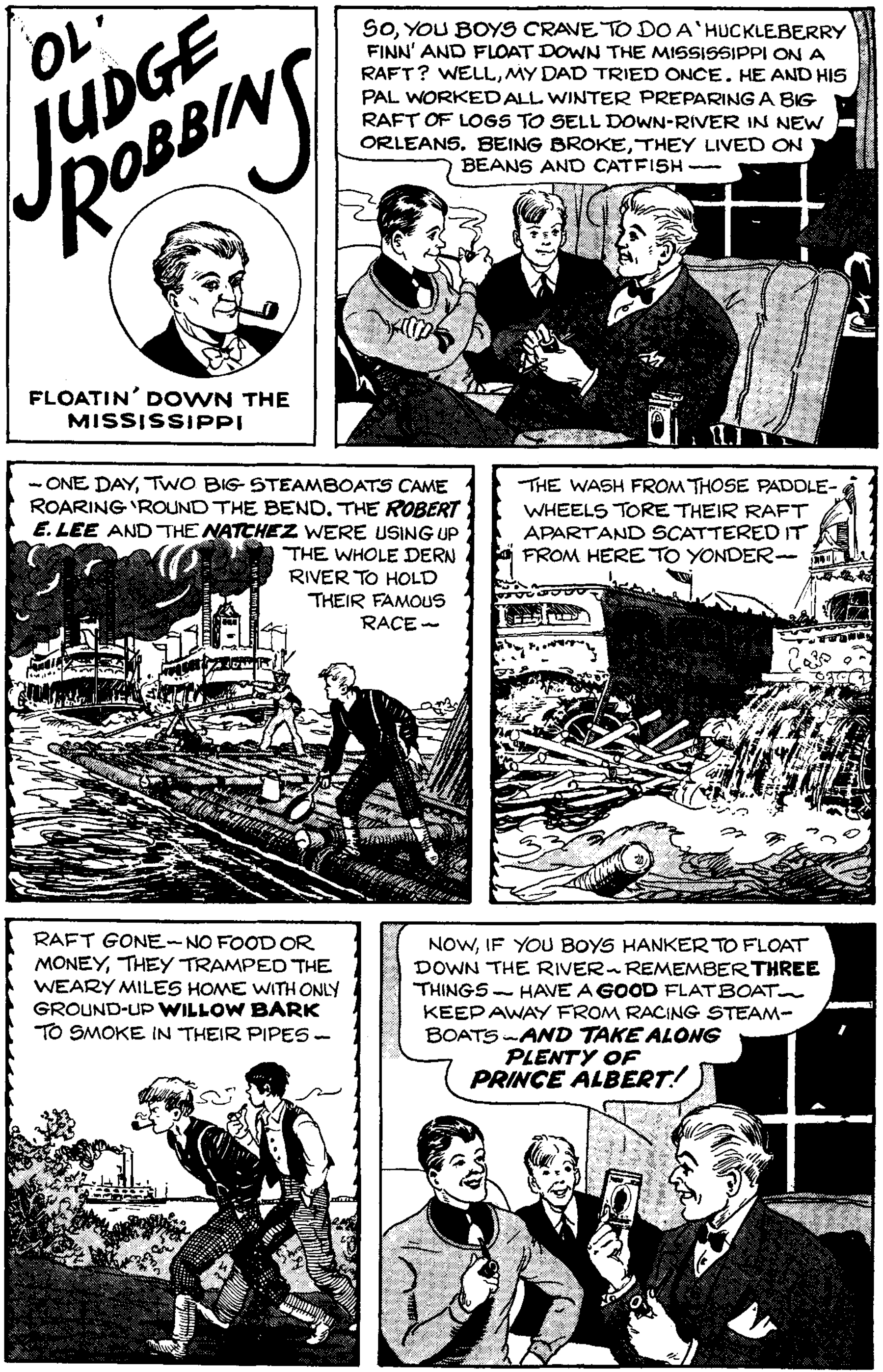
What Normal Diet Means

But what you can really do for yourself instead of all these uncomfortable high jinks is to swear off nibbles, public or private, and eat normally at the table. And when I say normally, I mean normally. Eat your soup, meat, vegetables and an average—but no more than average—amount of sweets and sugar. You need some fat-intake if only as fuel to help burn off your extra pounds, though that's digestive chemistry again and you'll just have to take the nutrition specialists' word for it.

If you don't know them, look up the calorie values of various foods. You can get them anywhere—at the library, in an up-to-date cookbook, at your insurance company (*they* don't want you to put on weight). It won't take any time at all to learn them, especially the ones that lead you astray. Then keep within your quota. One dessert is all right. But ice cream and cake are two, and if you have a couple of chocolate peppermints on top of that you've had three whoppers. Add salted nuts at dinner and a highball or so in the mid-evening, and just these few extras have amounted to half your day's calorie allowance. A single sugar bun is worth two of the baked potatoes you wouldn't dream of eating. A helping of strawberry shortcake is a complete meal—a good one with milk or coffee—but as a finish it's three or four times too much.

Just to prove to yourself—if you are one of those unlucky humans who occupy more space than you wish you did in the world—that you eat more than your share, too, keep an accurate record for two or three days. Try to make them average days, and don't keep the record just casually, in your head. You'll forget—you'll want to. But actually stop and write down everything, no matter how "small," and count up the total every night on the chart. Don't forget to count what you drink, too, along with what you eat. You can easily drink back on the nineteenth hole more than the hardest game of golf takes off you, but it isn't only alcohol that does the damage. The everlasting cups of sweet tea so many heavyweights drink to keep going are half their trouble, and the summer's beverages have a lot to do with the pounds you blame on your vacation.

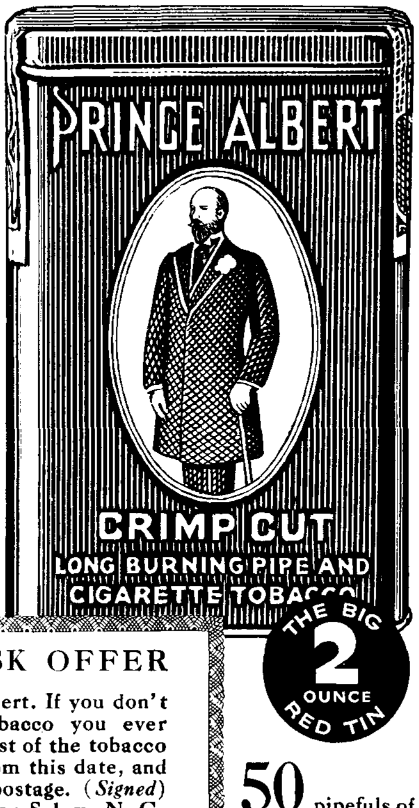
Just be honest with yourself, with the calorie measurement and with that daily record, and if you're a persistent weight-gainer, the day's total will show you why. So stop it before your tastes and figure get out of bounds. Everything a body eats counts, whether anybody counts it or not. Which, if it's something irresistible, nobody does. And that, my dear children, is why the fairies make so many people so round and jolly. Well—round, anyway.


'OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
FLOATIN' DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI
SO, YOU BOYS CRAVE TO DO A 'HUCKLEBERRY FINN' AND FLOAT DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI ON A RAFT? WELL, MY DAD TRIED ONCE. HE AND HIS PAL WORKED ALL WINTER PREPARING A BIG RAFT OF LOGS TO SELL DOWN-RIVER IN NEW ORLEANS. BEING BROKE, THEY LIVED ON BEANS AND CATFISH —
— ONE DAY, TWO BIG STEAMBOATS CAME ROARING 'ROUND THE BEND. THE ROBERT E. LEE AND THE NATCHEZ WERE USING UP THE WHOLE DERN RIVER TO HOLD THEIR FAMOUS RACE —
THE WASH FROM THOSE PADDLE-WHEELS TORE THEIR RAFT APART AND SCATTERED IT FROM HERE TO YONDER —
RAFT GONE — NO FOOD OR MONEY, THEY TRAMPED THE WEARY MILES HOME WITH ONLY GROUND-UP WILLOW BARK TO SMOKE IN THEIR PIPES —
NOW, IF YOU BOYS HANKER TO FLOAT DOWN THE RIVER — REMEMBER THREE THINGS — HAVE A GOOD FLATBOAT — KEEP AWAY FROM RACING STEAMBOATS — AND TAKE ALONG PLENTY OF PRINCE ALBERT!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

GET ON THE
JOY ROAD—FOR GOOD!

We say "Prince Albert has to satisfy you." And we believe it will. For we use only choice tobaccos—"crimp cut" for coolness—with the "bite" removed. Swing back the lid! What mildness! What enticing fragrance! Smoke up—and the wonder grows. You're on the joy road now. New pipe contentment is yours. Time flies—start today. Note our fair-and-square man-to-man offer below whereby satisfaction is guaranteed. Prince Albert is mild and flavory in roll-your-own cigarettes too.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

OUR POSITIVE NO-RISK OFFER
"You must be pleased"
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

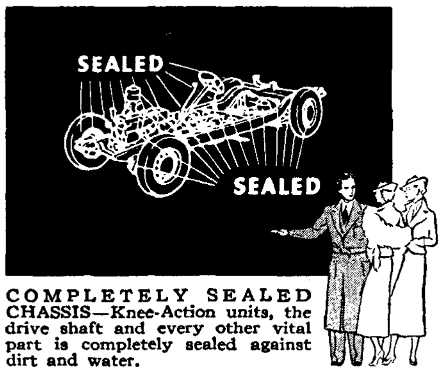
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

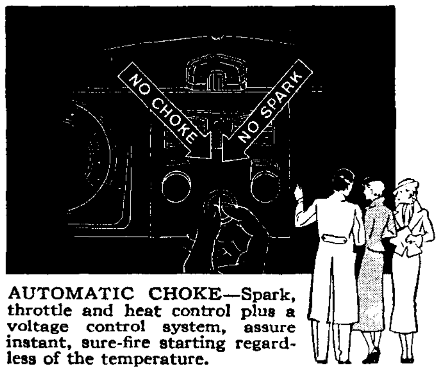
Modern

ON THESE pages are illustrated ten of the newest and most important features that contribute to the perfection of the modern automobile. They are typical of the fine quality and advanced engineering that have caused the 1936 Pontiac to become accepted as America's lowest-priced fine car. Yet, Pontiac's up-to-the-minute design is only one reason for the ever-increasing swing to Pontiac.

This big, full-weight, full-size car is the official economy champion of its price class—having averaged 23.9 miles per gallon in the 352-mile Yosemite run held under American Automobile Association supervision. Long ago, America set it apart as the most beautiful thing on wheels. And as for dependability, you need only know that of the more-than-a-million Pontiacs ever built, over 83 per cent are still in daily use—*and this year's car is better than its predecessors in every possible way!* Buy a Pontiac for modern features. Buy it for economy, beauty or dependability. Buy it for anything else you value in a car. You won't be disappointed on a single count—for the low-priced Pontiac asks no odds of *any* car at *any* price!



COMPLETELY SEALED CHASSIS—Knee-Action units, the drive shaft and every other vital part is completely sealed against dirt and water.



AUTOMATIC CHOKE—Spark, throttle and heat control plus a voltage control system, assure instant, sure-fire starting regardless of the temperature.

$615*

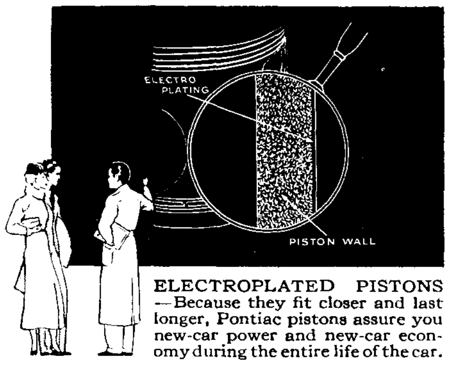
**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard on De Luxe Six and Eight. Standard group of accessories extra. A General Motors Value.*

New 6% GMAC PLAN

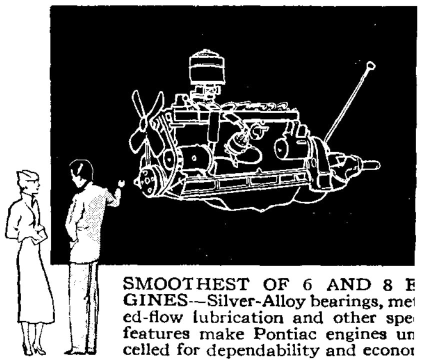
All Pontiac cars can be bought on this liberal new time payment plan which greatly reduces cost and which is easy to figure and simple to understand.

SATISFY YOURSELF WITH SOMETHING BETTER

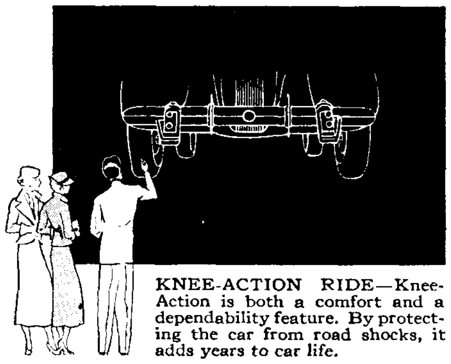
BUY A PONTIAC



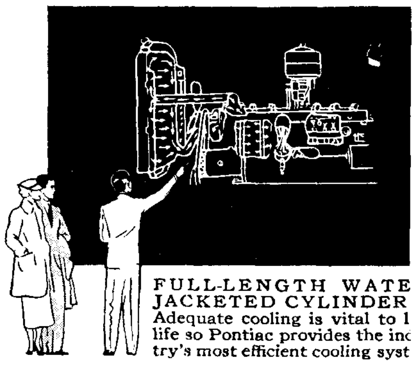
ELECTROPLATED PISTONS—Because they fit closer and last longer, Pontiac pistons assure you new-car power and new-car economy during the entire life of the car.



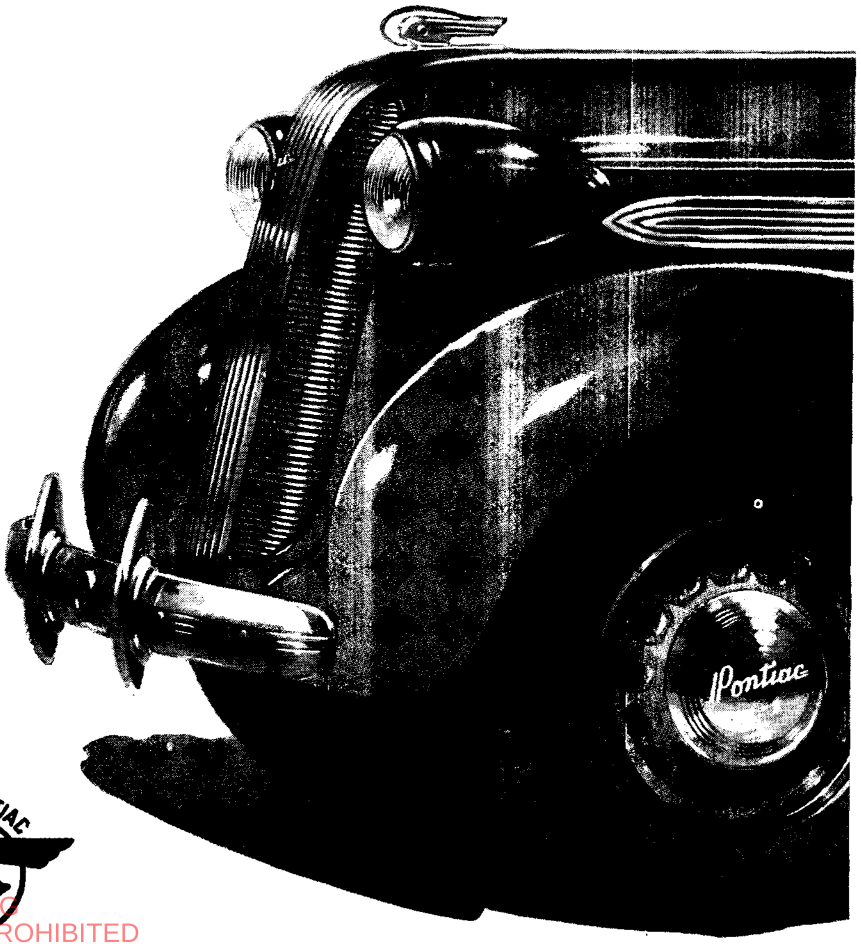
SMOOTHEST OF 6 AND 8 E
GINES—Silver-Alloy bearings, me
ed-flow lubrication and other spe
features make Pontiac engines un
celled for dependability and econo



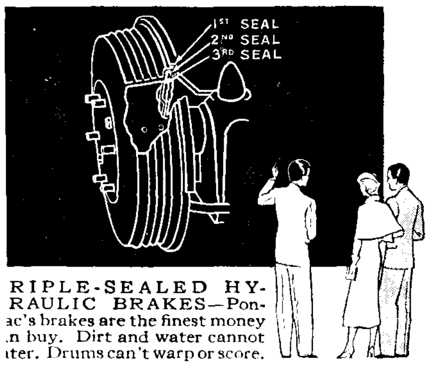
KNEE-ACTION RIDE—Knee-Action is both a comfort and a dependability feature. By protecting the car from road shocks, it adds years to car life.



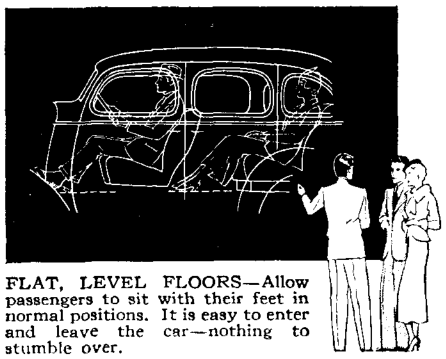
FULL-LENGTH WATE
JACKETED CYLINDER
Adequate cooling is vital to l
life so Pontiac provides the in
try's most efficient cooling syst



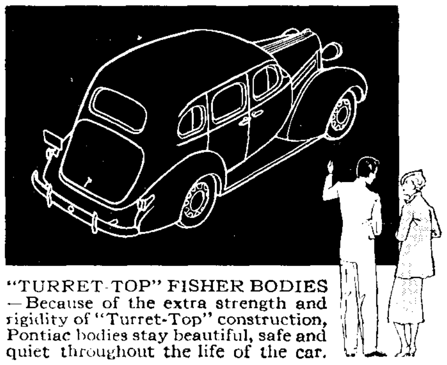
Features



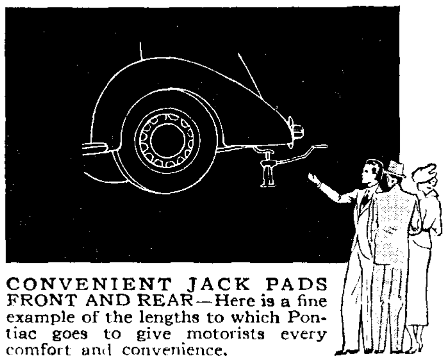
RIPLE-SEALED HY-
RAULIC BRAKES—Pon-
ac's brakes are the finest money
.n buy. Dirt and water cannot
ıter. Drums can't warp or score.



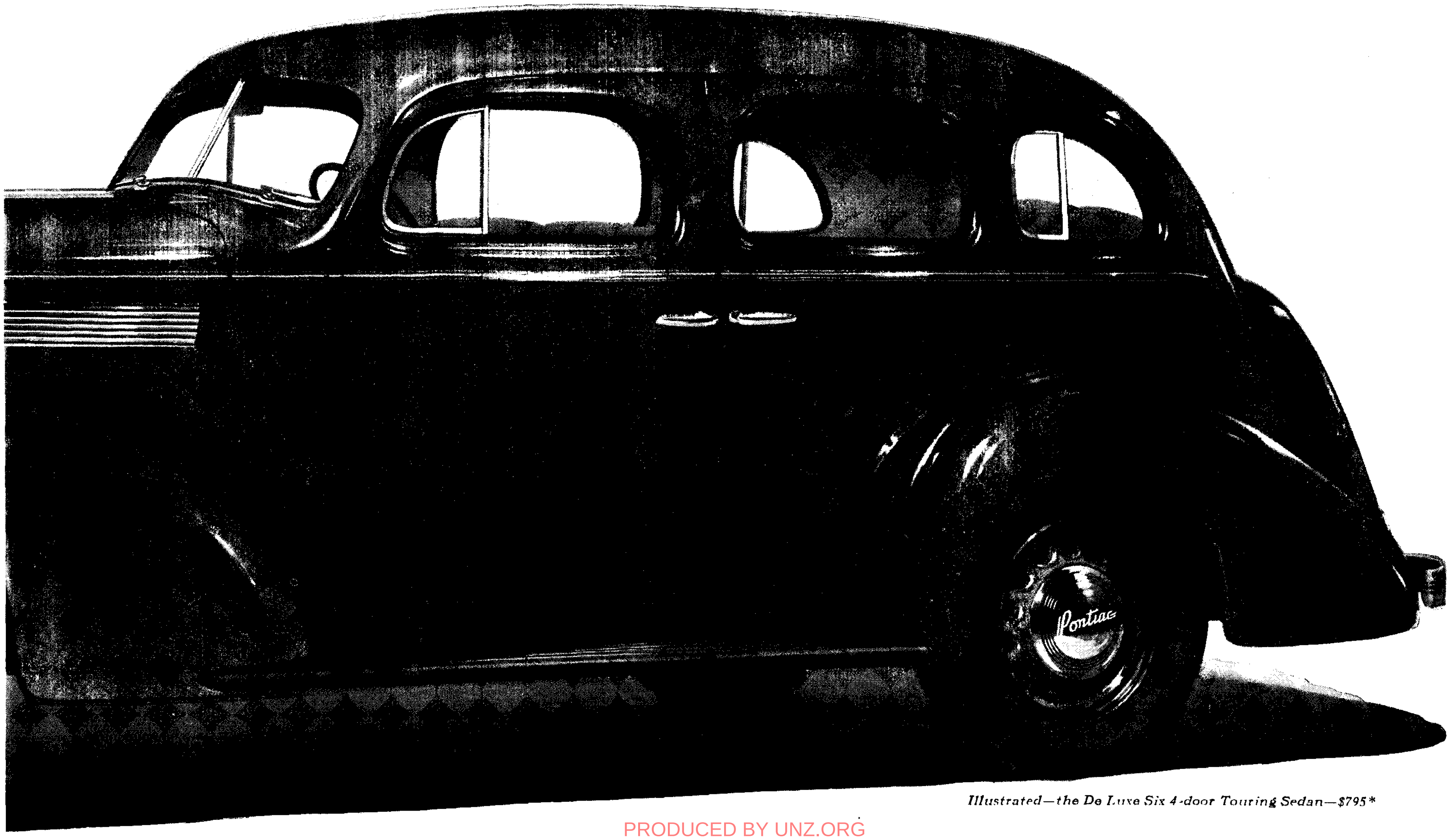
FLAT, LEVEL FLOORS—Allow passengers to sit with their feet in normal positions. It is easy to enter and leave the car—nothing to stumble over.



"TURRET-TOP" FISHER BODIES—Because of the extra strength and rigidity of "Turret-Top" construction, Pontiac bodies stay beautiful, safe and quiet throughout the life of the car.



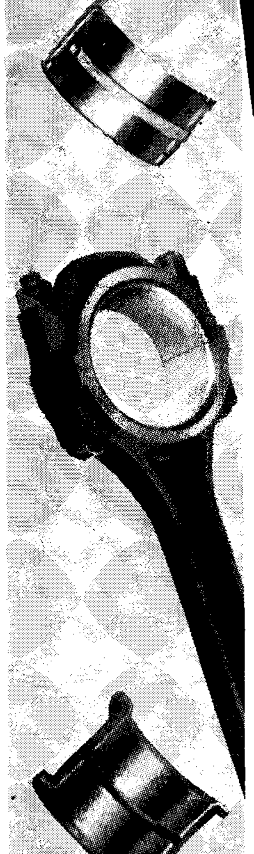
CONVENIENT JACK PADS FRONT AND REAR—Here is a fine example of the lengths to which Pontiac goes to give motorists every comfort and convenience.



*Illustrated—the De Luxe Six 4-door Touring Sedan—$795**

MOTOR SLUGGISH? OIL BILLS HIGH?

WORN BEARINGS *Cause* OIL PUMPING



In the modern, pressure-feed motor, the oil is pumped to the engine bearings *under pressure* as high as 50 to 60 pounds. As long as the bearings fit snugly, the oil is properly controlled. When the bearings become worn, the oil is literally pumped away!

It is thrown up into the cylinders, floods the walls, works past the rings, fouls the piston heads, combustion chambers, valves and spark plugs with carbon . . . robs your motor of power, speed and pick-up . . . fills your car with fumes . . . wastes many dollars in oil bills every year.

Thousands of puzzling oil pumping troubles have been quickly and completely corrected through the installation of new Federal-Mogul bearings. Service men know that there is only one sure way to correct oil pumping *completely* . . . and that is to replace worn bearings. With the motor already opened up for new rings, the bearings, too, can be replaced at reasonable cost.

CHECK THE BEARINGS

There is a service man near you who is familiar with the scientific, new Federal-Mogul technique of oil control. It is one of the most important automotive service developments in recent years. Thousands of motorists have already proven its effectiveness. It is the only *complete positive, permanently satisfactory assurance of oil control.* It protects the garageman who wants to build a reputation, and it protects the car owner who wants his job done correctly and completely the first time.

Bearing Specialists for 38 Years

Engine bearings are vitally important precision parts. Federal-Mogul has specialized on bearings, bushings and bearing metals for 38 years, supplying all branches of the automotive industry. When your service man suggests Federal-Mogul, accept the suggestion with confidence. Federal-Mogul bearings are *engineered* products, mechanically and metallurgically right.

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORPORATION
DETROIT • MICHIGAN

Mogul FEDERAL

The Queen's Choice

Continued from page 9

"But what is it to you?"

"I guess it's because I like you in spite of everything. I want to see you do right for your own sake."

"Nothing to do with you?"

"I'd feel better about you. That's all."

"And if they put me in prison, you'd still feel better about me—I suppose. I suppose when I came out years from now you'd be waiting at the jail door to help me get a job and go straight."

"Is it a bargain?"

"Of course not. I'm nothing to you."

"You're wrong there. I'd know that if you hadn't taken my advice you might have got clean away and never been caught. I'd know I'd helped to put you in prison, and I'd feel responsible to help you when you came out."

"And if I couldn't get work, the way people can't when they come out of prison, what would you do for me? . . . Would you marry me?"

Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"I hadn't thought of that. But yes . . . sure, I would if the worst came to the worst. If I felt I had to."

"That would be pretty awful, wouldn't it? For you, I mean."

He smiled faintly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Pretty, am I?"

His smile broadened.

"I guess you don't need to be told."

"Shall we shake hands on it?"

"On your looks?"

"On my being put in prison, and being let out, and us getting married if the worst comes to the worst."

He extended a strong, able hand.

"Well," she said, "that's that. And now let's get me started before I change my mind."

He carried her suitcases to the hangar and she carried the purse with the diamonds. Between them they wheeled her plane into the open. She climbed into the cockpit, but before he moved forward to spin the prop, she spoke down to him:

"Could you run Pacific Airways better than Mr. Huydecooper does, and eliminate all the waste and politics?"

"I'll say I could," his voice rang with strong confidence. So did hers.

"You shall."

He looked up into her lovely rosy steadfast little face and for the first time it began to dawn on him that she might possibly be speaking the truth.

"You'll have to worry along here," she said, "until after the series. You might put in your spare time resigning your present job. I'll be seeing you on my way back to the Coast. Goodby."

PRINCE YEREMI, YemYem to Jenny, was a master of many things, but he could not quite conceal his disappointment at learning that his hostess had not awaited his arrival. He showed Jenny's note to Miss Shannon and had the nature and importance of a World's Series explained to him.

For a few moments he bit his princely nether lip, and then said: "The happiness which I have in your company, Miss Shannon, goes unsaid, but if I sit quiet here and do not make the pursuit of Jenny, how will she think but I do not care for her like I have said I do and always will?"

"She couldn't help being flattered if you did follow her," said Miss Shannon. "But I am disgusted with her! The little baggage."

"So also," said Prince Yeremi, darkly handsome, "am I disgust."

But he brightened over the swiftly made plans of pursuit. He must fly at once to Detroit. He had better take his sable-lined coat. It might be cold. One never knew about Detroit.

The sable-lined coat was a handy thing to have in Detroit. Prince Yeremi had never been nipped by a bitterer wind. He watched over the reserved-seat entrances to the ball park, forgot at moments that he was heiress-hunting.

If the reserved-seaters had arrived one by one he must surely have discovered Jenny among them, or if they had arrived in groups of hundreds or even thousands. But they arrived all at once and departed in the same way and there were many exits and entrances for them. But he saw Henry Ford twice and had warm, pleasant thoughts about money in large quantities. Then he upped stakes and moved to Chicago and failed to find Jenny in a hotel or at the ball park and once more found himself in Detroit with a seriously depleted bank roll. And there on the last day of the series, just as he was ready to give up in despair, Jenny found him.

HER team had won. She had collected several thousand dollars in bets and was on her way to redeem the diamonds which she had pawned for expense money. She took Yeremi with her. There was a foot warmer in the taxi and he expressed his satisfaction. His feet, he said, were not only cold but tired—very tired. He had stood about on them so long and so devotedly. She was touched.

"At least, Jenny," he said, "now you know about my love for sincere. All this time of World's Series I have hunt and hunt in the cold. But now all is well."

"Good. Now I can fly you back, and we can talk things over when we're home—or on the way."

It was quite a long talk and began soon after their take-off. No one could have denied Yeremi's attractions. He was extraordinarily good-looking and he had about him at moments a kind of beseeching sweetness which was hard to resist. And of course Jenny, a typical American girl, cradled in democracy, loved to flirt with the idea of being a princess. But she loved, also, and a little more dearly, the notion of not being married for her money. And there was Burke, who had offered to do that very thing when he had thought her a jailbound thief.

She wondered what Burke would be like after the passage of so many days and the absorbing throwing of so many balls and strikes. The powerful, lanky fellow had seemed glamorous to her then. But how would he seem now? How would he stack up with Prince Yeremi—a great noble, an ace at seventeen, a horse master, a gun master, an international winner in the six-meter class, a man who spoke eleven languages, counting all the Slavic tongues as only one?

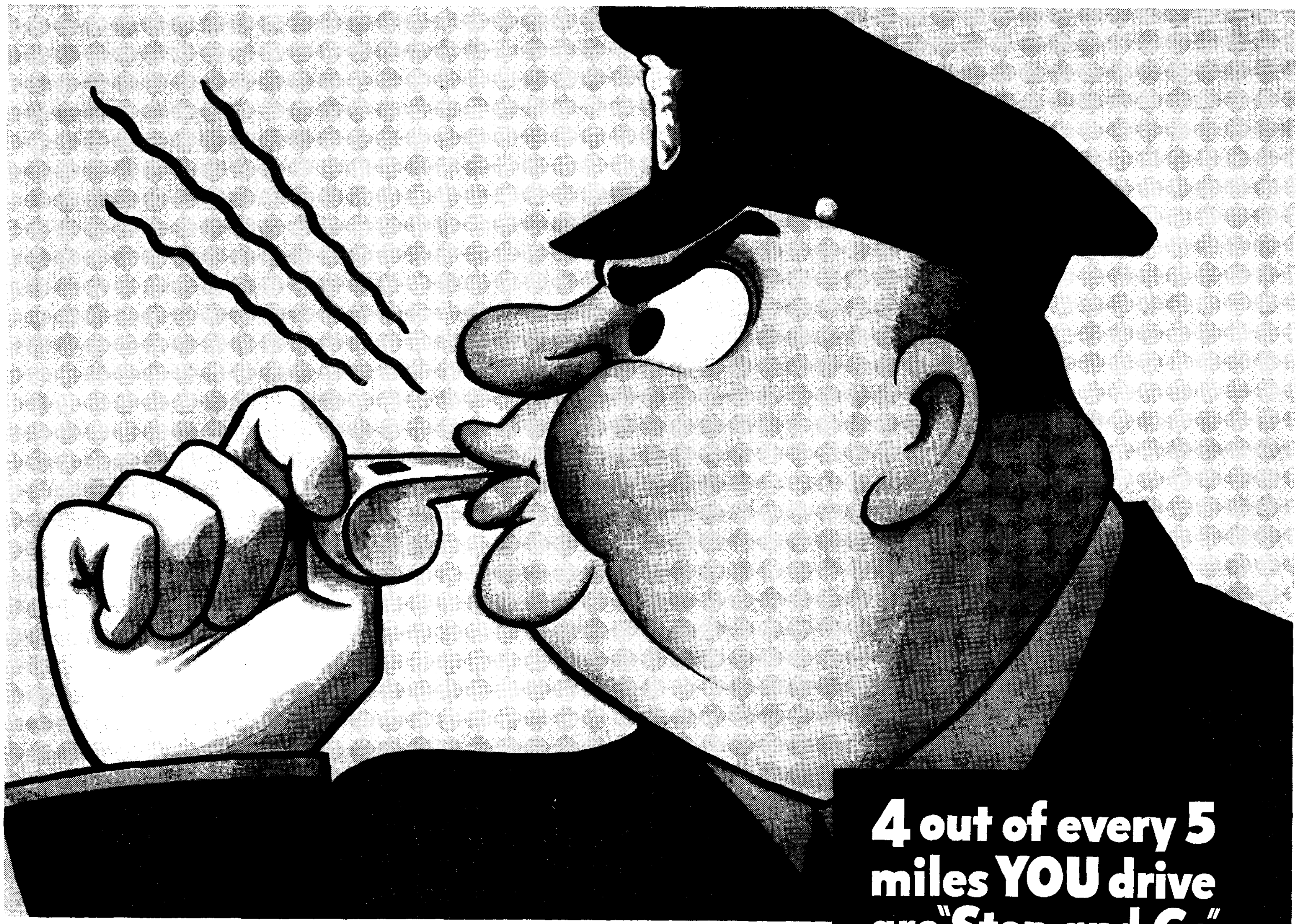
"But why," exclaimed Prince Yeremi, in one of the eleven languages at his command, "we now descend down here on this nobody field?"

"It's not a nobody field," said Jenny. "It's the lap of the gods, where important things have to be decided. It used to be Clifford Burke's field, and perhaps it still is."

Anyway, it was Clifford Burke who came out to meet them and it developed that, as before, it was he who held down the fort while Harkness and Braithwaite disported themselves in town. And upon immediate inquiry it also developed that once more Harkness had been attacked by an antelope and a whole haunch of the delectable little beast was at the moment in the icebox.

Prince Yeremi perceived at once that

(Continued on page 48)



4 out of every 5 miles YOU drive are "Stop-and-Go"

"STOP AND GO" DRIVING WASTES YOUR GAS!

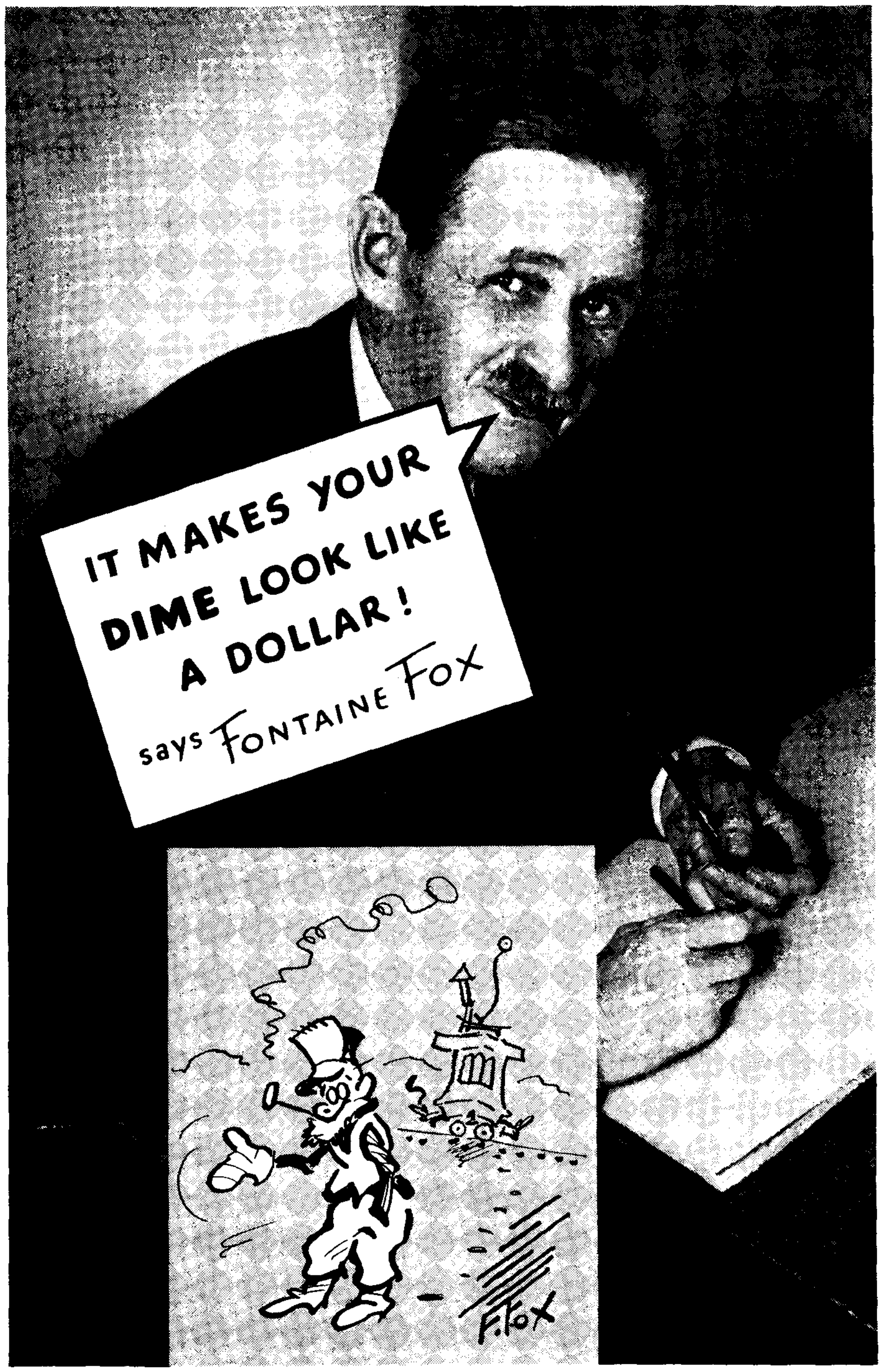
—Unless your gasoline is made for it

YOU AVERAGE 30 STOPS A DAY! And each one can use up enough gasoline to take you ⅓ of a mile.

But now Shell engineers give you a "stop-and-go" gasoline. Just as your car has 3 shifts, Super-Shell has three kinds of power . . . one for QUICK STARTS . . . one for FAST ACCELERATION and hill climbing . . . one for STEADY RUNNING. Super-Shell is the *first* gasoline with these three powers in perfect balance. Sold at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

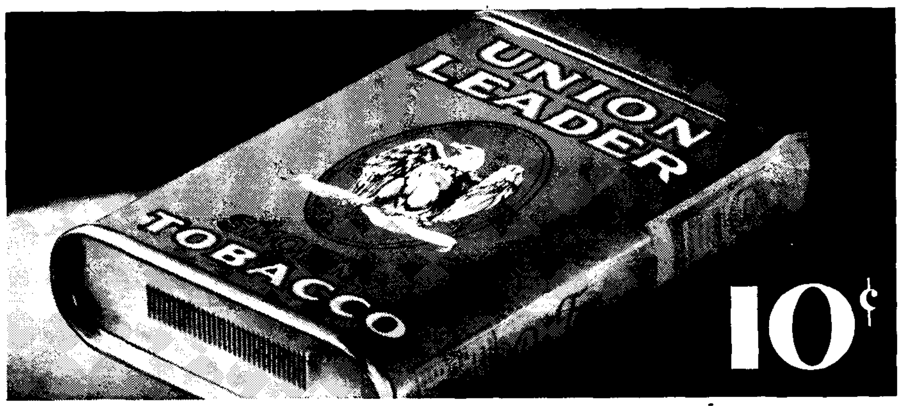

IT MAKES YOUR DIME LOOK LIKE A DOLLAR!
says FONTAINE FOX
F. Fox

FONTAINE FOX . . . Union Leader smoker, famous for his TOONERVILLE FOLKS

After all, Mr. Fox, there's just so much satisfaction in any fine, luxurious pipe tobacco . . . whether it costs a dollar an ounce or a dime a tin. In aroma, flavor and distinctive character, Union Leader is a direct challenge to every fancy blend and expensive mixture. That's why shrewd smokers say this grand *old* Kentucky Burley is the "sweetest buy" that ever packed a pipe. (. . . And it can't be beat for cigarettes!)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

(Continued from page 46)

the lanky American and the exquisite heiress had some kind of a binding past in common. He was touched with suspicion and jealousy; but he was a good fellow at heart and a good judge of character. He couldn't help liking Burke. Furthermore, he was scientific and, just as he had mastered so many other things so easily, he could after a hint or two have operated the intermediate field and most of its apparatus.

"The guy," said Burke to Jenny at the first opportunity, "is a good egg for a prince. Why don't he get him a job and go to work?"

"He'd be lots happier," said Jenny, "only he doesn't know it. He's been brought up to marry for money."

"You and yours?"

"Or some other girl and hers."

"Well, don't let me stand in the way!"

"I wish you wouldn't be so nastily proud and independent. There was a time, years and years ago when you were willing to marry me the day I got out of jail. I haven't forgotten—if you have."

"Then what do you have to bring that guy around for?"

They had excluded Yeremi from the kitchen, because dinner was to be a surprise. Jenny, in the big apron, was preparing a delectable sauce to go with the antelope cutlets and she was worrying about it.

"Because," said Jenny, with spirit, "I almost promised to marry him and that brought him all the way from Europe and I've got him on my hands. And I almost promised to marry you and now I've got you and him and this darned sauce all on my hands at once."

"I've resigned my job here," said Burke, oh so very simply. "Like you told me to. And I believe we made a bargain."

"I know," said Jenny, "we made a bargain. We made it after being acquainted for a few hours. Would we have made it after being acquainted for months and years? Or would we have loathed each other? That's what's worrying me."

"There's such a thing," said Burke, "as proceeding by trial and error."

She had at the moment dangerously hot things in both hands. She was defenseless. He kissed her.

"That's the way I feel," he said, "minutes or long years going by like telegraph poles from a train window, I'd feel the same."

"I feel that way, too," said Jenny.

IMMEDIATELY after Jenny had gone to bed it stormed and things began to happen in the air. Those on the ground had to do lots of things at once. Prince Yeremi proved himself an enthusiastic and rather marvelous lieutenant. And when the emergencies had passed he was not thinking the thoughts of a nobleman who wishes to ease his life by marrying for money, but of a he-man who has just helped, and rather vastly, in doing a good job.

Dripping wet, the two men came in and began to dry in front of the fire. They gave their fronts and their backs to it and steam rose from them.

"You and me," remarked Burke with one of his rare smiles, "could go a long way together. And it wouldn't matter if we had a lot of money or were stone broke."

"Mees Jenny say you are to go oh so high in Pacific Airways Company."

"You'd go high if you'd give yourself a chance."

"But how can I begin all the way down at the bottom?"

"Why not? Where else does a man begin? Did you ever earn a living?"

Prince Yeremi discarded the various answers.

"Try it," said Burke; "it's the life."

Prince Yeremi gave out steam and liked his host more and more.

"Have you married?" he asked.

"The worst thing a man can do," said Burke, "is to marry except for love or because he's sorry for somebody. I got mixed up with a girl out of pity. That's what I thought. Then I got to see it was love. Then I found out she was the richest girl in the world instead of what I'd thought, and now I can't back out. I got to go through with it. I got to marry a rich girl. But it don't matter too much. I'm on my feet. If she threw all her money into the sink I could take care of her and she'd know she was married to a man."

Prince Yeremi, in spite of the comforting heat from the fire, felt suddenly very dashed and miserable.

"Jenny?" he asked.

Burke's face was an interesting study of a young man who has never play-acted or lied, except to be kind and who in the last analysis wishes to be just.

"Just how bad do you feel?" he asked.

Prince Yeremi thought this over. Then he said: "Not too bad. This fire feel good."

Burke became embarrassed, but felt that as an American instructing a foreigner, he simply had to speak.

"Is it Jenny," he said very quietly, "or the money?"

PRINCE YEREMI was fundamentally an honest man. The moment for absolutely honest, fundamental truth-telling was on him. And he said: "To speak all honest as between men and men and us, now I look back and think and think—I want both."

Burke turned a little.

"That's where you lose out," he said. "All I want is *Jenny*. And," he added, "maybe that's biting off more than a sensible man can chew."

"When we leave Detroit," said Prince Yeremi, "she talk about you till I am sick. And before we land on this nobody field I have give up."

There was a curious, unexplainable bond between the two.

"I'm flying west to be married," said Burke. "I'm to be head of the Pacific Airways and I'll have a lot to say and do."

Prince Yeremi had an inner thrill. Things like this never happened in Europe. In Europe you suddenly went all the way from the top to the bottom, but never the other way around—never all the sudden, thrilling way from the bottom to the top.

"If," said Burke, "you'll hold down my job here till you hear from me, there's a living in it. And afterward—well, I'll keep an eye on you."

"So I might rise up and up?"

"And up," said Burke.

Prince Yeremi had his moments of humor.

"Who can know?" he said. "Maybe some day some girl she will set her cap to marry me for *my* money."

When Prince Yeremi had gone to bed, Burke listened outside of Jenny's door. He could hear nothing. He turned the knob, oh so softly, and went in. The windows were wide open and she could be seen a little by starlight. She slept as kittens and puppies sleep, in any position, without noise.

The alarm clock was just visible. He set it for six o'clock and placed it a little nearer to her than it had been before.

"There's a lot to do first thing in the morning," he thought, "and a lot to think about, and somebody's got to get breakfast."

He tiptoed out and succeeded in closing the door without a hint of sound.

"And I took her for a thief," he thought, "and so she is. She's stolen everything I've got."

He reopened the door with the utmost caution and had another little look at her. Then he reset the alarm clock. This time for half past five.

The Taste Treat

SOCIETA AEREA MEDITERRANEA

that changed highball habits in 87 countries

Long ago, even before the days of the pony express, a young New Englander named Hiram Walker started a distillery at a town now called Walkerville, just across the river from Detroit, where Michigan grain, the finest in America, would always be readily available.

Soon he began to distill a new kind of whiskey. It was neither Scotch nor rye nor bourbon, but had a rare and memorable flavor of its own—a flavor which he, as an American, thought other Americans would prefer.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC
CANADIAN PACIFIC

Prefer it they did — even to the point of carrying it abroad when they travelled and sharing a bottle or two with friends ashore.

Today "Canadian Club" is the favorite bonded whiskey of five continents and eighty-seven countries, and is the only whiskey distilled on the American continent that enjoys such world-wide renown.

Palace Hotel
St Moritz

Hotel Lu...
NEW YORK
FRASCATI
Le HAVRE
BERLIN
LE TOUQUET PARIS-PLAGE
IMPERIAL HOTEL TOKYO JAPAN
ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL
BUENOS AIRES
THE GRAND HOTEL CALCUTTA
KERMANCHAH
THE CONTINENTAL SAVOY CAIRO
SAVOY-HOTEL
LAUSANNE OUCHY
ROYAL
LUCERNE HOTEL WEIZ
HOTEL MOUNT EVEREST DARJEELING INDIA
EXCELSIOR PALACE HOTEL VENISE-LIDO
HOTEL NEGRESCO
HOTEL BRISTOL
WARSZAWA VARSOVIE
QUEEN'S PARK HOTEL
CAIRO
HOTEL
107724
1929
TRADE MARK
"Canadian Club"
Straight Whisky
Produced in Canada
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited
90.4 PROOF
U.S. STANDARD
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
MATURED IN CASK, IN WAREHOUSES WHICH ARE WARMED DURING THE COLD SEASON AND BOTTLED BY DISTILLERS IN BOND UNDER CANADIAN GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION AS INDICATED ON THE OFFICIAL CANADIAN GOVERNMENT STAMP AFFIXED OVER THE CAPSULE OF EVERY BOTTLE
This Brand & Trade Mark are Registered at the U.S. Pat. Off.
BOTTLED FOR & IMPORTED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.
NOTE THAT THE GENUINE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT STAMP IS IN BANK NOTE ENGRAVING
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
CANADIAN CLUB

PRICE REDUCTIONS

resulting from the 50% tariff cut now allow you to enjoy the six-year-old goodness of "Canadian Club"—and still pay less than for other brands.

Hiram Walker's

"CANADIAN CLUB"

To get a really fine car for less than $1,000*...

ASK THESE 3 QUESTIONS

1. *What is the length of its wheelbase?*
2. *Has it fine-car engineering throughout?*
3. *How do sedan prices compare?*

IF YOU BUY a car in the price range of the Nash Ambassador—and expect to get a really *fine* car—play safe . . . judge its value by the simple, 3-point comparison suggested above.

The Nash Ambassador is not a scaled-down model. These are the largest, finest sedans in the entire Nash line for 1936! They have a 125-inch wheelbase! Compare that with other leading cars in this price class in the chart shown at the right.

Also compare prices of 4-door sedans with trunks and see how much more the Nash Ambassador gives you.

The Nash Ambassador has the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" engine and all of the long-life engineering features usually found only in cars costing hundreds, even thousands, of dollars more. It gives you big, double-acting hydraulic brakes, too, and a rugged, all-steel body with steel top!

There has been no "skimping" in upholstery or in fittings. Instead, the new Ambassador is even more luxurious, even roomier, even more beautifully designed inside and out than models formerly priced around $2,000! Yet the prices of these big, luxurious sedans start at only $835 and end at $995! This is unquestionably the year to buy your Nash Ambassador! Any Nash-LaFayette dealer will arrange for you to drive it. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

FEATURES Twin-Ignition Engine . . . All-Steel Body With Steel Top . . . Super Hydraulic Brakes . . . Luxurious Interiors . . . Gas-saving Automatic Cruising Gear, at slight extra cost

How the Nash Ambassador compares with its 4 leading competitors

CAR	WHEELBASE	PRICE RANGE 4-DOOR SEDAN
Nash	125 inches	$885 to $995
Car A	118-122 "	$885 to $1090
B	118-121 "	$875 to $1045
C	115-121 "	$820 to $935
D	120 "	$1115

***CAUTION:** An advertised price is often for the smallest coupe in the line—and not for a sedan!*

One of America's most distinguished motor cars

NASH AMBASSADOR

125-INCH WHEELBASE SEDANS $835 TO $995 (**at the factory. New Nash "400", Standard and DeLuxe models, $665 and up, f.o.b. factory. LaFayette $595 and up f.o.b. factory. Special equipment extra. All prices subject to change without notice.*) (NEW 6% C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN AVAILABLE)

Born to Conquer

Continued from page 13

fighting instincts across the yard. But he could not; and young Pete put his arms across his face to stop the other boy's blows and sat down in the dust, crying in a strangling way.

Peter Skene went over to the milk barn and found his wife with the cows. It was one of her chores, for none of the riders would milk. Skene said:

"What's the matter with Pete?"

He wasn't able to know what her thoughts were. She looked up from the milk pail, composed and strange-eyed, and beyond the point of asking anything of him. She said, "He's had asthma for the last year."

"Didn't know it."

She said quietly, "You've been busy with other things."

To think was to act. He knew no other way. That night he sent a man to Fort Harney for a doctor. Four days later the doctor came down and had his look at the boy. "Nothing," he said afterward, "I can do for your son. It's the dust or the hay—or some kind of weed around here. There's no cure."

Peter Skene hated the doctor for that fatalism. It was something he could not brook. He said, "No cure?"

"Maybe one thing would cure him," said the doctor. "To move out of this country to a different climate."

After the doctor had gone Peter Skene saw his wife sitting there in the front room with the boy on her lap, rocking him, his little arms were around her neck; and he knew he had no son then. He had nothing to say. The next morning he was on the road, traveling down the Bitter in his light rig wagon driven by a pair of fast gray mares.

It was this way with him always. Energy drove him and the needs of the ranch filled his head. All down that valley his eyes roved the meadows and saw where they were to be ditched, and scanned the rims and saw where they were to be fenced. Crouched beside his campfire that night his thoughts kept reaching outward; they kept pushing the barriers back. Next day he was at Fort Harney. A week later he crossed the Wagontire country; in another four days he was at Lakeview, buying cattle. A month later he returned to the Glen. The day of his return his wife packed her luggage.

SHE was calm about it, calm and beyond argument. "I'm taking Pete to Portland. He's got to have the change."

She had been a good wife and a loyal one. But there were times when she was a thousand miles away from him and no part of his will could touch her. It was like this now. When she was ready to leave, packed in a wagon with a Glen driver, he stood a moment by the rig and carefully searched himself for something he wanted to say. But, as on the first day he had met this woman, he could only be casual. "Portland will probably do him good. Stay long enough to find out. Write me your address and I'll see that you are kept in money. Tell me when you get ready to come back." He shook the boy's hand and said, "Be good, son," and waited for a smile that never came. His wife looked down at him and he thought her eyes were gentler than they had been. It reminded him of something unseen brushing past, just outside his grasp. But it was soon gone. He stood in the yard and watched them drive away.

He thought about that scene—the shape of it clear and strange before him —when she wrote back to give him her address. In their years together he had taught her to be laconic; and now, because of that teaching, she had nothing to tell him. He considered that for a little while, and walked around the house; its emptiness touching him in a faint way. When he answered the letter a month later it was only to say that winter had come to the Bitter and that she would find money placed in the Portland First National at her disposal. He hoped the boy was better.

And then he put the matter temporarily out of his mind, for winter struck the desert wickedly that year, sweeping it with a destroying wind and burying it in snow. During the three months that followed he could remember no time when he had as much as six hours' sleep. He was in truth fighting for his life—with the blizzards threatening to wipe him out of existence.

IN THE middle of it, Nick LeStang died and Pete Skene went up to the oldtimer's hill cabin to conduct the funeral services. LeStang's squaw was getting old. And LeStang's boy had become a man, at nineteen, to remind Pete Skene that eleven years had gone by since his first entry into Oregon. Over LeStang's grave he remembered that and for a moment the horizons of his mind opened up and he saw himself as a youngster riding away from Henry Marr's ranch; and remembered Helen Marr standing in the sunlight, saying goodby to him. It was only a brief flash, soon gone. He stood by LeStang's grave and recited David's Psalm; and watched his vaqueros cover LeStang up. Afterward he spoke to LeStang's boy, feeling an obligation toward him as he had felt toward the elder LeStang.

"Billy," he said, "there's a place for you down on the ranch. I'll be expectin' you."

Bill LeStang looked at him out of dark, smoldering half-breed eyes. It was as long ago when he had first seen Peter Skene. That same instant hatred was there, beyond explanation. "I don't want your damned job, or your damned charity," he said, and turned away.

That winter Peter Skene butchered many cows to support the little settlers who hovered along the rim overlooking his valley. In a way he was a lord of the district; he could let no man starve.

When spring came most of them were too disheartened to stick. He bought their little chattels and their few cows and was glad to see them go. He had come through the winter with small loss while all around him men were ruined. Over east of the Bitter Mountains, Ed Overton announced his intention of quitting and going back to California. Peter Skene hitched up his rig and started that way. He bought out Overton's stock; and began a long swing that carried him through the Malheur country and far up into the north, toward the John Day. Wherever he found a discouraged man, he bought. And presently the gaunt, winter-starved cattle began pouring into the Bitter.

In after years he was to remember that time as another one of the turning points of his life. He stripped himself of money; but he was Peter Skene, whose credit was good, whose luck had always held. It was his audacity that carried him on when other men had no courage.

That spring he wrote to his wife, suddenly remembering he had not heard from her. The weather was mild and when was she returning? He had his answer a month later. The boy had improved, but she was afraid that it was too early to think of coming back. She had started him to school and he was do-

(Continued on page 52)

No bald head *ever invites a caress like this . . .*

There's something irresistible to a woman's eyes in a manly head of luxurious, well-groomed, healthy hair. It fairly invites caressing . . . And it is simple to have, and to hold, to enhance your hair with the help of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops smoothed into the hair before brushing will keep it looking neat and well-groomed the whole day through. The natural oils of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplement the scalp oils that are frequently lacking in harsh and stubborn hair; massaged liberally into the scalp before shampooing it brings nourishing circulation to the hair roots, aids in scalp cleansing, fortifies against dandruff, dryness and possible hair loss. Regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments give tone and lustre to the hair, too, and add greatly to its general good looks. Why not get a bottle and start your hair now on the road to good health and good looks. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

If your hair is Dry. . . . .

A dry scalp is especially susceptible to dandruff, the most common cause of baldness! Correct it. It is due to a deficient secretion of oils by the sebaceous glands in the scalp. You can do much to replace these natural oils with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments before every shampoo and by applying a few drops of the Tonic lightly, directly to the scalp every morning, or as often as the condition requires.

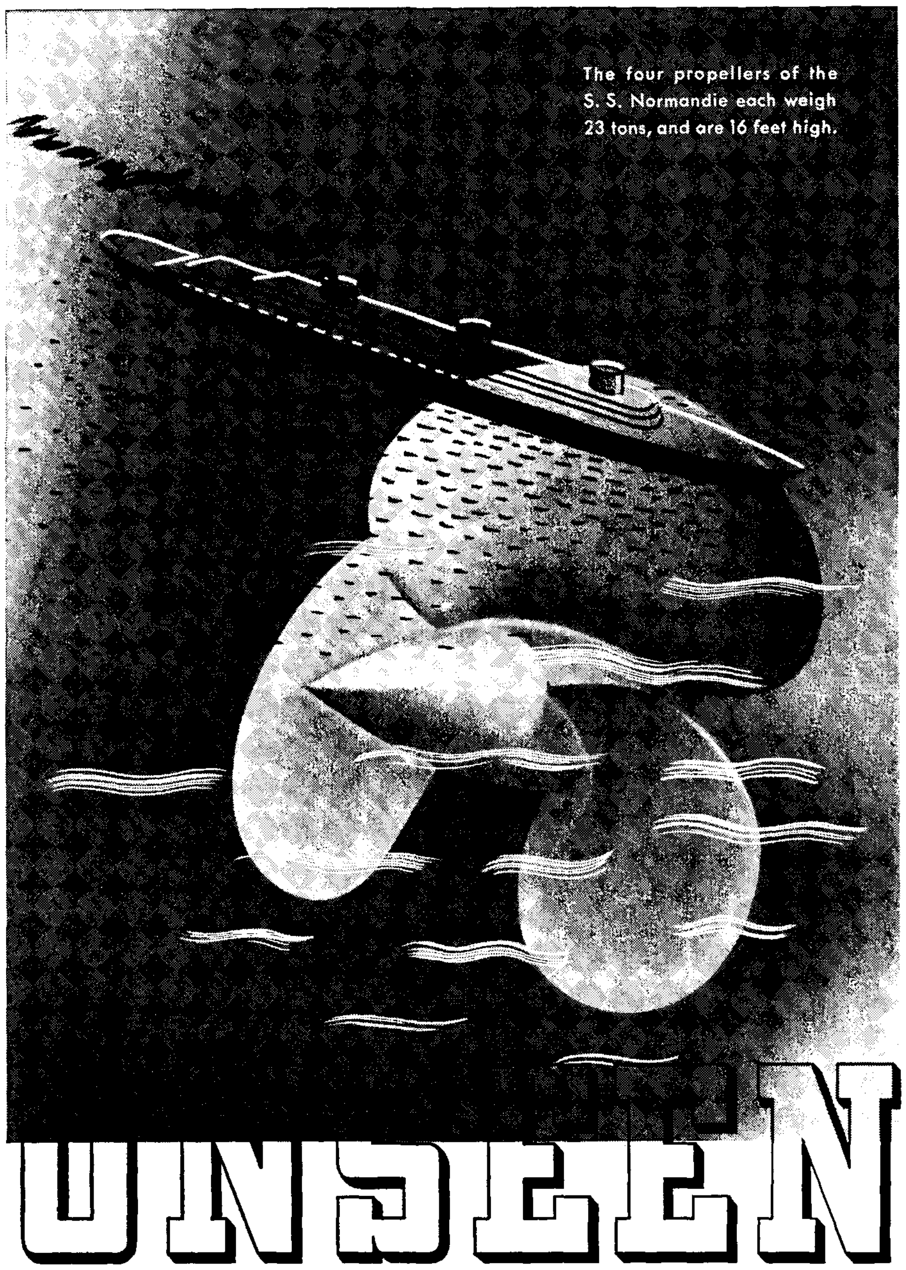
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
New York

40c and 70c

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.


The four propellers of the S. S. Normandie each weigh 23 tons, and are 16 feet high.
UNSEEN

but around the world a hundred times

● The oil in your crankcase—if it's Pennzoil—serves you as dependably as the hidden propeller moves the great ship.

Out-of-sight, it means safe and sure power and protection and performance—always.

New Pennzoil has the film toughness and the resistance to heat required by modern high speed and high compression motors. And Pennzoil's own refining process completely removes the sludge-forming elements that gum up valves and piston rings.

New Pennzoil Cuts Driving Costs

by . . . saving up to 50% on oil.
by . . . saving valve and piston ring repair bills.
by . . . giving an extra mile or two per gallon of gas.

In your car you can wisely follow the careful judgment of United Air Lines, Western Air Express, and other leading air lines, who use New Pennzoil in planes covering millions of miles a year.

The same safe, long-mileage Pennzoil is safest and most economical for you — at independent dealers everywhere.

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

United Air Lines uses Pennzoil in the world's largest fleet of high speed transport planes.

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

LONGER SAFE LUBRICATION AT THIS SIGN

(Continued from page 51)

ing well. Peter Skene wrote back that he was glad to hear the boy did well. She would find what money she needed at the First National.

This was the last letter he ever wrote to her; nor did he ever get another from her. That summer the First National informed him she was no longer drawing on the account he had established for her. When he got the news he went to his desk and read the little pile of letters he had saved; and afterward saddled his horse and took a ride into the hills. It was late fall before he went to Portland. She wasn't at any address she had ever given him. At the bank he found a small package from her containing her wedding ring and a little silver drinking cup he recalled having given the boy on the latter's second birthday. There was no explanation. He never heard from them again.

THESE were the years that silence came on him and pride stiffened him. Gray came into the coal-black surface of his hair and the line of his mouth was set past changing. Neat in his dress and exact in his talk, he could travel five hundred miles from the Glen and have his bare word accepted as bond. And five years from the time he lost trace of his wife and boy he climbed the rim of the Bitter to stand on the point from which he first had seen this valley, and told himself his ambition was achieved. From the beginning of the valley to the lake sixty miles north, from this rim to the crest of the Bitter Mountains—this was his ranch, completed and held.

But the country was changing and the great days of open range and lordly partition were going by. Title trouble was developing and settlers were coming in to make dry land farms, and resentment was rising against the great owners and the cattle rustler was having his turn. And the dry cycle came on, burning the graze and shallowing the lakes and streams.

Against these things Peter Skene fought with all his resources and all his unchangeable will. Long ago he had known the dry spell would come, and had dug his irrigation canals against it. As for the rustlers, he dealt with them as he had dealt with the Piutes; impelled by the same merciless need for survival. His vaqueros were loyal to him, they knew his will. Wherever he found rustlers he showed them no charity. Out on the lonely rimrock or up in the high pines—they died there.

But the settlers kept coming on. He had fenced his valley and his cattle ranged it. But there were spots he had not bothered to buy; in the old days occupation was sufficient. And the settlers, seeing these pieces on the government map, *came in* and squatted. Peter Skene had one policy. He went to them with an offer which he thought fair. If they refused it, his vaqueros did the chore that had to be done, shooting them off, burning them off, starving them off.

The prairie town had grown to twenty buildings; and guns flashed out along that town's street. And out in the sagebrush cattlemen and settlers fought their own fight while the buzzards looked on. Up on Silver River, Andy McKee was slowly pulling in his borders, making concessions to the settlers; on Wagontire, Jim Turlock took his fences down from sections he didn't own, and began to run sheep on his own rightful land.

The day of the great outfit thus slowly faded before the dawn of the small man's day. Of this Peter Skene was dimly, stubbornly aware. . . .

He rode down the valley one fall day and came upon the lake, whose borders had receded a good half mile. In that new strip of dry land he saw a little pine shack. He went toward it instantly, because he could not help himself. Nick LeStang's son stood in the doorway, watching him out of black, surly eyes.

"Billy," said Pete Skene, "there's always a job for you in the Glen. But you're squattin' on my land."

Bill LeStang said carefully, "Your land ends where the border of the lake used to be. This strip is lake bed—and open to entry."

"No, Billy," said Pete Skene. "My right goes out to the middle of the lake. It always has."

"Listen," said Bill LeStang. "My old man lived off you like a pauper. But I don't. I'll stick here."

When Peter Skene returned to the Glen he sent a crew back to the lake with a load of wire. "Run the fence out to the water."

They did that. But the next time one of his riders passed the lake the fence was cut. The rider came back to tell Peter Skene; and old Diego, his foreman, said, "We'll go down there. He's a kid and he ain't learned much."

"No," said Peter Skene. "Never mind."

It wasn't like him. Diego, who had been a Skene man for all those years, looked at him, not understanding. But Peter Skene was remembering all the way back to that time when he had known Bill LeStang as a little boy. He was the son of a man who had been a Glen pioneer and there was that sense of duty in Peter Skene that wouldn't go down. The Glen was a world by itself and every living thing nourished by the Glen had a kinship. Sitting in the shadows of the poplars, Peter Skene saw the twilight flowing like water across his valley. The liquid echo of the Bitter clucked beside the willows; and a child laughed pleasantly in Diego's house—Diego's grandson and the third generation in the Glen.

Completely alone, Peter Skene walked back into his own house, and stood in the front room a little while as though he were listening for an expected voice to come down the hall. There was a mark cut in the edge of the fireplace which he remembered as being the height of his own boy at four years. He had backed young Pete up to the wall and had made that mark with his knife. But the boy hadn't understood his purpose and had cried until his mother came out of the kitchen. It was a strange thing the way a man's mind backtracked to earlier times. He didn't like it and didn't believe in it. Yet his thoughts were all clear, and of the past. And when he thought of Helen Marr, whom he had known so long ago, and of his wife and boy sitting in the wagon that took them away forever from the Glen, there was a queer feeling in him—as though something brushed past him, just beyond his reach.

AT FIRST light next morning he got on his horse and headed down the valley. Late in the day he came to the lake and Billy LeStang's house. Billy had cut the fences; and Billy stood across from the gap, watching him ride up.

Peter Skene got down from his horse and walked forward.

LeStang said, "Don't cross that wire."

Peter Skene stared, a whip-figured man who never had known fear of another man. He said, "Billy, you said the wrong thing," and walked forward deliberately across the wire.

He hadn't noticed a gun on Bill LeStang. But the younger man reached inside his coat and whipped out a revolver. He raised it carefully and aimed it at Peter Skene's chest; and fired once.

Skene fell slowly, his arms reaching forward to break his fall. There was one black and desperate thought in him as he died—one thought that shoved its way through the whole history of his life to speak for him at this last interval: "What will become of the Glen?" And then he was dead; and an era had closed.

SUCH ACCIDENTS
happen 4 times as often
AT NIGHT
because drivers can't see safely

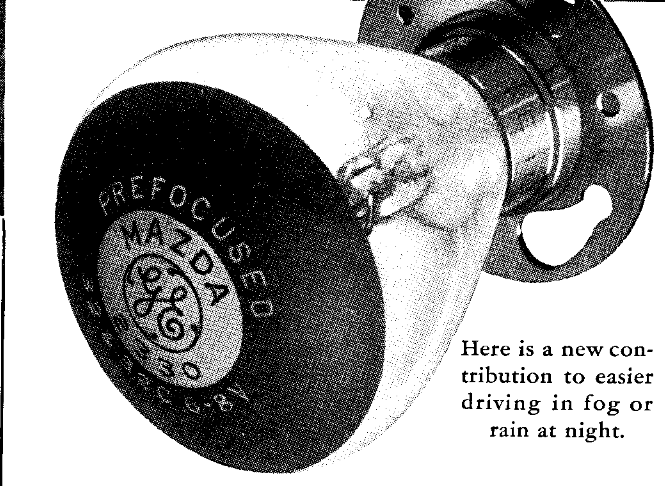
Reduce the hazard of night driving with better light for your car

NIGHT DRIVING is four times as dangerous for you as daytime driving. 56% of the fatal smash-ups occur after dark; yet only *one* car travels then for every four in daylight.

Appalling as are these facts, a study of insurance records reveals a trend that is more alarming: Night auto fatalities have been *increasing* steadily during the past five years while fatal crashes in the daytime have been decreasing!

This inference is inevitable: insufficient light for safe seeing. Auto inspection data shows that the lamps on two out of every three cars checked need adjustment or replacement. Defective vision is more prevalent than we realize . . . handicaps six out of every ten people over forty . . . makes them require more light for seeing safely. Added to this are fatigue, lack of contrast between objects and background, and other hindrances to seeing, which adequate light may overcome.

Do your part to make night driving safer. See that the lamps on your car provide better light for better sight.


PREFOCUSED
MAZDA

Here is a new contribution to easier driving in fog or rain at night.

These easy-to-follow hints will help you drive more safely at night . . . !

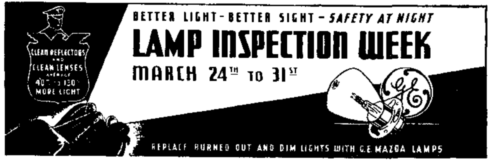
1. Always depress your headlight beam when meeting other cars.

2. Have your headlamp lenses and reflectors *cleaned* twice a year. You will get from 40% to 130% more light—for safe seeing—depending upon the age of your car. Your dealer or service station will be glad to clean them for you.

3. Have your lamps adjusted twice a year. Check to see that they are all burning, once a week.

4. Replace dim and burned out lamps promptly. Remember that G-E MAZDA Auto lamps are approved by all car manufacturers and are initial equipment on most new cars. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS


BETTER LIGHT - BETTER SIGHT - SAFETY AT NIGHT
LAMP INSPECTION WEEK
MARCH 24TH TO 31ST
CLEAN REFLECTORS AND CLEAN LENSES AVERAGE 40% TO 130% MORE LIGHT
REPLACE BURNED OUT AND DIM LIGHTS WITH G.E. MAZDA LAMPS

Get lenses and reflectors cleaned where you see this sign.

Dealers everywhere will feature this service especially during the week of March 24.

If You Can't
GET TO SLEEP
Quickly at Night, *Do This:*

Try This Natural, Drugless Aid That Now Helps So Many "Poor Sleepers" Get To Sleep . . . And Gives Them New Energy Next Day

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS! What penalties they impose! How they sap your strength—unstring your nerves—and handicap you socially and commercially!

But now there is a simple way to foster sound sleep *quickly*, as soon as you go to bed. A way that helps thousands of "poor sleepers" get to sleep without tossing and turning each night—and brings new energy next day.

One of its most unusual features is the fact that it is not a medicine in any sense of the word. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. Thus it fosters *natural* sleep.

What It Is

It is a delicious pure food-drink called Ovaltine—first created in Switzerland and now made over here. Originally it was designed as a strengthening food for convalescents, the aged, and for nervous, underweight children. Then physicians observed that, when it was taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it often acted as an effective aid to sound and restful sleep. . . . This is how its action is explained:—

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly, but, in many cases, helps to improve the *quality* of sleep. That is why so many users report they awaken in the morning so greatly refreshed—looking and feeling like different people as the result of the sound and restful sleep they've had.

Ovaltine is used in 54 different countries today and has been approved by more than 20,000 physicians. Hundreds of hospitals serve it regularly—while during the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely on the basis of these facts. Try it and see for yourself.

Try It Tonight

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before getting into bed. See if you don't fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, perhaps, in weeks and months. . . . In the morning, take stock. See if you don't feel much fresher than usual—and possess more nerve poise and energy, too.

Thousands of delighted users have had this experience with Ovaltine—and it may achieve a similar result for you. Phone your druggist or grocer now. Or, if your need is not immediate and urgent, mail the coupon below for a liberal trial supply.

MAIL FOR 3-NIGHT TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. S6-C3
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.
(*One package to a person.*)

Name..................................

Address..................................

City......................*State*.............
(*This offer good in U. S. A. only.*) *3617*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U. S. A.

The Perfect System

Continued from page 15

cases. Rush, you can't trifle; it's touch and go with you. Thanks, but I can't treat you. . . . What's that? No, you can't come to me at the Foundation; you have some money and a job, haven't you? Then you're not eligible; the Foundation is only for poor sick people who are utterly destitute. You'd be justified in giving up your job, if you don't want to go out like a light, but having money rules you out."

"Doctor, I'll give the darned money away!" pleaded Joe.

"And have them give it back to you later, eh? Oh, no; no such subterfuge, Rush! Until and unless you can swear and prove to us that you've lost or spent every dollar beyond recall or salvage and are destitute and indigent, we can't take you and I can't treat you. Pshaw, any medical man knowing his work—Coming now, boys!"

"Don't be frightened," whispered Nurse Haley, showing Joe out.

Joe was frightened, but he was straighter and his dark eyes were brighter as he walked up Putnam Avenue. At last he had found a doctor who knew his business; at long last. He should waste his life going back to one of those fakers who had said to him, "Bosh, Joe, you're as sound as a bell." It was Dr. Finch for him or none.

As for qualifying for treatment by becoming penniless, that made him laugh. Losing money was the thing he did best. He could toss away that five hundred in the market in jig time.

But he'd meet Lulu over there.

Should he tell her and harrow her up? She'd cling to him heroically and marry him on his deathbed, if it came to deathbeds. It wouldn't, if Dr. Finch had the case; that doctor knew his stuff. But suppose he was to be a lifelong invalid, unable to work, would it be fair to that girl to let her—

No; it wouldn't. He had to break off with Lulu till he knew where he was at. . . . Joe's mouth opened; he breathed shallowly and fastened a renouncing look on Lulu, who, across the Boston Post, was alighting from Deesy Merritt's car, returning from lunch.

THE market was in treacherous mood, making false starts, waiting for the traders to guess and get their money down.

"AHA ran up to 54 while you were out," said Mr. Branan, "but it's sold off badly since. Look, there it goes at 46. It may go lower, but it looks like a buy there for a quick turn."

The news ticker's bell rang. A customer went to read the flash.

"Wow!" he cried. "Ahern Auto is expected to pass the dividend at the directors' meeting this afternoon."

"Sell a hundred AHA, quick!" called an alarmed customer, jumping to the order window. "I had a hunch they'd pass the dividend."

There are several thousand boardrooms in the nation. Under a rush of public selling, AHA broke wide open.

. . . AHA . . . . AHA . . . . AHA . .
46 2000s44 5000s42½

"Five thousand Ahern Auto at forty-two and a half," cried the customers. "Pulling the plugs on that dog!"

Joe glanced eagerly at Lulu's board. AHA had sold as low as six dollars per share that year; and it was speeding toward that figure again. Here was a chance to get rid of his money in no time and qualify for treatment as one of the Indigent Sick.

"Mr. Branan, buy me a hundred Ahern Auto, right now, at the market, quick!"

"You got it," said Mr. Branan happily, "right at the bottom, Mr. Rush—at 40! Look, it's back to 45 already and running up like a spider. Just a shake-out; the pool knocked it down, and you picked it up. . . . Look! There—it's back to 46."

Joe's heart bumped and missed. If he didn't get under Dr. Finch's unique care pretty soon, it would be just too bad, but he wasn't making progress. A hundred shares meant a hundred dollars per point, and AHA was up six points from where he'd bought it.

Of course, it was a fluke, and couldn't happen again in a month of Thursdays. He could surely lose his money if he tried, since he had lost so much while trying not to.

WHAT should he do now?

Sell and get out and try for worse luck elsewhere? But he simply couldn't afford to take a profit like that; he'd never get poor. . . . Though Mr. Branan thought the darned stock would go to 90. Gosh, there it went now at 47!

Another hundred dollars to get rid of. . . . But if the company wasn't going to pay the dividend—he'd wait a little longer. They couldn't give him money he didn't want; perfectly silly. That dog was due for a dive, and he'd sell at a good loss. . . . The whole market looked tired. . . . Look at those store stocks sliding. And the utilities; there went Gas at a new low. . . .

Ah, here comes the sell-off! The whole list selling off. Look at the customers running to get out. He'd run too if he wanted to save money. But was it perhaps a false move?

Joe glared at the translux.

Mr. Branan put his head out of the coop with a flash from the New York office.

"Ahern Auto pays its regular dividend and twenty-five cents extra! Big buying in Ahern! Bidding 52 on the Floor!"

. . . AHA . . . . . . AHA
48 5000s 51

"Off to the races!" shouted the customers. "Look at AHA go! What a stock! Buying it in boxcars! No price for it!"

Wrong again. Mr. Branan was right, and AHA was on her way to 90 now. . . . Joe's legs were shaking, but he got to his feet and hurried to the order window.

"Quick! Sell that hundred AHA, at the market!"

Mr. Branan, bringing the sales slip five minutes later, halted before Joe and looked down at him, puzzled.

"You hit that one right on the nose, Mr. Rush; we sold that hundred shares at 54: fourteen points! Pretty good."

"Better," mumbled Joe, "than a poke with a sharp stick." He took his hat and shambled out.

CHARLEY MEAD, proprietor of the Putnam, was champing at an unlit Pittsburgh stogie as Joe approached the desk.

"Have a good day in the stock market, Rush?" creaked the old man sarcastically.

"No, I had a bad day, Mr. Mead," said Joe depressedly. "I made something over a thousand dollars net."

"Where, Rush," said Mr. Mead, resenting the supposed flippancy, "was you last night at two o'clock when Mrs. Knapp was ringing like fury? And what, Rush, was you doing when Mr. Wright asked you five times for his key and had to get it himself? Studying them charts of yours, was you? I tell you what it is, Rush, a great big Wall Street man like you is just fooling away his time clerking in this hotel."

"You don't mean, Mr. Mead," said Joe eagerly, "that you think you could get along without me, do you?"

"Well, I certainly do. Ask me! You can quit right here and now, if you've a mind to. I want to tell you, young man—"

"Thanks, Mr. Mead; that's fine of you. Then I'm quitting. But I'll stay on as a guest, Mr. Mead, and break the new clerk in for nothing. . . . Let's see; that corner and bath on the third floor at ten a day American is the best you have, and it'll have to do me."

"It'll just have to do, hey, Rush? Shan't we open the bridal suite for you, rather? That'll be only fifteen a day."

"There's an idea!" said Joe pleasedly. "I'll have that."

"Wouldn't you, Rush," said Mr. Mead, trying again to top his ex-clerk's impudence, "like to have your meals in your rooms with a waiter waiting on you?"

"Oh, fine! It would be only four a day more but I could tip the waiter, too. And send me up a radio, Mr. Mead; and tell Spinelli I want full valet service. Let's see what else I want . . ."

Pausing in the act of signing on for the bridal suite, Joe put the pen into his mouth and gazed at the ceiling. The pen was snatched by Mr. Mead, who leaned across the desk with flushed face and starting eyes while he made an abolishing gesture.

"Clear out of here, you intoxicated loafer!"

Old Charley Mead, meditated Joe perplexedly, going to the Y. M. C. A. for a room for the night, ought to sell out and retire. The idea of driving away the most open-handed guest the old Put had ever had. . . . Well, at least he was out of work, and that was something. He had only to lose his money now.

Joe spent most of the night over the market pages of the evening newspaper, and in conning his charts, and in reading the opinions of financial writers. He discovered an obvious fact; that it was as hard to tell that the market was going down as to tell that it was going up.

The market had to go in one of two ways: up or down. Had Joe tossed a coin to decide for him, he would have had a fifty-fifty chance of being right. But Joe went at it with science. He studied the same charts that the professionals were studying, read the financial opinions that they read and that they sometimes furnished, and then he decided which way they were going to move the market.

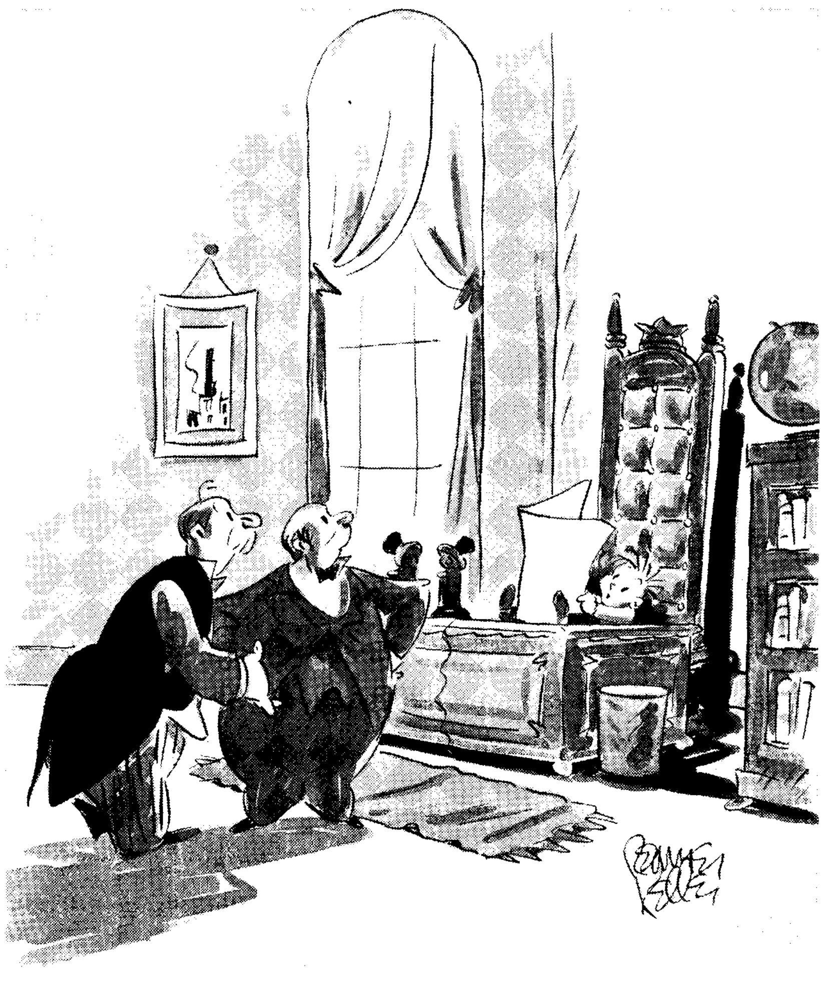
THE next three weeks were a continuous nightmare to Joe. He, an almost doomed man, zealously avoided Lulu Mimms; when they met, he was rude to her.

He plunged to get rid of his profits, and they increased. He snatched hungrily at every loss, however slight; when his stocks went up, he hung on, hoping desperately that the market would turn. He averaged, meaning that he bought more stocks, so that the market would not have to go back so far to show him a loss. And the market usually went back; but Joe wasn't with it.

He had the same experience, over and over. He lost his nerve again and again, right at the top, when everybody—that he could see—was buying and cheering the market on and predicting that it was going through the roof; he was suddenly swept by panic, and he sold. And when the market had been falling for days, and was flat on its back, and the air was blue with talk, and nobody else was buying stock—that he could see—Joe bought.

What he did to Ahern Auto was just larceny. That fisherman in Wall Street was under heavy expense for rushing AHA up and rushing it down, and Joe wasn't paying a cent of it, but he was always going for the ride. When the professionals turned on the heat, Joe

(Continued on page 56)



"He won a vice-president's job here in our last slogan contest"

REAMER KELLER

THE ROYAL TEMPLE AT KAILUA IN 1815

Wood engraving by Paul Landacre based on an old eyewitness illustration in von Kotzebue's Voyage of Discovery (London 1821)

DOLE

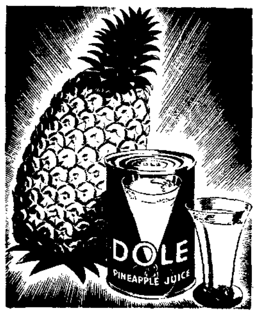
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

A ROYAL TREAT

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT

Not even Hawaiian Royalty knew the delight of DOLE Pineapple Juice. DOLE Pineapples, developed by Americans after Hawaii became part of the United States, are now called by many "the king of fruits." And when you open a vacuum-sealed can of unsweetened DOLE Pineapple Juice and taste the pure, fragrant pineapple flavor we believe you will agree with millions of others who insist on DOLE that "Here's the king of all fruit juices."

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii,
U. S. A. — Sales Offices: San Francisco, California.



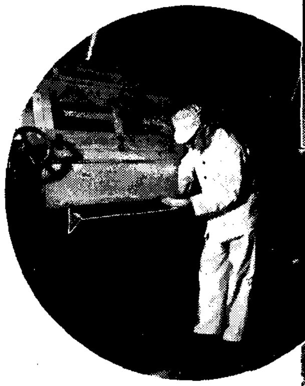
Paper helps this famous slogan . . .

"Eventually... why not now?"
WASHBURN CROSBY
Gold Medal
WHEATIES
BISQUICK
SOFTASILK

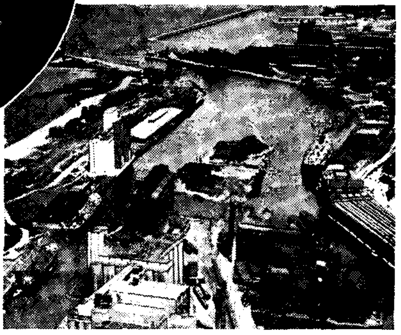
get *action* for General Mills

by **JOHN H. CLELAND**
Financial Editor,
The Minneapolis Tribune

General Mills, Inc., present Four famous names *. . . four famous products enjoying a ready acceptance among housewives because of their uniform quality.*



THE ROLLS KEEP ROLLING *to give you flour of the desired quality and fineness. The purified endosperm granules are sent to batteries of reduction rolls . . . one is shown above. Further reduction, sifting and purification is continued progressively.*



General Mills, Inc., is an association of old, well-established companies, the chief one being the old Washburn Crosby Company. At the left is a birds-eye view of the Washburn Crosby Mills at Buffalo, N. Y. The capacity of this one mill alone is 20,000 barrels of flour a day.

PICTURE a vast industrial enterprise serving wheat farmers, commercial bakers, and consumers in every city and hamlet in this country.

That is General Mills, Inc., leader in the field of grain processing, with headquarters in Minneapolis and mills, feed plants, grain elevators — or all three — located strategically in terminal markets adjacent to every important wheat growing section.

General Mills, Inc., performs an essential service for farmers, collecting their grains, preparing them for consumption and distributing them in the quantities and at the time they are wanted. With facilities located in the important growing sections and consuming sections, General Mills does its part in marketing the farmers' products on a basis of essential service to producer and consumer alike.

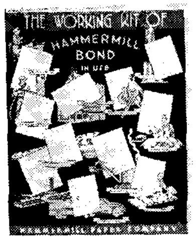
Picture this great institution, its associated units and the manifold services they perform. Then consider the vast correspondence required to carry on its operations between plants and with customers for a year, a month or a day.

Paper, tons of it, for letters, forms, invoices, memoranda, reports, bulletins, is a major item in the General Mills budget. To do its big job well, this paper must be of proven quality and strength, worthy to serve as the recording medium for one of the great industries of America.

MAY WE ADD, Mr. Cleland, that General Mills, Inc., for many years have used Hammermill Bond to help them get things done. "Eventually . . . why not now?" asks the slogan for Gold Medal Flour. And Hammermill Bond, in letterheads and printed forms, *sees* that things get done, not eventually, but NOW!

Industry's widespread preference for Hammermill Bond has good business judgment back of it. For Hammermill Bond commands respect, with its crispness, its whiter white. It's stronger, too. And it's uniform . . . every sheet exactly the same. In addition to white there are 13 colors, envelopes to match. Quickly available from your printer, who in turn is supplied by complete stocks of paper merchants in 102 cities.

WORKING KIT—FREE! Reviews principles of designing letterheads and printed forms with actual examples; contains sheets for laying out and ordering printing; business form ideas; envelope sizes, shapes. Free to anyone who helps select paper.



HAMMERMILL BOND
LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK...IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa. C-3-21
Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your new 1936 Working Kit of letterheads, printed forms and envelopes (outside U.S., 50¢).

Name______________________________

Position____________________________
(Please attach coupon to your *business* letterhead)

(Continued from page 55)

was chilled to the bone; when they shook the tree, he rushed to pick them up.

He couldn't eat; he couldn't sleep; his eyes sank in his head and his flesh fell away. Sunk in despair, he went to Dr. Finch.

"I HAVE thought often of you, Mr. Rush," said the austere and dignified director of the Foundation for the Indigent Sick, who was not having a party this day. He bent his heavy black brows on Joe in kindly concern. "I trust you took my advice to put yourself at once under a physician's care? . . . No? . . . Why, man alive, you're walking around on borrowed—let me listen to that heart again."

Dr. Finch put up his earphone and put his head at Joe's chest, and his mouth opened and his eyes rounded as if he were listening to San Francisco.

"Amazing!" he exclaimed to whatever news of Joe he was getting.

"It's a funny heart, isn't it, Doctor?" said Joe.

"Funny? My boy, it's preposterous. Roll up your sleeve."

Dr. Finch put the clamp on Joe's forearm and watched the needle of the indicator bob while he felt Joe's pulse.

He took the clamp off, sat down behind his desk and looked in wonder-stricken silence at his subject.

"Never mind me, Doctor," said Joe, grimly resolute. "I can take it. I been feeling terrible. What—what—"

"Miss Haley," said Dr. Finch, "this case is one of the curiosities of medicine. I must write it up for the Record. Three weeks ago it would have been a work of supererogation, like screwing down a coffin lid, to shoot this young man; and now he's as good as wheat! His heart is as sound as a bell, and his blood pressure is perfectly normal. Miss Haley, I am dumfounded."

"I always did think, Doctor," whispered the nurse, "that you got his age and his blood pressure on the wrong lines. Or his weight or something."

"Nonsense, Miss Haley. Do you eat much liver, Rush?"

"For breakfast, Doctor. Liver and onions."

"There you have it, Miss Haley! . . . Rush, you were in a deplorable state, but you are now fully recovered. You're run down and a bit anemic; drop everything and go away for a good rest. From what you tell me of your success in the market, you can afford it."

"I'll do that, Doctor," said Joe tremulously. "I can believe you. Won't you take my money, please? Well, then, I will endow a bed in the Foundation for people who have money and can't help it. I will go back and see how much I have."

HE RAN up Putnam Avenue to the board-room. He had to see Lulu at once and take it all back. How patient she had been under his brutal neglect of her! Once upon a time she had been coy, uncertain and hard to please, but she had been the soul of meekness in the last weeks, ringing him up, waylaying him, yearning at him in the board-room with shadowed eyes, an angel eager to minister if he'd only let her. He'd let her, now. . . . But he'd never tell her why he had treated her so horribly; it would only worry her. He'd tell her that—well, that another woman had come into his life, a foreigner of exotic charm, but he had cast off her spell. . . . Yes, that should wash; a night clerk meets all kinds. . . . And when he got a little dumb and absent-minded, as everybody sometimes is, Lulu wouldn't get as tired of him as she used to. . . .

Lulu was not on the board; the order clerk was chalking up the prices. One of the partners—Fitch—was there, a youngish and graying man, evidently the son of money. He was come to meet Joe. Mr. Branan, proud of Joe, introduced them to each other.

"We at the New York office have been following you lately, Mr. Rush," said the partner, bowing.

He spoke as one chap in the know to another.

"We say in the Street that the public is always wrong, and that is very nearly true; but you, Mr. Rush, have been as nearly always right! As your brokers, sir, we are proud and glad.

"You have none of the faults of the average nonprofessional. You cut your losses and let your profits run. You buy when the market is dull after a fall; you sell when it is active and has made the front page.

"You don't listen to board-room gossip. When you don't know, you don't guess. You are not made rash by success, nor panicky by a loss. You use charts, but do not let them rule you. You have that instinct for the market that is a gift of the gods.

"I trust that you will pardon these friendly and admiring comments. What I am leading up to is that this firm has several large discretionary accounts and we would like you to handle them for us. And, should you desire a closer connection—"

"Mr. Fitch," interrupted Joe, blushing, "the more I study the market, the less I know, and my opinion isn't worth a hoot."

"That's what he always says, Mr. Fitch!" chuckled Mr. Branan.

"Not opinionated," nodded Mr. Fitch approvingly. "I like that."

"WHAT I would like to know, though," said Joe, "is where is Miss Mimms?"

"I got rid of that girl, Mr. Rush," said Mr. Branan, hoping to please. "Miss Mimms hasn't been any use recently. I could see that you didn't like her, and when she quarreled with Mr. Deesy Merritt and lost us that fine account—"

"But where is she?" demanded Joe forcefully.

"Pardon me? Why, I hear she has a position as assistant cruise director—a hostess—on the Housatonic that's starting a world cruise today noon from New York. . . ."

"She—can I get the Housatonic on the telephone?"

"Certainly," promised Mr. Branan, running to please his star customer.

"The Housatonic?" cried Joe. "Give me the desk! Well, the manager's office. The what? Put him on; quick.

"The chief steward? My name is Rush and I'm calling from East Putnam. Have you a cruise director named Lulu Mimms? Put her on the wire. . . . Oh, you can't. . . . Then have you a room for me? Only the de luxe suite on 'A' deck? I'll take it; how much do I bring? Okeh, Chief Steward; hold the ship!

"Mr. Branan, am I good for three thousand dollars?"

"Rather, Mr. Rush. Your balance is over ninety thousand."

"No," breathed Joe, appalled; and then he remembered that he didn't have to get rid of it. "Well, that's better than a poke with a sharp stick! Give me a check for three thousand. And get me a cab that can beat the train to New York."

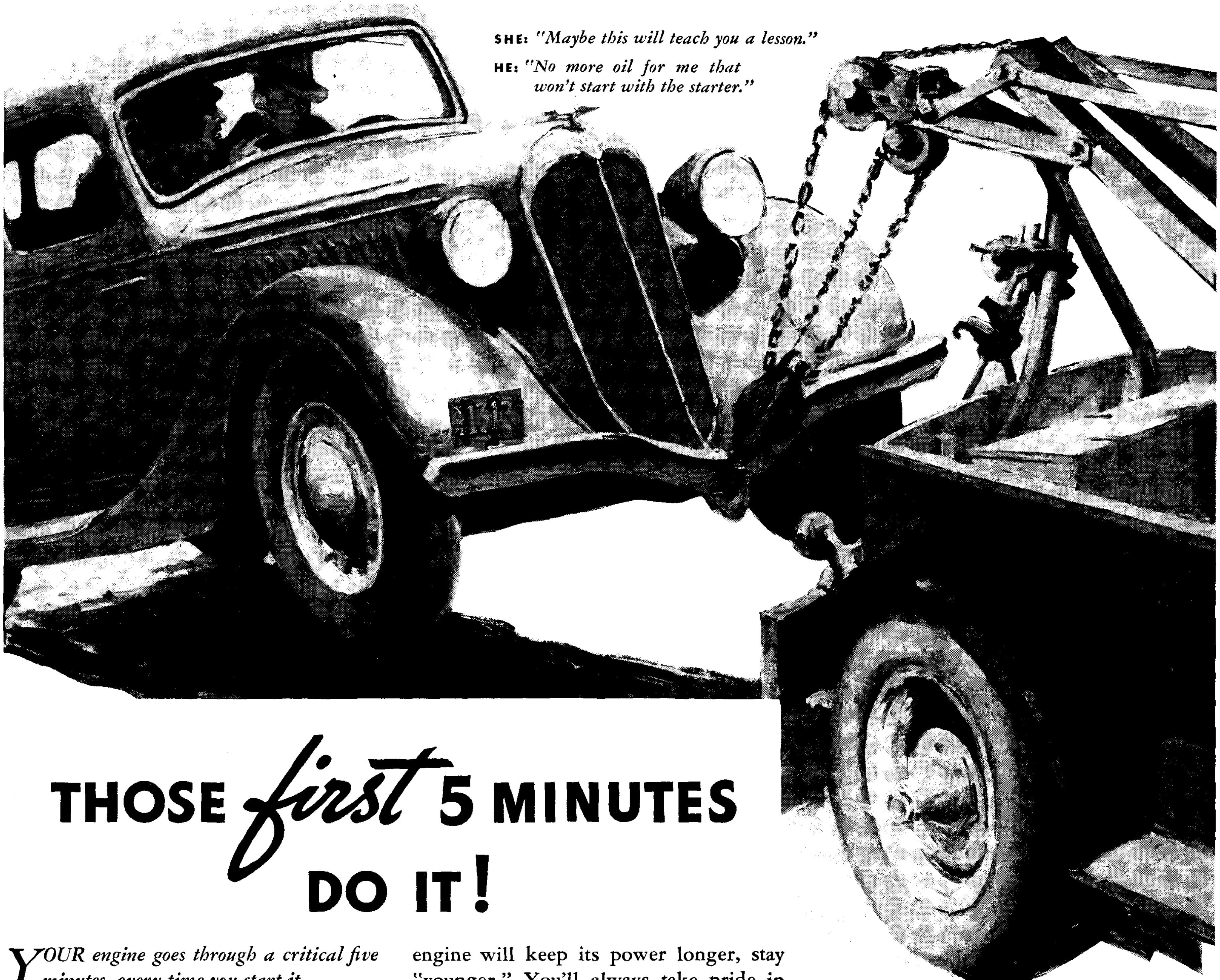
He seized the check a moment later, and ran for the cab.

"Going on the cruise, are you, Mr. Rush?" called Mr. Branan after him. "We'll keep you in touch with the market by wireless! Any orders for today, Mr. Rush?"

"For today," Joe called back over his shoulder, "sell everything I have, at the market! And for all the rest of the days, don't send me any messages and don't expect any. I'm through; washed up. Thanks—ninety thousand. Good luck! Goodby!"

SHE: *"Maybe this will teach you a lesson."*

HE: *"No more oil for me that won't start with the starter."*



THOSE *first* 5 MINUTES DO IT!

YOUR engine goes through a critical five minutes, every time you start it.

It needs the protection of full lubrication from the very instant of "go."

If the oil is sluggish and slow, if it has thickened excessively, it can't lubricate. Then metal scrapes against metal.

That's why many a motor wears, loses power. The oil can't start, can't flow freely, when cold. And in these first five minutes of running, your engine gets more wear—a lot more wear than that which comes from the next 100 miles of hard, fast driving.

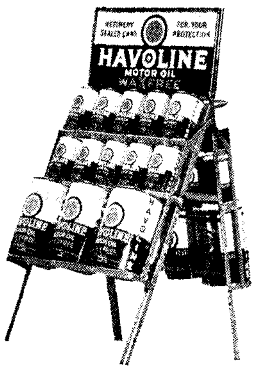
An oil that flows freely even in cold weather

Havoline is that oil. It starts flowing the instant you step on the starter and banishes the danger of excessive wear those first five minutes of running.

With Havoline in the crankcase, you can be certain your engine will keep its power longer, stay "younger." You'll always take pride in the quick get-away of your car.

Havoline is refined by the patented Furfural Process. Due to this Process it has the ability to be fluid—to flow freely in zero weather, as well as resist the highest operating temperatures.

Insist on Havoline next time you need a fill and avoid that dangerous first five minutes of wear. That's the way to keep your engine equal to new-car performance.

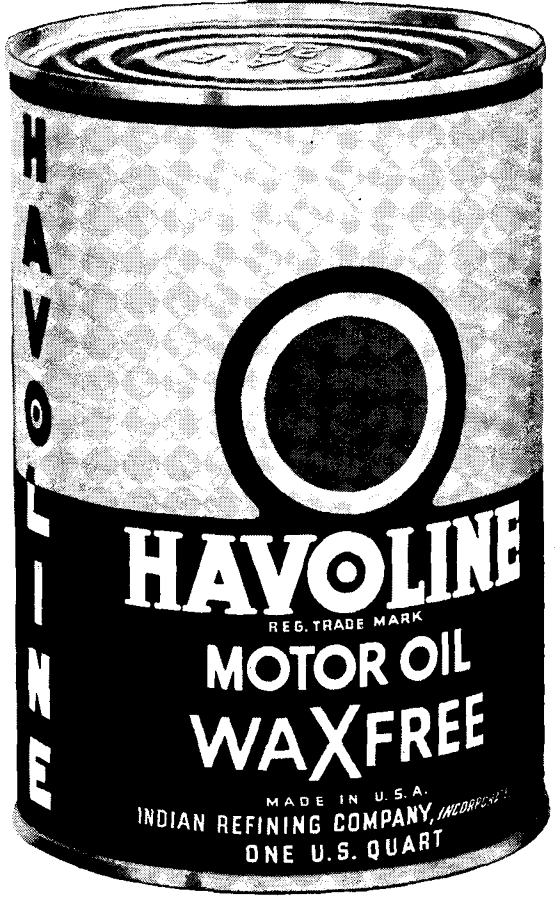


ALL TEXACO DEALERS . . . DEPENDABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE CAN SERVE YOU

Next time you need oil that starts with the engine—go to your neighborhood dealer and ask for Havoline. He has the correct S.A.E. grade for your car—the grade number stamped plainly on each can.

• • •

Indian Refining Company, Indianapolis • *Affiliated with The Texas Company*



Surgeon's Hands... Lost to Surgery

The education he couldn't get would have prepared these hands for great work. No such cruel contrast need be your boy's lot if you make sure your plans for his education will be carried out. Let us tell you how you can do it with life insurance.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
© 1936

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

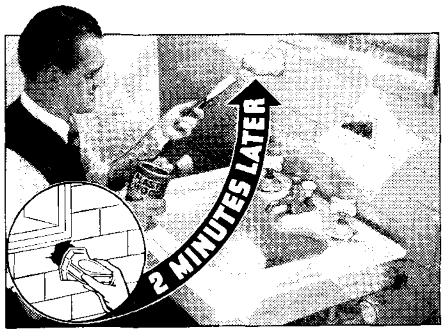
Please send me your booklet "Answering An Important Question."

Name...

Address..

City..........................State...........................

C. 3-36



Now..Reset loose fixtures with Plastic Wood

Now . . . you can quickly and easily reset **loose bathroom fixtures in plaster, tile or wood, seal unsightly cracks around bathtubs and sinks, seal floor or baseboard cracks, etc.**—with waterproof, wearproof Plastic Wood—that handles like putty and hardens into lasting wood. You can paint it just like real wood, too. Paint, hardware stores sell 25c tubes, 35c cans. Also obtainable in white for bathroom repairs.

Call the Witnesses

Continued from page 18

allow one of her own stablemen to be hanged. Nevvew, I cannot understand it!"

"*Please*, Aunt Vay—*who* is Nancy Hardwick?"

"Pres Hardwick's grandmother. Who else could she be?"

"You think she knows Miggs isn't guilty of murdering her grandson?"

"Of course she knows it! How could she help knowing it? She was standing right on the terrace when the fight started!"

"Oh . . . it was a fight?"

"A fist fight, nevvew. Pres Hardwick was an utter bounder. He not only *fought* with a stableman, but when he was getting the worst of it he picked up a boot-iron. Drunk as a fiend—true—but no excuse, no excuse."

MY NOSE for news was twitching.

"How did you discover all this, Aunt Vay?"

"Common gossip at every bridge table in town, Alexander. And why shouldn't it be? Nancy Hardwick was entertaining The Whist Club that afternoon. Now if I had been there—"

"Oh, *you* weren't there."

"Don't be stupid, nevvew. Of course, I was not there. Poor Amy Courtridge had broken her hip. How could I be there? I was at the hospital with Amy, naturally."

"This is a *big* story, Aunt Vay. Don't mind that pounding on the door. The boys want to break in and spoil my scoop—"

"Unmannerly young men," said Aunt Vay, positively. "I don't think I have any more time just now, nevvew. I must return to the courtroom."

Frantic, I pushed her into a chair.

"You're a rascal, Alexander, but I'm very fond of you. I shall answer a few more questions!"

"Thank heavens! Tell me—were there any other witnesses besides Mrs. Hardwick?"

My Aunt Vay bristled.

"That's another thing I simply cannot understand, nevvew. Pres Hardwick came downstairs in an outrageous condition and made a scene with his grandmother, poor soul, in the presence of The Whist Club. Every last one of 'em saw him and must have recognized his condition. And, although they are all my dearest friends, they can't tell *me* they didn't know what went on in the stable yard!"

"You think these other women saw the fight?"

"H'mph. If they didn't—if they heard nothing or saw nothing—*they had chauffeurs present.*"

"Chauffeurs, eh? Did you get their names?"

Aunt Vay tapped her foot, exasperatedly.

"That's not the point, Alexander. It was Nancy Hardwick's duty."

"Aunt Vay, listen!" I cried. "This is *very* important. That poor guy's life is at stake. Have you *any* names of witnesses who saw the fight and can come here and testify to save Miggs?"

My anguished words brought Aunt Vay to her feet.

"Naturally, nevvew, naturally," she said, with quiet dignity. "I am not senile. Naturally, when Nancy Harwick failed in her duty, I—"

"Mrs. Hardwick was only covering up for her grandson. Trying to keep it out of the papers—give me some of those *names*, Aunt Vay. We've got to go right to work on this!"

It was too much for Aunt Vay's poise. She lifted her hands and boomed:

"I'm disappointed in you, Alexander. Definitely disappointed. Of course, I had to round up some witnesses for Louis. It was not my duty to do so, but the subpoenas were issued this morning and they are being served. I have seen to that—"

"For the chauffeurs?"

"Why not for the chauffeurs?"

"Have you subpoenaed anyone besides them?"

Aunt Vay nodded, icily.

"I have subpoenaed the entire membership of The Whist Club!" she said.

"Oh . . . *Aunt Vay!*"

"And why not the entire membership of The Whist Club? I know positively that Elizabeth McCord and Alice Longstreet and Anna Morrison rode in their younger days. I cannot understand why they should have overlooked Pres Hardwick's behavior. Pres Hardwick not only fought with a stableman, nevvew, *but he beat his horses.* He beat one horse in particular. Hunter by the name of Invader."

I was scribbling notes with feverish glee.

"And Miggs loved the horse, Aunt Vay? And that's why Miggs fought with Hardwick?"

"My dear Alexander, when a drunken bounder starts kicking a good horse in the stomach naturally a stableman would remonstrate. If he was worth his salt!"

I took time for one last question.

"Is Miggs really an anarchist?"

Aunt Vay stared.

"An anarchist? Louis? My dear nevvew, have you taken leave of your senses? What would a stableman know about political theory? Absurd!"

And Aunt Vay swept grandly back to the courtroom. I dashed for a telephone.

THE rest of that trial was what reformers term "a Roman holiday for the sensation-seeking press."

Aunt Vay had been naïve in imagining that the members of The Whist Club would respond willingly to subpoenas and that these septuagenarian ladies had, indeed, witnessed the fight between Pres Hardwick and Louis Miggs.

Mesdames McCord, Longstreet, Morrison et al tried every legal dodge they could and all manner of influential shenanigans to avoid the nuisance of testifying. But they were all rounded up, indignant and fussy and crying aloud against "tyranny." It soon appeared that no one of them, not even Old Lady Hardwick, had seen the encounter between the slain millionaire and his stableman. But they could testify to Pres Hardwick's condition immediately before his death and they had witnessed the scene between him and his grandmother.

Aunt Vay's dragnet for chauffeurs and servants was disappointing, too. But it did yield up the only eyewitness to the killing. This was a Negro houseboy named Wilfred Lincoln. He had fled, terrified, and was found hiding on a farm in Illinois. Wilfred was brought into court protesting: "Ah shuah didn't think dey would hang Mistah Miggs or anything like dat. No *suh!*"

THE climax of the trial was my Aunt Vay's direct examination of her old and beloved friend, Nancy Hardwick. Aunt Vay, over the protests of the circuit attorney's staff, had won the right to act as counsel for Miggs on the sound legal ground that a man in jeopardy of his life has the right to appoint any counsel he sees fit.

A packed courtroom watched Old Lady Hardwick, a vague and muddle-headed personage of seventy-two, take her seat on the witness stand. Confronting her stood Aunt Vay, wearing her black suit with vertical pin stripe and her pince-nez spectacles No. 2.

"Nancy, you recall Louis, your stableman, do you not?"

"Why . . . yes . . . Vay . . . *Miss Hoffman* . . .I remember him."

"You knew he was charged with murdering Pres . . . er . . . your grandson?"

Old Lady Hardwick's faded eyes watered.

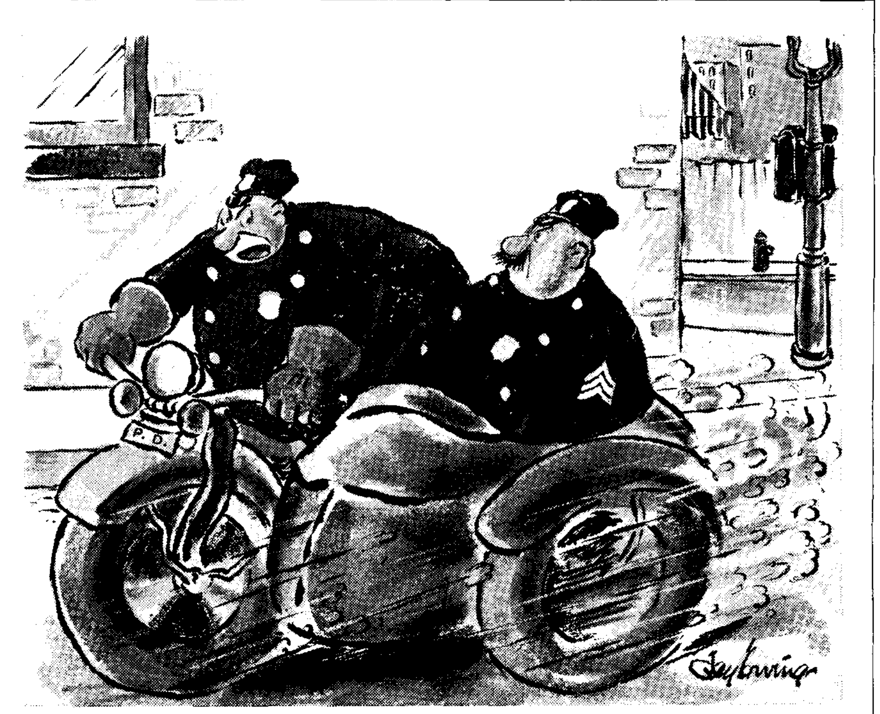
"Let me think . . . yes . . . I believe Miss Coleman, my companion, read me an article about it."

Aunt Vay drew herself very straight.

"Was it not your duty to go at once to the assistance of your stableman, Nancy?"

The State objected vociferously. Former Judge Artendale, a prominent liberal lawyer, who had joined Aunt

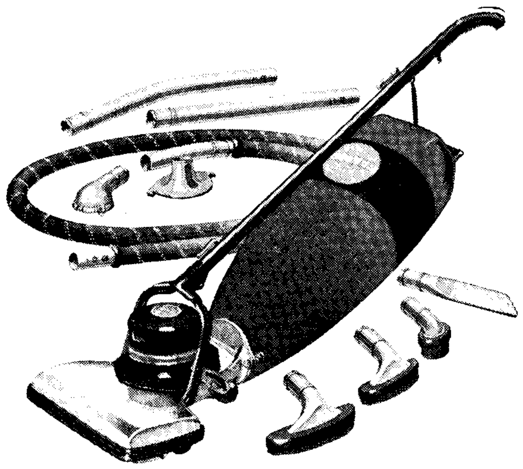
(Continued on page 60)



"Yer just like my wife! All-a-time pickin' on me! Naggin'—naggin'—all-a-time naggin'!!"

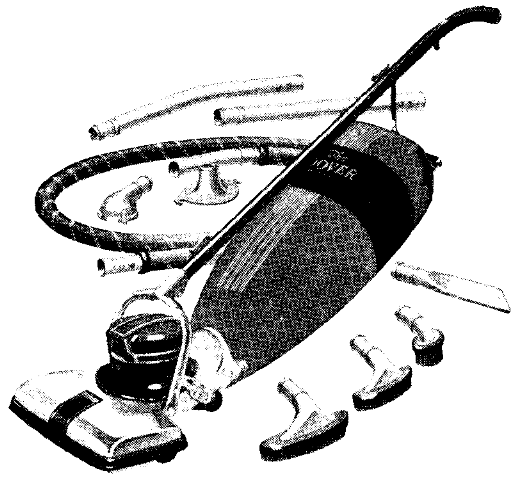
JAY IRVING

GOOD NEWS TO WOMEN WHO ARE WORKING TOO HARD



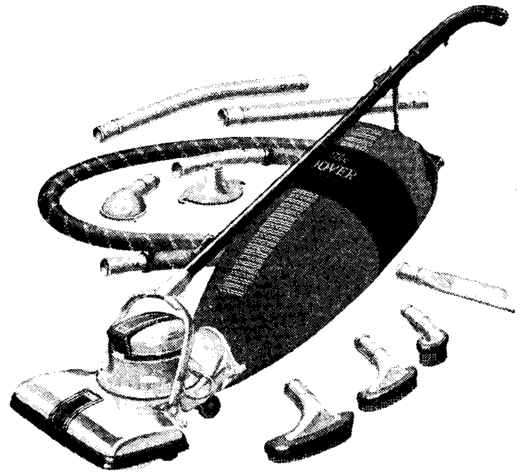
Model 300, the new low-priced Hoover, now complete with cleaning tools, only

$1.00 per week



Model 475, the ideal Hoover for average homes, now complete with cleaning tools, only

$1.25 per week



Model 825, the two-speed Hoover, now complete with cleaning tools, only

$1.50 per week

YOU CAN PAY THESE TERMS MONTHLY!

It's easier to clean now—and your work's less, because it's easier than ever to own the Hoover . . . not only the cleaner but the complete Home Cleaning Equipment . . . now at sensationally low terms. The famous Hoover cleaner with Positive Agitation, Dirt Finder and dozens of other Hoover features, plus the reach-everywhere, fun-to-use, new light-weight cleaning tools, for as little as $1 per week. (You can pay it monthly.) Liberal allowance on old cleaners. Call your Hoover dealer for a no-obligation home trial.

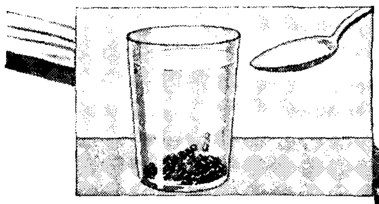
THE HOOVER

IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS

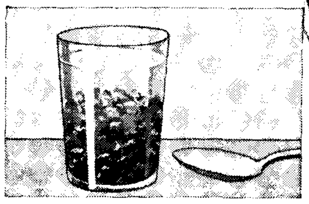
Exercise IN EVERY SPOONFUL OF Saráka

▲ ▲ ▲

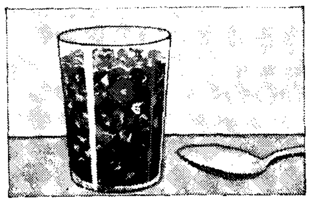
The modern way to keep intestinal muscles strong and active!



INTERESTING TEST — *drop teaspoonful of Saráka into glass of water.*



20 MINUTES LATER—*glass is now half full of soft, slippery bulk.*



ONE HOUR LATER — *water almost entirely absorbed by the Saráka.*

HAVEN'T you often wished you could stop worrying about yourself? And become so healthy that you'd never think about health?

Many, many men and women who never expected to feel that way again—people who have suffered for years from habitual CONSTIPATION—are now enjoying that kind of carefree health. Saráka* has toned up and strengthened their intestinal muscles.

Because Saráka has "exercising action." After you swallow these tiny granules, they absorb water. Gradually they

E-X-P-A-N-D

into a material which resembles soft gelatin (see the "water glass test" above). This mixes thoroughly with food you have eaten—and increases BULK.

You know the importance of bulk. Just as a golfer needs the right clubs to do his best, so your intestinal muscles need bulk—and the right kind of bulk. It aids them to do their best—gives them something to exercise on—gradually helps to strengthen the intestinal muscles.

In addition to providing extra bulk, Saráka contains an ingredient which has a valuable tonic action on the intestines. Gently but firmly it urges the intestinal muscles to keep waste products in motion. So you have BULK PLUS MOTILITY*—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives. A combination that gives such natural yet thorough results that most people have no sensation of having taken a laxative! They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was a thing never thought of.

Try this new way to overcome constipation. You will find Saráka easy and pleasant to take—safe and non-habit forming. Buy a package of Saráka at your druggist's. Or mail the coupon today for the special trial size.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 183, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd., P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

I should like to try this new way to combat constipation. Enclosed is ten cents for the special trial-size tin of Saráka.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©1936, Schering Corp.

(*Continued from page* 58)

Vay's staff after the case reached three-column headlines, sprang to his feet to argue the point.

Old Lady Harwick glared at Aunt Vay. Suddenly, Aunt Vay's voice boomed above the wrangle:

"Why isn't my question perfectly in order, Judge McBain? Grandson or no grandson, it was Nancy Hardwick's *duty* to help her stableman! He was her employee and penniless. I declare, Judge McBain, I don't know what society has come to; I really don't! Of *course* it was her duty . . . as a lady . . . as a Christian—"

"Order in court!"

"Objection sustained," said the Court. "Mrs. Hardwick's ethical obligations are not an issue here."

Aunt Vay was outraged.

"I am definitely disappointed in you, Judge McBain, and I don't think I care to go on with the matter!"

She firmly took her seat. Attorney Artendale, after a whispered consultation, assumed charge of the questioning. He quickly and expertly elicited from Mrs. Hardwick the desired testimony: that Pres Hardwick had come downstairs drunk; that he had announced he was going to horsewhip Miggs and then discharge him; and that he had cursed his grandmother in the presence of The Whist Club.

AUNT VAY sulked during the rest of the trial. Only once did she speak up; and that was during the cross-examination of Louis Miggs. The State was seeking to show that Miggs had been a member of a Communist organization.

Young Mr. Miggs, still fingering that knitted silk cravat, said: "I joined 'em, but I thought it was a social club to shoot craps so on and so forth."

The jury grinned. Up rose my Aunt Vay, her face apoplectically red.

"Now, I certainly do object to that, Judge McBain," Aunt Vay boomed. "I do not consider that Louis is competent to discuss political theory and I will not have him embarrassed before all these people. It is downright indecent!"

She was overruled, but the Communism element in the case died right there. For what juryman, looking at my Aunt Vay, could believe that she would defend an anarchist?

Justice triumphed. Judge McBain reduced the charge to manslaughter in his instructions to the jury. The jury, probably because Miggs had run away from the scene, returned a verdict of guilty, recommending that Miggs be sentenced to six months in the workhouse.

Majestically, indomitably, my Aunt Vay had the last word.

"I do not approve of this verdict, Judge McBain!" she declared. "The jury are tradespeople and all tradespeople are nincompoops!"

After the tumult and the shouting had died away, Judge McBain suspended sentence and set Louis Miggs free.

It was noticeable that no members of The Whist Club or the Thursday Forum came forward among those who congratulated Aunt Vay.

Louis Miggs gulped and said: "Thanks, Miss Hoffman. You're a damn' fine wo—uh . . . thanks."

Minnie Sirkvas sobbed, trying to kiss the hem of Aunt Vay's tweed topcoat, until Aunt Vay said, sharply: "That will do, Minnie. Wipe your nose!"

Aunt Vay and I rode out to her boardinghouse in a taxicab.

"I had such a sweet note from Amy Courtridge," Aunt Vay said, gallantly. She did not show me the note. She sat wearily in the seat, wheezing a little as she breathed, looking very old; and her beautiful complexion was marred now with deep wrinkles.

"The rest of them have cut you dead, haven't they?" I said.

"Yes, nevvew. I cannot understand it."

"You—you'll miss the parties and things," I said.

Aunt Vay pulled herself together.

"I shall not!" she said. "I shall do nothing of the sort. I am definitely disappointed in all of them. I do not care to associate with them."

When I left her, that evening, she had seated herself at a teakwood table near the front window of her room. It looked down upon the rather dingy street where for so many years an occasional limousine had appeared to carry Aunt Vay to the show she loved.

Resolutely, Aunt Vay shuffled a pack of cards.

"Solitaire or dummy rummy?" I said.

Aunt Vay snorted.

"Stupid games, nevvew. I shall play single-handed *bezique*!"

The rattle of pots and pans and the odor of cooking cauliflower assailed me as I walked down the fumed oak stairs.

I turned cowardly for Aunt Vay's sake. I thought of going to some of her old friends and trying to patch it up. I decided I would explain her participation in the Miggs trial as a mere sentimentality.

But the truth abashed me and made me ashamed of thus cheapening Aunt Vay's sacrifice. She had not been sentimental. She had responded to something deeper and finer than that. Aunt Vay was a bit of a snob, perhaps, in the feeling that she belonged to a ruling class; but she had kept through all her hobnobbing with these rich old women a warm and instinctive sense of responsibility, that sense of the duty of the strong to protect the weak, which so many of her kind had lost.

No, I could do nothing to free Aunt Vay from her boardinghouse room from that tomb of long, lonely hours. . . .

"Hey, Hoffman, you're wanted in Mr. Pitzer's office!"

Mr. Pitzer was the Big Chief, publisher of the newspaper. Never before had I been summoned to the sacred suite on the fourth floor.

I was led with much ceremony into the presence of Mrs. Copely T. D. Morrison. This high priestess of the social set—a shrewd old face perched atop an awesome ebony cane—waved aside the Big Chief himself.

"Young man!" she snapped, "I understand you are Vay Hoffman's nephew?"

"Yes'm," I said.

"I want you to go to Vay Hoffman immediately and tell her to stop her foolishness. She is *not* to resign from the Forum and she is *not* to leave The Whist Club. Why, dammit, we need Vay Hoffman. We depend on her, depend on her. Tell her I will send my car for her tomorrow afternoon at three. Do you understand, young man?"

"Yes'm," I said.

MY AUNT VAY was seated in state in her Biedermeier rocking chair. She had been reading a letter from Mrs. Louis Miggs. A specimen of Mrs. Miggs' needlework lay in Aunt Vay's lap.

"Wretched spelling, nevvew," snapped Aunt Vay, "and look at this botched hemstitching. Shows you what public schooling does to servant girls. H'mph!"

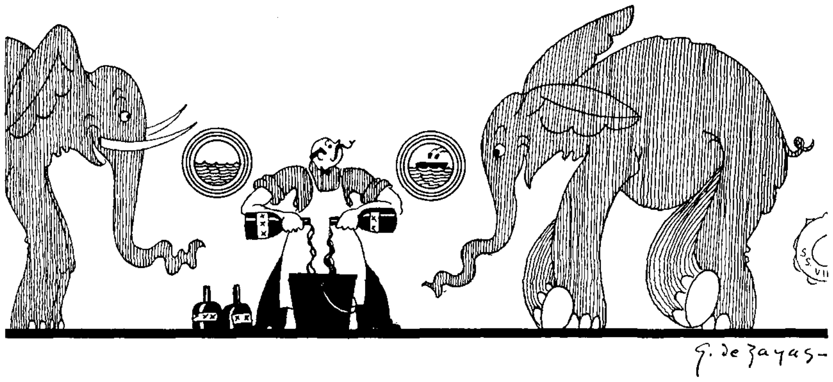
Joyously, I delivered Mrs. Morrison's message.

Aunt Vay looked definitely grim. She sat quite still, unrelaxed and immutable.

"Kindly say to Anna Morrison that I am willing to receive her at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I will listen to her apology and to any messages other members of The Whist Club care to send. Until then, I shall reserve my decision. It is a matter of principle!"

I turned away, quickly. Happy tears had most foully betrayed Aunt Vay, misting her brave eyes.

It was lese majesty, definitely.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Many animals suffer from seasickness as much as if not more than humans. Horses sometimes die of it, but one animal that is amenable to treatment is the elephant. He can usually make the trip in good health if he is kept slightly intoxicated—by highballs consisting of two quarts of whisky in a bucketful of hot water.

A puzzling marine phenomenon, recently discovered in the Atlantic Ocean about 150 miles off the coast of Massachusetts, is an outward—instead of an inward—spinning whirlpool. This reversed eddy, which is strong enough to throw a ship off its course, is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world.—*By Luanda Abraham, Bristow, Oklahoma.*

One of the most extraordinary and persistent myths in history, which lasted from the 11th to the 19th century, was that a species of goose (*Branta leucopsis*) developed in the shell of the barnacle. During these 800 years, people never agreed on an official classification for this bird. Some claimed it was a fowl while others contended it was a fish.

Although the written signature is one of our most important means of personal identification, handwriting experts estimate that there is only one chance in a trillion of a person producing two identical signatures. Thus it is believed that no one has ever written his name twice in exactly the same way.—*By R. S. Williams, Mansfield, Louisiana.*

In the "Pot Dance" performed by groups of native girls of Bechuanaland, South Africa, the head is as important as the feet. The dancers execute the intricate steps in fast rhythm with large, round earthenware pots balanced on their topknots.

The world's oddest window material, found in use today in southern India and many parts of China, is the shell of the "windowpane oyster." These oyster shells, although not transparent, are translucent enough to pass nearly as much light as an ordinary pane of glass.—*By E. Freeman, San Mateo, California.*

The average person is a poor judge of the length of a minute—and even of a second. A recent study in which a large number of persons were asked to estimate the duration of a minute revealed that their average guess of its length was only thirty-five seconds.—*By Harry L. Keyton, Tippecanoe City, Ohio.*

Linz, Austria, has a railway lunch room with a track map on its ceiling which shows the diners, by lights, when their train is approaching the city; Cheddar, England, has a café in which the roof is a great illuminated aquarium of fish; and Boise, Idaho, has a waiterless restaurant in which the patrons select their dishes from a glass-covered conveyor as it travels past the tables.—*By Mrs. J. A. McDevitt, Boise, Idaho.*

In 1831 a colored fireman on the South Carolina Railway became annoyed by the roar of the steam from the safety valve and tied it down, causing the first locomotive boiler explosion in the United States. So thereafter, for several years, this railway, in order to secure the patronage of timid passengers, had to separate each engine from the rest of the train by a flatcar loaded with cotton.—*By Dave A. Martin, Los Angeles, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

★ INTIMATE INTERVIEWS WITH POLICYHOLDERS ★

After the playing days—

what?

William, Jr., and John, sons of William A. Roberts, People's Counsel of the District of Columbia

THOUGH still in his middle thirties, Mr. Roberts has taken a long step into the future by way of planned life insurance. Here's what he says:

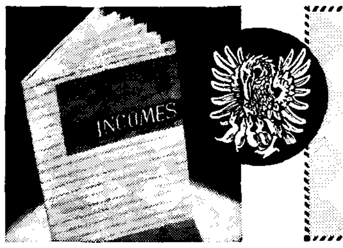
"With thousands of others I must consider the problem of creating an estate for the care of my family from a relatively limited income source. As a career man in the Government service, I cannot expect to attain a huge salary level. Life insurance solves the problem. Its periodical payments are within my ability to meet. The integrity and conservative character of The Mutual Benefit guarantee that I can rely upon an estate so accumulated when investments of a speculative nature have long since disappeared."

Known as "the policyholders' Company," a pioneer in all that stands to the credit of life insurance, The Mutual Benefit during ninety-one years has built up an enviable record. And no insurance law passed to safeguard the public ever required change in Mutual Benefit procedure.

MUTUAL BENEFIT AGENTS GIVE A PERSONAL SERVICE

As Mr. Roberts discovered, protection is merely the starting-point with Mutual Benefit agents. "I am impressed," he continued, "with the approach of your trained agents toward my insurance plan. I appreciate their tact and judgment." The long view of insurance and the right plan for your particular needs: without obligation, the Mutual Benefit agent will give *you* this kind of service.

The
MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey
MODERN LIFE INSURANCE SINCE 1845



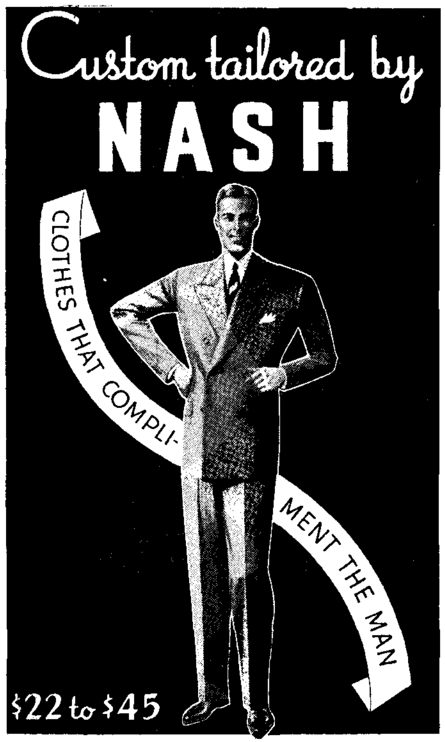
Assure Your Family a Steady Income

Arrange now for specific disposition of your life insurance capital so that income as well as principal will be secure. A booklet, "CUSTOM-BUILT INCOMES," gives details. Write for free copy.

Name ....

Street ....

City 108


Custom tailored by
NASH
CLOTHES THAT COMPLIMENT THE MAN
$22 to $45

Most every man would buy his clothes *custom tailored* . . . if he just realized he could afford it. And you can! Nash Clothes, custom tailored for you from the finest, pure wool fabrics of foreign and domestic mills, made largely by hand, authentically styled, can be had at your own price or less . . . $22.00 to $45.00. See the fine fabrics Nash is showing for Spring. Call at your local Nash Office or write for name of the Nash man nearest you. Nash authentic style folder gladly supplied upon request.

The A. NASH Co.
GOLDEN RULE
Custom tailored clothes
1906 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
FOR • MEN • WHO • CARE

IT'S SPRING!
CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE FOR TEN CENTS WITH
Sani-Flush

RUST and sediment collect in automobile radiators through the winter. Now it's time to clean out the cooling system of your car. Remove anti-freeze and get ready for summer driving. Unclog the delicate veins that keep the motor from overheating. You can do it yourself in a few minutes—with Sani-Flush. It costs only ten cents.

Pour Sani-Flush in the radiator (follow directions on the can). Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. Sani-Flush is perfectly safe. Cannot injure aluminum cylinder head, water-jackets or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN
Safe NOT CAUSTIC

Bowling Along

Continued from page 25

practice of archery to suffer. His Majesty, however, took pains to insert a clause allowing the game to be played on the palace grounds, where it continued to be the sport of nobility.

New Amsterdam, however, knew no such discrimination. Peter Jay, Peter Bayard and John Chambers were hailed as public benefactors, as well as astute businessmen, when they leased for a "pepper corn" the parade ground fronting Battery Park at the lower end of Manhattan Island and established a public bowling green on which the burgomasters enjoyed their sport while quaffing tankards of ale.

That spot is still "Bowling Green" to New Yorkers. But today, hemmed in by skyscrapers of the financial rajahs of lower Broadway, Bowling Green is a little plot of green grass, a subway station and the name of a telephone exchange. Still, it is perhaps the country's most notable landmark of sport. You don't happen to know of any telephone exchange named "Football Stadium" or "Baseball Diamond," do you?

The First Tournament

The Puritans of Massachusetts' rock-ribbed colony liked to bowl, although the game was forbidden as being worldly. Consider the plight of the man of Plymouth who, with abject humility, set down the following confession in 1658:

"To those concerned, I hereby say I should not make confessions which are likely to be read from this page at some future time by public eyes, but my conscience is troubling me, so I seek this way to ease it.

"The weather is tantalizingly warm, but I was tempted to do what I have refrained from doing before.

"This game of bowles has bewitched me, I fear. For I played it today and for funds. Yes—I was fortunate, for the bet was £10. Woe unto me!

"My fellow Puritans will be shocked if they hear of this, but the more reason for my confession. I like the game, my own ability to win, and the fine folks I met on the greens.

"May this confession do my soul good."

The game of "bowles," as embodied in ninepins, continued to bewitch, apparently, and it achieved popularity in New York's life of the 1840's. But the alleys were of all lengths and descriptions, the balls and pins of varying sizes and weights. Gentlemen of Blue Law tendencies, who experienced acute pain at the sight of companionable human beings enjoying themselves, frowned on the ninepin pleasures. Here and there, legal measures were passed against the game. But the formal objections named ninepins. So some smart young man bethought himself of adding a pin. Ninepins became tenpins and in 1875 a feeble organization was set up to foster the sport. The organization soon faltered, however, and bowling's life was a sporadic one until Uncle Joe Thum came along.

Now, in the middle '80's, the tenpin pastime was thriving on the homespun alleys under his restaurant. He was astonished. He had built the alleys for himself and his friends. But the customers insisted on coming downstairs to bowl and on paying for the privilege. It dawned upon him finally that this might be a good idea. Why not let them bowl for a small price? Bowling would sharpen their appetites. Then they would eat more food and quaff more beer. He would get them coming and going, as the boys say.

It turned out to be an eminently satisfactory arrangement. Mr. Thum, having stumbled on that thing known as business acumen, decided to encourage his customers in their play by an occasional tournament.

"What plans we made for that tournament!" he tells you now. "The alleys were different in those days. Of oils and wax and polish we knew nothing. Our alleys in Germany, where I had learned about bowling by setting up pins for the burghers of Pfullendorf, usually had been of asphalt. These were of wood, level with the floor. But we wanted them spick and span, so Mrs. Thum and I scrubbed them on our hands and knees. We didn't realize that soap and water might warp the boards."

But should a man bowl in his own tournament, on his own alleys? Like as not, he would outscore his paying guests. That might not be considered hospitable, or even good business. The young couple talked that over earnestly. But young Joe Thum liked to bowl. And there was a limit to this matter of tactfulness, even in business. What if it did cost him a customer or two? So Joe Thum bowled and won in the tournament that can be considered the first of the modern era in New York—modern, that is, if you consider kerosene lamps, low ceilings and floor-level alleys modern.

Business grew better, both in bowling and beer. But while beer drinking was pretty well organized, bowling was much in a state of chaos as other bright young men about the town, noting Joe Thum's success, also established alleys. So a meeting was called at which was born the United Bowling Clubs. A man named Henry Feldman was the first president but the chief organizer was—you've guessed it—a Mr. Joseph Thum.

Under this first semblance of order, the sport thrived like a cat in a creamery but the organizations were still local and the rules varied from city to city and town to town. The clatter of tenpins was heard in twenty or thirty states but the noise was far from a symphony to those who saw the need for uniform rules. Uncle Joe Thum was the first of these.

So in 1895, the United Bowling Clubs called representatives from all over the country to a conference in New York. They formed the American Bowling Congress. Uniform rules to govern the entire country were adopted and plans made to enforce them. Gone in a single swoop were the long alleys, the short alleys, the freaky pins.

A Profitable White Elephant

And now we are getting around to bowling's "eight million" and the reason why the sport in winter now fills the place of golf in summer. You know, of course, that it is no longer merely the old "bowling academy" game. It is played now in schools, clubs, churches, industrial plants, office buildings. You probably will be asked to belong to a bowling team and league this winter, whether you happen to be a teller in the First National Bank, a plumber in the Local No. 1, a member in good standing of the Kiwanis Club or a trustee of the West End Congregational Church.

For that you can credit more than any other individual the old gentleman who is Uncle Joe Thum and who looks today like Kris Kringle in mufti. You'll find him, if you wish to convey your thanks personally, in his White Elephant Bowling establishment at Broadway and 31st Street in New York City.

White Elephant? Yes, that's the name. That's what they told him his new plant would be when, having outgrown Germania Hall downtown where he had constructed six alleys in 1891, he moved uptown in 1901 to what were then New York's "Throbbing Thirties." Proudly he drew plans for the unheard-of number of twenty-four alleys under the same roof, everything strictly de luxe, as they used to say.

Kind friends spoke words of caution.

"It's too big," they told him. "You'll never be able to make it pay. There simply are not enough bowlers in New York. It will be a white elephant on your hands." Mr. P. T. Barnum and his white elephant were then in the news.

Uncle Joe smiled, giving the tips of the even then ample mustache a bit of an upward twist.

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "Then we'll start by calling it the 'White Elephant.' That sounds like a catchy name." Today, thirty-five years later, this is one white elephant still not doing badly by its owner.

Ladies' Entrance

Meanwhile, the American Bowling Congress delegates had been meeting annually. But you can't get a hundred or more bowlers together, even if they do belong to committees and wear badges, without that strange look coming into their eyes, evidence of the ancient urge to hurl a ball at something and to knock something down. When it came time for committee meetings on the second day, the A. B. C. people used to find their delegates in a near-by bowling alley. Uncle Joe Thum, be it shamelessly admitted, was often one of the truants.

The solution, of course, was to make the annual meeting also a tournament, not only permitting but encouraging the boys to have their competitive fun.

Thus, in 1901, the first time the A. B. C. meeting was held in the Middle West, Chicago entertained the first championship tournament. And Uncle Joe Thum was up there swinging a good right arm with the others. There were forty-one five-man teams entered. Last year, when the A. B. C. tournament was held in Syracuse, N. Y., the big New York State Armory quaked as 2,837 five-man teams attacked the tenpins on twenty-four especially constructed alleys that retailed at $3,000 a pair. Also, there were 3,429 two-man teams and 6,889 individual players—a total in the tournament of 14,199 actual combatants.

Oh, all right, I'll stop quoting figures. I could tell you truthfully, though, that in point of numbers competing, this is the biggest competitive athletic event held anywhere, including the quadrennial Olympic Games; that the entry fees at Syracuse totaled $139,660, paid by bowlers entered from 292 cities in the United States and Canada; that $92,927 was won by a lesser number of players in prize money; that more words were filed over telegraph wires in reporting the tournament than for the Braddock-Baer heavyweight championship fight.

And I can promise, on the word of A. B. C. officials, that all these records will be improved in the barrage of mineralite balls rumbling under way at the Indianapolis Fairgrounds Coliseum. That means more than 15,000 competitors. The bowling boom is on.

Only men bowl in the A. B. C. tournament. But that doesn't mean that bowling is not in these days a woman's sport, as well. Women have discovered that bowling gives one that slimness. Hundreds of thousands of women are bowling for health in this country. That is not so true yet in foreign countries where

(Continued on page 64)

One Crude Fact

ANSWERS THE QUESTION "WHICH IS THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL?"

Crude Prices at Wells
(Cents per barrel)
Bradford, Allegheny (Tide Water Pipe Co.) $2.30
Penna. crude oil. In S.W. Pa. National Transit Lines 2.27
Penna. grade oil in Eureka Pipe Line Co. Lines . . . 1.97
Penna. grade oil in Buckeye Pipe Line Co. Lines
Corning
Lima
Illi

The costliest crude oil

IN THE WORLD IS THE *ONLY* CRUDE THAT GOES INTO VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

Yet Veedol costs you no more than ordinary oil

TUCKED away in one corner of the great financial dailies, is a little column of figures that tells you more about motor oils than all the ads ever written. It is called "Crude Prices at Wells."

Daily, that list is topped, and has been topped for many years, by Bradford and Allegheny crude oils . . . the costliest crude oils in all the world . . . and Bradford is the only crude that goes into Veedol Motor Oil.

This crude surpasses all others in rich oiliness, in obstinate heat-resistance, in friction-fighting stamina . . . qualities which are vital in creating Veedol's famous "Film of Protection." The oil film that is thin-as-tissue, smooth-as-silk, tough-as-steel. The oil film that millions of car owners regard as the soundest insurance policy against motor wear and tear.

When "the world's costliest crude" . . . is refined by the world's largest refiners of Pennsylvania lubricants . . . to give you a motor oil with the fighting "Film of Protection" . . . how can it help being the world's finest motor oil?

Doesn't that make "Veedol" the answer to the question at the top of the page?

•

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY
17 Battery Place New York City

Copyright 1936, T. W. O. Co.

INDESTRUCTIBLE VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

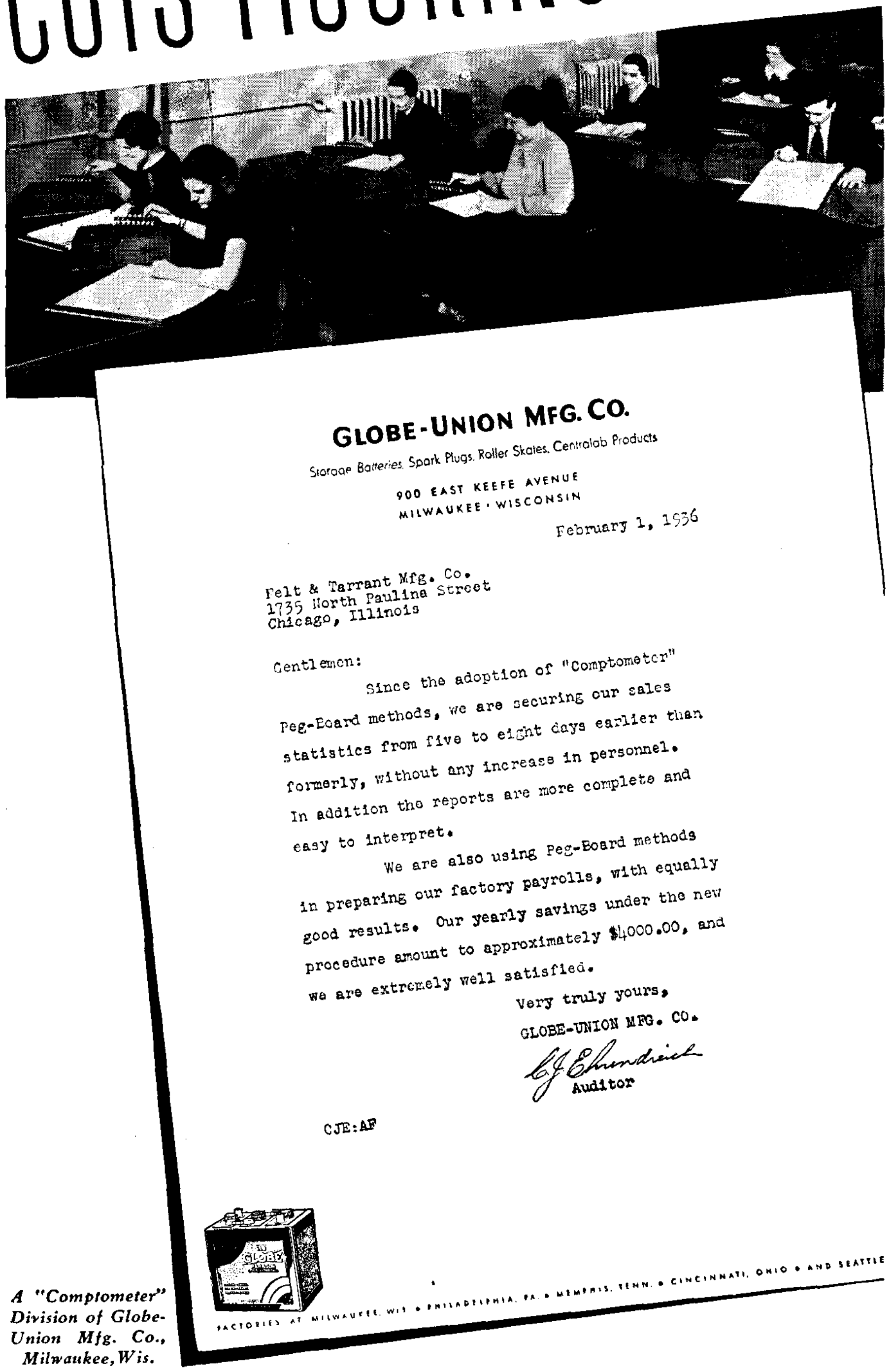
THE FILM OF PROTECTION

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S COSTLIEST CRUDE

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL
100% PENNSYLVANIA AT ITS FINEST

THIN AS TISSUE
SMOOTH AS SILK
TOUGH AS STEEL

HOW GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO. CUTS FIGURING COSTS



GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO.
Storage Batteries, Spark Plugs, Roller Skates, Centralab Products
900 EAST KEEFE AVENUE
MILWAUKEE · WISCONSIN

February 1, 1936

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.
1735 North Paulina Street
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Since the adoption of "Comptometer" Peg-Board methods, we are securing our sales statistics from five to eight days earlier than formerly, without any increase in personnel. In addition the reports are more complete and easy to interpret.

We are also using Peg-Board methods in preparing our factory payrolls, with equally good results. Our yearly savings under the new procedure amount to approximately $4000.00, and we are extremely well satisfied.

Very truly yours,
GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO.
CJ Ehrendreich
Auditor

CJE:AF

FACTORIES AT MILWAUKEE, WIS. • PHILADELPHIA, PA. • MEMPHIS, TENN. • CINCINNATI, OHIO • AND SEATTLE

A "Comptometer" Division of Globe-Union Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

SAVINGS mentioned in the letter above exemplify the economies made possible through "Comptometer" applications.

Such economies are effected by using figures taken from their originating point, without recopying, to produce final results. This method is fast, accurate, flexible, simple, economical.

For an explanation of the "Comptometer" Peg-Board method, call the District Manager of the "Comptometer" office in your locality, without obligation, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

COMPTOMETER 50th ANNIVERSARY 1886-1936

COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bowling Along

Continued from page 62

svelte loveliness seems a bit less essential to feminine contentment and conquest. Here we have a Woman's National Bowling Association which holds an annual tournament. Actresses, models, young women on whom devolves the responsibility of remaining perennially slim, are bowling for health—and form. Hundreds of Hollywood women are bowling. Girls' schools and a number of women's colleges—Vassar is one—have made bowling an intramural activity and bowling alleys a part of their equipment.

I visited Vassar's snowy campus on a recent afternoon to find a bowling class in session with the pins clattering as cheerfully as ever they did in the Unique Bowling Academy of your old home town. Across the wide corridor in another great room of Helen Kendall Hall, which is the Vassar Physical Education Building, could be heard the shrill shouts of excited feminine basketball players. I talked with Miss Alice Belding, Vassar's director of physical education, about bowling.

"We find," said Miss Belding, "that bowling fits especially well into our group of sports along with tennis, golf, archery and riding, as an activity which the girls will be able to enjoy in the future with their husbands. Viewing marriage as a matter of companionship and sports as a growing bond of importance in the maintenance of a common interest, we encourage not only the team games such as hockey, lacrosse, and basketball but the so-called individual and social games, in which are included bowling, golf, riding and archery."

Probably the greatest expert on the game from a theoretical point of view, either man or woman, is Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon of Pueblo, Colorado. She took up bowling at the age of thirty-three on advice of her physician to combat nervous trouble with a hobby. Quite incidentally, she sought a measure of slimness and straightway lost thirty-five pounds on the road back to health. Now she teaches thousands of women every year how to bowl. Her victory over the famous Jimmie Smith, bowling's "Babe Ruth," in a special match, was one of the greatest bowling sensations in history—or at least since Sir Francis Drake, warned by an excited citizenry that the Spanish Armada was approaching in the English Channel, refused to become alarmed, waited until he had won his game of "bowles" and then put out to sea. When Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare defeats Lawson Little in thirty-six holes of golf; when Mrs. Helen Wills Moody outscores Frederick Perry in five sets of tennis—then you'll have a fair parallel to Mrs. McCutcheon's achievement of outscoring Jimmie Smith on strikes and spares.

Jimmie's Waterloo

The occasion of Mrs. McCutcheon's humbling of Jimmie Smith was, to say the least, dramatic.

Old Jimmie, fresh from Eastern triumphs, was on tour in the Rocky Mountain country. Word had come to the offices of his promotion managers in Chicago that a woman bowler in Colorado was by way of becoming a local celebrity of the pins. Jimmie Smith received a wire one morning.

"Look up a Mrs. McCutcheon in Pueblo or Denver and arrange special match," the telegram read. "Good local angle. We would like to know how good she is."

Jimmie grinned. He had had requests like this before from the people back East. He had bowled a number of women before. It was a pleasant evening's relaxation.

The match was arranged in Denver's leading pin emporium—a three-game series. I'll spare you the details because Jimmie may read this. But the final score was Mrs. McCutcheon, 704; Jimmie Smith, 687.

Two days later, Jimmie's promotion office received a special-delivery letter in Chicago. In it, neatly folded, was the score sheet of the match. Across the face of the sheet was written—"That's how good she is. Jimmie Smith."

Now Mrs. McCutcheon spends several months each year holding bowling schools for women, much as Lou Little, Pop Warner and Howard Jones hold annual coaching schools for football experts. Only recently Mrs. McCutcheon held a series of schools in New York City attended by more than 5,000 women.

It's a Human Sport

The women insist that the game is good for them because the thumb and fingers used to grip the ball invariably tire before the more fundamental muscles of back, shoulders and legs have a chance to become exhausted. Thus there is a natural check on undue enthusiasm and the penalties thereof are avoided. Most women, incidentally, use an eight-pound ball of a composition lighter than the mineralite sphere used by men.

In the United States there are now about 10,000 bowling academies, clubs, schools and parish houses where you may bowl on alleys conforming to the requirements of the A. B. C. There are between 30,000 and 40,000 individual alleys. There are about eight million bowlers, with more than 300,000 actively registered members of the American Bowling Congress, eligible for A. B. C. competition. Most of the others are members of the United Door Knob Manufacturers' League, the Young Men's Church League and the thousands of other such leagues that your home town and mine know in the winter time. Physicians have their leagues in hospitals. Book publishing houses and newspapers have leagues of their own. Plumbers have their leagues. So do the local hardware men.

There is a humanness in the sport that penetrates even the most formidable of us.

For instance, there was that night police court magistrate in Chicago before whom were brought two men, charged with the heinous crime of running past a red traffic light on South Michigan Boulevard about midnight.

"What's your excuse?" inquired His Honor.

"We have none, Your Honor," was the reply, "except that we were bowling a few games and we bowled a few more than we expected to. We were late and were hurrying home."

"So you're bowlers, are you?" asked the judge. "Hold up your thumbs."

The thumbs of two right hands were raised, thumbs that were calloused as only a good bowling thumb could be. His Honor held up his own right thumb, similarly calloused, compared them, and deliberated for fully one second.

"Case dismissed," said the judge. "I have hurried home myself after having bowled a few games too many. But don't do it again. Don't you know you begin to lose your best form after the sixth game? When my thumb gets tired, I begin to bowl that cross-over ball. Can't hit the 1-3 pocket at all."

The absence of the amateur-professional angle, which seems to me a common-sense viewpoint, is the real reason why bowling has not become an Olympic sport. The admission of bowling into the Olympic Games is still a fond dream of Uncle Joe Thum and his confreres "up the alley." The Olympic officials, just a bit supercilious about it, shy at the fact that the bowler rolls for cash prizes although he pays his own entry fee, railroad fare, hotel bill and other expenses. Meanwhile, the bowler probably is having more fun than the track star whose expense accounts are liberal and whose amateurism is guarded so zealously.

But bowling does not lack international competition. Uncle Joe Thum has been taking American bowlers abroad and helping to entertain foreign bowlers here since 1891. The United Bowling Clubs, which is almost another way of saying Uncle Joe Thum—he has been the president, except for three years, since 1905—donated a handsome trophy for international competition and an international tourney has been held at regular intervals in recent years with the next scheduled for Berlin in July, on the eve of the Olympic Games.

Better Than Diets

Ask the next major-league baseball player you meet what he thinks of bowling as an off-season sport. Jimmy Dykes, manager of the Chicago White Sox, is known as the best bowler in the American League. He says the only way his arm knows winter has come is that it goes on the night shift with the opening of the bowling season. Lefty Grove bowled last winter after they had extracted tonsils, teeth and a few other important items from his person in the attempt to cure a sore arm. He had his best season of several years last summer, so Manager Joe Cronin may make bowling a required winter exercise for Boston Red Sox pitchers. Everett Scott, most durable of major league ball players until Lou "Iron Horse" Gehrig came along, was and is a great bowler. Babe Ruth has done considerable bowling, although the Babe used to favor duckpins, which rather put him in the soft-ball class so far as the he-man bowlers were concerned.

Perhaps you'd be interested to know how some of your favorite movie people bowl.

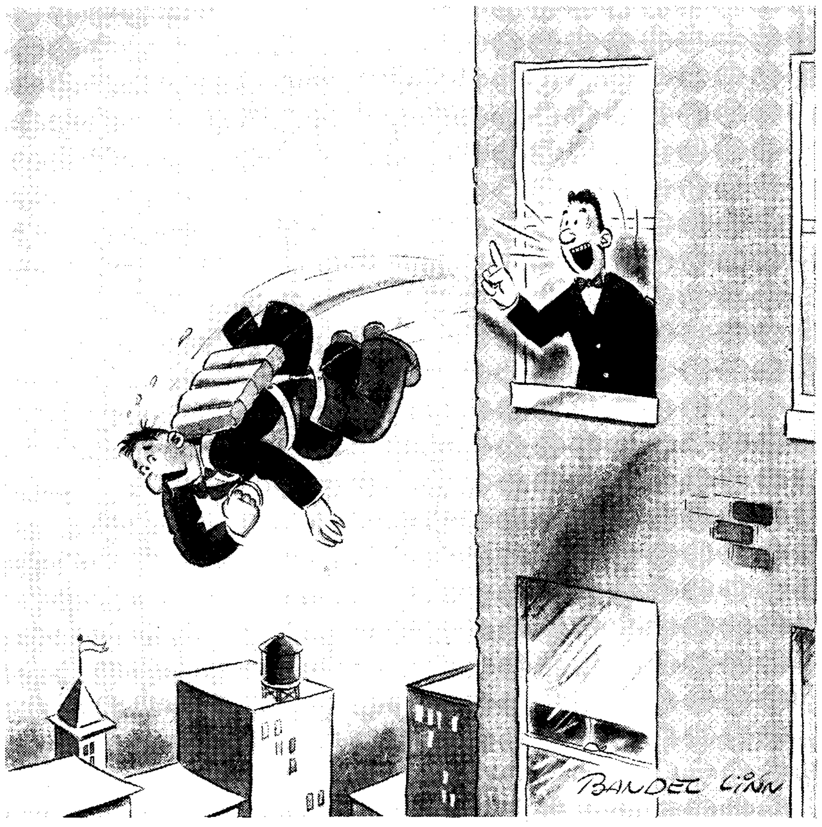
Carole Lombard averages 162 a game. If you think that's easy, try it tonight or tomorrow. Jimmy Dunn goes about 180, as does Gary Cooper. Lew Ayers is only learning the game but has hit around 150, which shows promise. Frank Morgan bowls but refuses to answer questions as to his scores. Lee Tracy and Carl Brisson can present documentary evidence that they have beaten 200, which puts them in Hollywood's top flight.

High school boys and girls are bowling more and more in physical education programs which seek to teach them a game they may play for life. Some schools now allow athletic credits for bowling. About 10,000 high school students of Chicago bowled last year. Louisville is another city in which the sport has been fostered for high school students, most notably at Louisville Male High, du Pont Manual and St. Xavier. The scholastic physical educators say they like bowling because the sport induces easy and pleasant social relationships between players of both sexes without the strained rivalry that sometimes accompanies golf, tennis and, so help me, bridge.

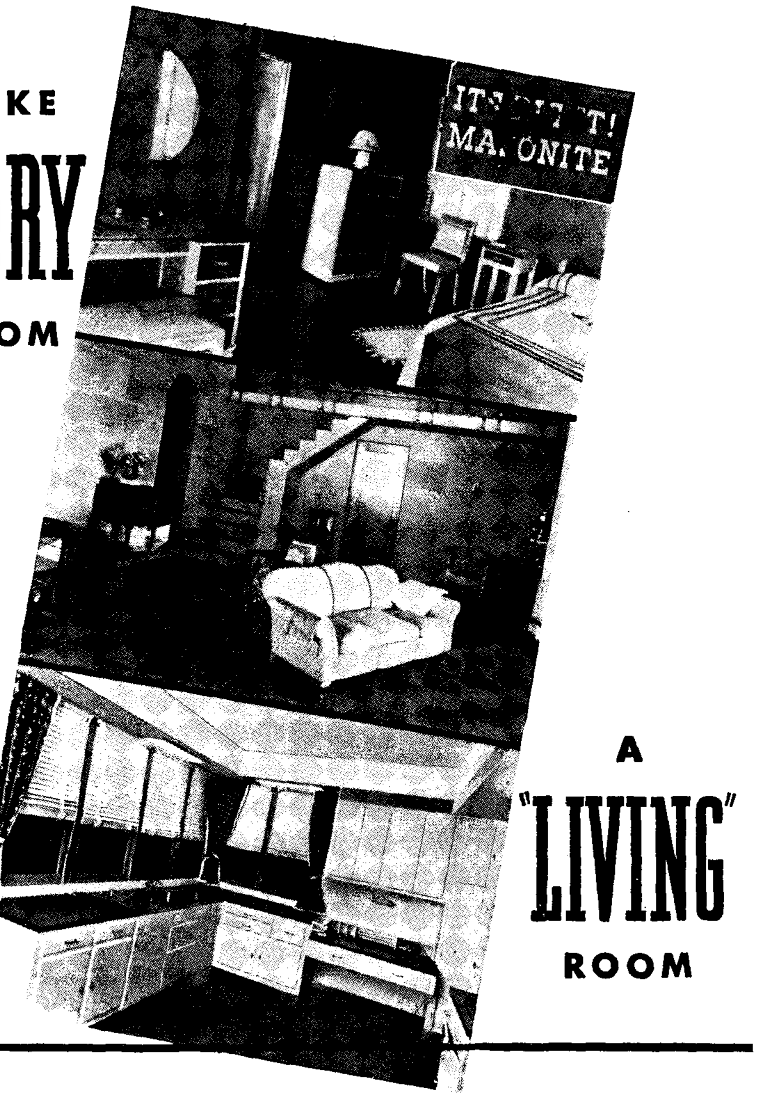
I wondered on that recent afternoon, as I talked with Uncle Joe Thum in his little office in the White Elephant, whether he appreciated the scope of the sport he has been so largely instrumental in launching in its present-day form. I've heard bowlers say that the site of that little restaurant on Greenwich Street deserves a bronze tablet in commemoration.

Perhaps. But you would never hear that from Uncle Joe. He is still too busy to work himself into a self-congratulatory mood. He merely likes bowling. That's all. He says he likes it because you can play with your friends and have as much fun as one of the experts who can crowd 300. He is a bit of a baseball fan but he says he likes bowling better than baseball because you get cheers, not jeers, for three strikes in bowling. More than that, he insists that rheumatism and indigestion never flaunt their terrors in the active bowler's advancing years. He should know.

And sh-h-h-h. If it's slimness you crave, being a lady and simply detesting those eighteen-day diets, don't ever say that Uncle Joe Thum and I didn't give you some very good advice.



"Open your parachute! The market's up again!" BANDEL LINN



MAKE EVERY ROOM A "LIVING" ROOM

WITH GENUINE MASONITE PRODUCTS

ADD the warmth of beauty and charm to every room from attic to cellar—*and save your money* with Genuine Masonite Products.

These modern materials are grainless wood-fiber boards, obtainable from leading lumber dealers everywhere. They possess tremendous structural strength, and are moisture-resisting. Will not split or crack. And their color is a beautiful warm-brown, which blends with any scheme.

Masonite STRUCTURAL INSULATION is an ideal board for upper walls and ceilings. Supplants other materials, so it really means no added cost. Assures a cooler house in summer, a warmer house in winter. And it is the first step in air-conditioning.

Use Masonite TEMPERED PRESDWOOD for wainscoting. Its marble-smooth surface forms a splendid base for ultra-modern decorative devices. Durable. Easy to keep clean.

Because of their natural beauty, many people prefer to use Masonite INSULATION and Masonite PRESDWOOD without further treatment. If desired, they can be varnished, painted or enameled.

Masonite TEMPRTILE, a hard board similar to PRESDWOOD, is grooved. Produces realistic tile effects when enameled or lacquered. Will not curl. Ideal for bathrooms and kitchens.

When you plan your new home, include Masonite Products in your specifications. Enjoy their saving of time and labor. Know that they will last a lifetime . . . and longer. And enjoy the luxurious, expensive-looking effects they produce . . . at a fraction of the cost. Mail the coupon for free samples and additional information.

Masonite
Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MASONITE CORPORATION
Dept. C-3, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a free sample and more information about
☐ STRUCTURAL INSULATION ☐ TEMPERED PRESDWOOD
☐ TEMPRTILE

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________

GENUINE
MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION
TEMPERED PRESDWOOD TEMPRTILE
QUARTRBOARD INSULATING LATH

The Invisible President

Continued from page 23

On a floor above, Sam Pak opened a grille and looked into a neatly appointed bedroom. Dr. Orwin Prescott lay there sleeping. His face was very white.

A dim whirring sound broke the underground silence. Sam Pak handed the bunch of keys to one of the boys and shuffled slowly upstairs to the temple of the green-eyed goddess. It was in semi-darkness; the only light came through the colored silk curtain draped before one of the stone cubicles.

Sam Pak crossed, drew the curtain aside, and spoke in Chinese:

"I am here, Master."

"You grow old, my friend," the cold, imperious tones of Dr. Fu Manchu replied. "You keep me waiting. I regret that you have refused to accept my offer to arrest your descent to the tomb."

"I prefer to join my ancestors, Marquis, when the call reaches me. I fear your wisdom. While I live I am with you body and soul in our great aims. When my hour comes I shall be glad to die."

Silence fell. Old Sam Pak, withered hands tucked in wide sleeves, stooping, waited. . . .

"I will hear your own report on the matter which I entrusted to you."

"You know already, Master, that the man, Peter Carlo, failed. I cannot say what evidence he left behind. But your orders regarding the other, Blondie Hahn, were carried out. He brought the man, Carlo, to Wu King's Bar, and I interviewed them in the private room. I instructed Carlo and he set out. I then paid Hahn his price. It was a waste of good money, but always I obey. Ah Fu and Chung Chow did the rest. . . . There are now only three Scarlet Brides left to us. . . ."

IT WAS an hour after dawn when Nayland Smith and Mark Hepburn stood looking down at two stone slabs upon which two bodies lay.

One of the departed, in life, had been a small but very muscular Italian with uncommonly large, powerful hands. He presented a spectacle, owing to his many injuries, which must have revolted all but the toughest. There was a sound of dripping water.

"You have prepared your report, Doctor?" said Nayland Smith, addressing a plump, red-faced person who was smiling amiably at the exhibits as though he loved them.

"Certainly, Mr. Smith," the police doctor returned cheerily. "It is quite clear that Number One, here (I call him Number One because he was brought in an hour ahead of the other) died as the result of a fall from a great height—"

"Very great height," rapped Nayland Smith. "Fortieth floor of the Regal Tower."

"So I understand. Remarkable. He has two bullet wounds: one in his right hand and one in his shoulder. These would not have caused death, of course. It was the fall which killed him—quite naturally. I believe he was wearing black silk gloves. An electric torch and a telescopic rod of very light metal were found near the body."

Nayland Smith turned to a police officer who stood at his elbow.

"I am told, Inspector, that you have now checked up on this man's history: there is no doubt about his identity?"

"None at all," drawled the inspector, who was chewing gum. "He's Peter Carlo, known as 'The Fly'—one of the most expert upper-story men in New York. He could have climbed the outside of the Statue of Liberty if there'd been anything worth stealing at the top. He always wore a black silk mask and silk gloves. The rod was to reach into rooms he couldn't actually enter. He was so clever he could lift a lady's ring from a dressing-table fifteen feet away!"

"I don't doubt it," muttered Mark Hepburn. "So much for Peter Carlo. And, now—"

He turned to the second slab.

Upon it lay the body of a huge, blond man of Teutonic type. His hands were so swollen that two glittering diamonds which adorned them had become deeply embedded in the puffy fingers. Soddened garments clung to his great frame. Scarlet spots were discernible on both of the hairy hands and there was a scarlet discoloration on his throat. The glare of his china-blue eyes set in that bloated caricature of what had been a truculently strong face afforded a sight even more dreadful than that of the shattered body of Peter Carlo.

"BROUGHT in from the river just north of Manhattan Bridge, ten minutes before you arrived," explained Inspector McGrew, chewing industriously. "May be no connection, but I thought you'd like to see him."

He glanced around, meeting a curiously piercing glance from Federal Agent Smith as he did so. Federal Agent Smith had steely eyes set in a sun-browned face framed, now, in the fur collar of his topcoat; a disconcerting person, in Inspector McGrew's opinion.

"Now here," explained the smiling police surgeon, "we have a really mysterious case! Although his body was hauled out of the East River, he was not drowned—"

"Why do you say so?" Smith demanded.

"It's obvious." The surgeon became enthusiastic and, stepping forward, laid a finger on the bloated, discolored skin. "Note the vivid scarlet urticarial rash which characterizes the edema. This man died from some toxic agency: he was thrown into the river. A post-mortem examination will tell us more, but of this much I am sure. And I understand, Inspector—" glancing over his shoulder—"that he, also, is well known to the police."

"Well known to the police!" echoed Inspector McGrew. "He's well known all over New York. This is Blondie Hahn, one of the big shots of the old days. He was connected with nearly all the gunmen that remain in town. These times, I guess he had a monopoly. He ran a downtown restaurant, and although we knew his racket, he had strong political protection."

"You are prepared to make your report, Doctor?" said Smith rapidly. "Carlo I examined shortly after he was found. I presume we can now search the person and garments of Hahn?"

"That's been done already," Inspector McGrew replied. "The stuff is on the table inside."

"Show it to me."

Inspector McGrew opened a door and Nayland Smith walked through to an inner room, followed by Hepburn and the inspector. In the doorway he turned, and, addressing a grim-looking man in oilskins:

"I understand," he said, "that you were in charge of the boat which recovered the body. I shall want to see you, later."

On a large, plain, pine table two sets of exhibits were displayed. The first consisted of a nearly empty packet of cigarettes, a lighter, a black silk mask, black silk gloves, a quill toothpick, three one-dollar bills, and an eight-inch metal baton—which contained fifteen feet of telescoped rods. Smith examined these, the sole possessions found upon "Fly" Carlo, quickly but carefully. He had seen them already.

"You understand," McGrew explained. "Hahn had only just been brought in—our ordinary routine was interrupted."

"Forget your ordinary routine," came rapidly. "From now on, *your* routine is *my* routine."

Federal Officer Smith transferred his attention to the second set of exhibits. These were more numerous than interesting. There was a very formidable magazine pistol of German manufacture; a small pear-shaped object easily identified as a hand grenade; a gold cigar case decorated with a crest; a body belt, the pockets of which had been emptied of their contents—ten twenty-dollar gold pieces; an aluminum lighter; two silk handkerchiefs; a diamond pin; a bunch of keys; a packet of chewing gum and a large shagreen wallet, the contents of which had been removed. These were: a number of letters and a photograph soddened by immersion. There was, lastly, a limp carton which had once contained playing cards, and two thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills.

"Where was the diamond pin?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"He wore it in his coat like it was a badge," Inspector McGrew replied.

"Where were the bills?"

"Right in the card case."

"Can you think of any reason," Smith asked, "why a man should carry money in a card case?"

"No," the inspector admitted, "I can't."

"Assuming that this money had just been sent to him, can you think of any reason why it should be sent in such a way?"

"No."

Inspector McGrew shook his head blankly, staring in a fascinated way at the speaker.

"Yet the card case," Nayland Smith continued, "is the solution of the mystery of Blondie Hahn's death." He turned abruptly—he seemed to move on springs—the man's nervous tension was electrical. "I want all these exhibits to go with me in the car."

He rested his hand on Mark Hepburn's shoulder. Hepburn looked very pale in the gray light.

"Note the two thousand dollars in the card case," he said in a low voice. "There was something else in there as well. Dr. Fu Manchu always settles his debts . . . sometimes with interest. . . ."

MOYA ADAIR closed her eyes as those green ones opened. The man behind the table spoke, in that imperious, high-pitched voice.

"I accept your explanation," he said. "None of us is infallible."

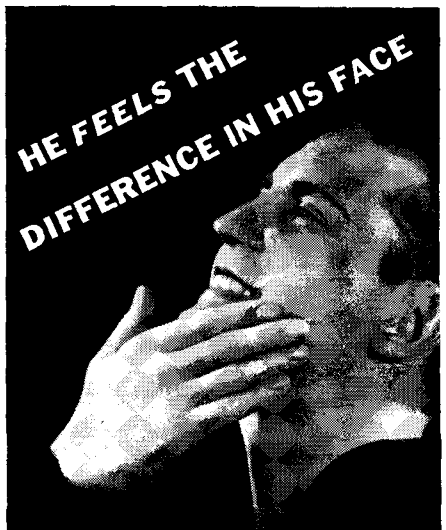
Mrs. Adair raised her lashes and tried to sustain the speaker's regard, but failed, turning her glance aside.

The face of Dr. Fu Manchu sometimes reminded her of a devil mask which hung upon the wall of her father's study, in Ireland.

"You serve me admirably. I regret that your service is one of fear. I prefer enthusiasm. You are a beautiful woman; for this reason I have employed you. Men are creatures of wax which white fingers can mold to their will—to my will. For always, Moya Adair, *your* will must be *my* will—or, we shall part. . . ."

The blue eyes were turned swiftly in

(Continued on page 68)


HE FEELS THE DIFFERENCE IN HIS FACE

WILLIAMS
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVING

1. Tones and stimulates the skin.
2. Soothes tiny nicks and scrapes.
3. Protects against chapping.
4. Ends dry skin.
5. Improves appearance.
6. Costs little per day.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. C-1
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.)
Please send me a sample bottle of Aqua Velva for the enclosed 3c in stamps.

NAME________________________

STREET______________________

CITY______________ STATE________

YOU'LL LIKE ITS CLEAN WAKE-UP TASTE

● Millions are swinging to Iodent. From one man to another word flashes: "Try it—you'll like its cool, minty tingle." Morning and night it refreshes—cleanses your whole mouth. Fuzziness vanishes. Teeth gleam. You feel good natured. And the A. D. A. Seal* assures thorough, safe results!

IODENT

IODENT TOOTH PASTE No. 1 Easy TO WHITEN
IODENT TOOTH PASTE No. 2 FOR TEETH Hard TO BRYTEN

The ethical Dentists of America maintain their own scientific testing board—accepting only products found safe to use and honestly advertised. * ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York

First Policy Issued February 1, 1843—Ninety-three Years Ago

ON December 31, 1935, this "First American Life Insurance Company" to issue a Policy, had Assets of $1,239,039,565, an increase of $78,529,913 over 1934.

During 1935 the Company paid Policyholders and their Beneficiaries $138,591,009.

The Company's Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies on December 31, 1935, was $55,769,831, and it has set aside $24,421,034 for Dividends in 1936.

Insurance issued, including $13,495,272 Dividend Additions, amounted to $266,097,986, an increase of $13,132,815, making the total Outstanding Insurance $3,708,081,401.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1935

ASSETS	*Per cent*	
Cash	6.04	$74,901,892.84
United States Government bonds. . .	14.15	175,315,977.01
State, County and Municipal bonds .	3.13	38,841,937.07
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	1.13	14,049,542.40
Other Foreign Government bonds . .	.05	569,233.47
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	32.99	408,710,004.94
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks. . .	1.87	23,176,150.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	19.22	238,143,421.62
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.38	54,236,357.23
Policy Loans	14.35	177,785,418.50
Premiums in course of collection . .	1.32	16,404,184.08
Interest and Rents due and accrued .	1.36	16,829,561.33
Cash advanced to pay claims.	.01	75,884.22
Total Admitted Assets.		$1,239,039,564.71

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
Policy Reserves	$1,072,064,612.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	53,979,577.97
Other Policy Liabilities	19,295,853.93
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	3,761,218.56
Miscellaneous Liabilities	4,788,976.68
Reserve against Interest on Mortgage Loans overdue more than six months	1,424,754.37
Reserve for Taxes.	2,942,406.06
Dividends payable in 1936	24,421,033.85
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends . .	149,147.19
Special Contingency Reserve*	442,152.64
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	55,769,831.46
Total	$1,239,039,564.71

**The Special Contingency Reserve represents the difference between the values carried in assets for Non-Amortizable Bonds and for Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks which are in accordance with the rules set forth by The National Association of Insurance Commissioners and the actual December 31, 1935 market quotations on such Bonds and Stocks.*

The Mutual Life
Insurance Company of New York

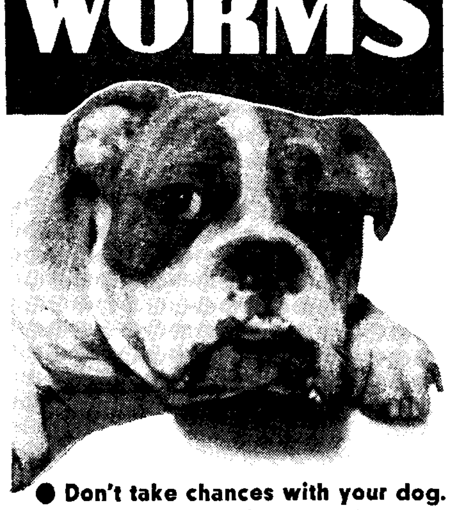
DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*

34 Nassau Street, New York

Everywhere men and women are giving fresh consideration to rebuilding and strengthening their plans for security against future needs through life insurance. If you are one of these, tell us you have seen this advertisement and wish to receive the booklet, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing," recently published by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

RID HIM OF
WORMS



● **Don't take chances with your dog.** Use medicines that have been proved safe and effective. Sergeant's Dog Medicines are made of the finest ingredients, carefully compounded. Known and trusted by dog owners since 1879.

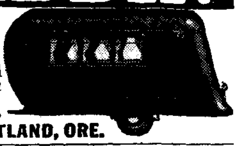
There are different types of worms and a Sergeant's medicine for each. For round and hook worms in large pups and grown dogs, use SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES; for pups and toy breeds, use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES. For tape-worms in puppies and dogs, use SERGEANT'S TAPE-WORM MEDICINE.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for your FREE COPY of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life.

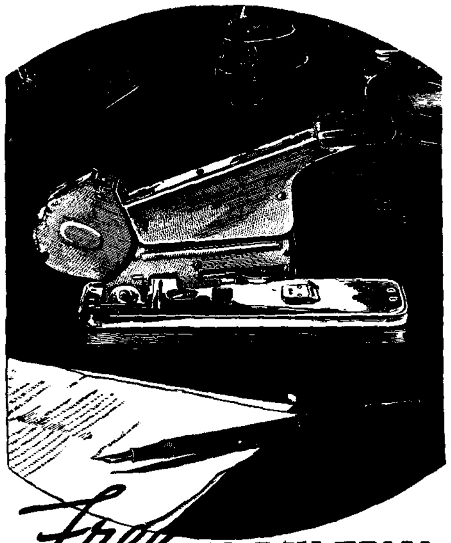
FREE ADVICE. Our veterinarian will answer questions on your dog's health. Write fully.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1403 West Broad Street • • Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
WORM MEDICINES
ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK



ALADDIN
TRAILER HOMES
New Streamlined Deluxe
15½ ft. Fully Equipped
$545. *Send for Catalog 54*
The ALADDIN CO.
BAY CITY, MICH.—PORTLAND, ORE.



Free 10 DAY TRIAL
BATES STAPLER

Makes its own staples
5000 in one loading
Can't jam or clog

Tens of thousands of users are replacing old-fashioned methods with Bates Stapling—the quickest, cheapest method of fastening papers.

FOR FREE TRIAL just send this advertisement with your business letterhead to The Bates Manufacturing Company, 32 Vesey Street, New York.

Makers of Bates Numbering Machines, Indexes, Stamp Pads, File Fasteners, etc.

The Invisible President

Continued from page 66

his direction, and then swiftly away again. Mrs. Adair was perfectly dressed, perfectly groomed and apparently perfectly composed. But her composure was a brave pretense. This awful Chinese who had taken command of her life held in his grasp all that made life dear to her. Her gloved hand rested motionless upon the chair arm, but she turned her head aside and bit her lip.

The air of the small, quiet room was heavy with a smell of stale incense.

"I am an old man," the compelling voice continued: "older than your imagination would permit you to believe." Those jade-green eyes were closed again—the speaker seemed to be thinking aloud. "I have been worshiped, I have been scorned; I have been flattered, mocked at, betrayed, treated as a charlatan—as a criminal. There are warrants for my arrest in three European countries. Yet always I have been selfless." He paused. He was so still, so seemingly impassive, that he might have been a carven image. . . .

"My crimes, so termed, have been merely the removal from my path of those who obstructed me. Always I have dreamed of a sane world, yet men have called me mad; of a world in which war should be impossible, disease eliminated, overpopulation checked, labor found for all willing hands—a world of peace. Save only three, I have found no human soul, of my own race or another, to work wholly for that goal. And now, my most implacable enemy is upon me. . . ."

Suddenly, the green eyes opened. Long, slender yellow hands with incredibly pointed nails were torn from the sleeves of the yellow robe. Dr. Fu Manchu stood upright, raising those evilly beautiful hands above him. A note of exaltation came into his voice. Mrs. Adair clutched the arms of the chair in which she sat. Never before had her eventful life brought her in touch with inspired fanaticism.

"Gods of my fathers—" pitched so high, that strange voice laid a queer stress on sibilants—"Masters of the world! Are all my dreams to end in a prison cell, in the death of a common felon?"

For a while he stood upright, arms upraised, then dropped back again into his chair and concealed his hands in the sleeves of his robe.

WHEN he spoke again his harsh voice was perfectly cool:

"In the United States I have found a crude, but efficient organization, ready to my hand. Prohibition attracted to this country the trained law-breakers of the world. They had no purpose but that of personal gain. The sanity of President Roosevelt has terminated some of these promising careers. Many spiders are missing, but the webs can be mended. You see, Moya Adair—" the green eyes were fixed upon her, glitteringly, hypnotically—"although women can never understand, were not meant to understand—it is to women that men always look for understanding."

Now she was unable to withdraw her gaze. He had taken control of her—she knew herself helpless. There was magic in those long green eyes; their power was terrible. But something there was also—something she had not looked for—which reconciled her to this control.

"I do not trust you—no woman is to be trusted in a world of men. Yet because I am a man, too, and very lonely in this my last battle to crush what the West calls civilization—I will admit you one step further into my plans. . . . I have means of watching those who profess to serve me. I know where I can place my trust. . . .

"I am sending you to Harvey Bragg. You will act in accordance with instructions."

In the large Park Avenue apartment of Emmanuel Dumas, Harvey Bragg was holding one of those receptions which at once scandalized and fascinated his millions of followers when they read about them in the daily newspapers. These orgiastic entertainments, which sometimes resembled a burlesque of a Neronian banquet and sometimes a parody of a Hollywood cabaret scene, had marked his triumphal progress from the state which he represented, right up to New York.

"Bluebeard of the Backwoods"—as some political writer had dubbed him—Bragg had interested, amused, scandalized and horrified the inhabitants of the South and of the Middle West, and now was preparing to show himself a second Cyrus, master of the modern Babylon. New York was the bright orange upon which his greedy eyes were set. New York he would squeeze dry.

LOLA DUMAS' somewhat equivocal place in his affairs merely served to add glamor to the man's strange reputation. Now, entertaining in her father's home, he demonstrated himself to be that which he believed himself to be—an up-to-date emperor whose wishes transcended all laws.

Lola had been twice married and twice divorced. After each of these divorces she had reverted to her family name, of which she was inordinately proud. Emmanuel Dumas, who had made a colossal fortune in the boom and lost most of it in the slump, claimed without warranty which any man could recognize to be descended from the brilliant quadroon who created the Three Musketeers. If a picturesque personality and a shock of frizzy white hair had been acceptable as evidence, then any jury must have granted his claim.

A moral laxity notable even during the regime of prohibition had characterized his scandalous life. In later years, when most of his Wall Street contemporaries had been washed up, the continued prosperity of Emmanuel Dumas became a baffling mystery. The prurient ascribed it to the association between his beautiful daughter and the flamboyant but electric politician who threatened to become the Mussolini of the United States.

The room in which the reception was being held was decorated with a valuable collection of original drawings by Maurice Leloir, representing episodes in the novels of Alexander Dumas. Rapiers, pistols, muskets, adorned the walls.

Lola Dumas wore an emerald-green robe, or rest gown, its gauzy texture veiling her slender body. She was surrounded by a group of enthusiastic journalists.

The room was packed from end to end. Prominent society people who once would have shunned the Dumas apartment might be seen in groups admiring the strange ornaments, studying the paintings; eager to attract the attention of this singular man, once taboo, but now bathed in a blaze of limelight.

Politicians of all shades of opinion were represented.

The air was heavy with tobacco smoke; the buzz of chatter simian; champagne flowed almost as freely as water from the fountains of Versailles. Many notable people came and went unnoticed from this great gathering, for the dazzling personalities of the hostess and her father outshone them all. One would have thought that no man and few women could have diverted attention from the glittering pair; yet when, unheralded, Harvey Bragg came striding into the room, instantly the Dumases were forgotten.

All eyes were turned in Bragg's direction, flashlight lamps appeared from leather cases in which they had lain ready; a platoon of cameras came into action; notebooks were hastily opened.

"Bluebeard" Bragg was certainly an arresting figure. His nickname was double-edged. Bragg's marital record alone would have explained it; the man's intense swarthiness equally might have accounted for the "Bluebeard." Slightly above medium height, he was built like an acrobat. The span of his shoulders was enormous: his waist measurement would have pleased many women. Withal, he had enormous development of thigh and the muscular, shapely calves seen in male members of the Russian ballet. He had, too, the light, springy walk of a boxer; and his truculent, black-browed face, lighted by clear hazel eyes which danced with humor, was crowned by a profusion of straight, gleaming black hair. Closely though he was shaved, for Harvey Bragg was meticulous in his person, his jaw and chin showed blue through the powder.

"Folks!" he cried (his voice resembled that of a ship's officer bellowing orders through a gale). "I'm real sorry to be late, but Mr. and Miss Dumas will have been taking good care of you, I guess. To tell you the truth, folks, I had a bad hangover. . . ."

This admission was greeted by laughter from his followers.

"I've just got up, that's the truth. Knew I was expected to see people; jumped in the bath, shaved, and here I am!"

There came a dazzling flash of light. The cameras had secured a record, in characteristic pose and costume, of this ex-lord of the backwoods who aimed at the White House.

He wore a sky-blue bathrobe, and apart from a pair of red slippers, apparently nothing else. But he was Harvey Bragg—Bluebeard; the man who threatened the Constitution, the coming Hitler of the United States. His ugliness—for despite his power and the athletic lines of his figure the man was ugly—dominated that gathering. His circus barker's voice shouted down all opposition. No normal personality could live near him. He was Harvey Bragg. He was "*It.*" He was the omnipresent potential dictator of America.

AMONG the group of reporters hanging on Bragg's words was one strange to the others; a newcomer representing New York's smartest weekly. He was tall, taciturn and slightly built. He had thick, untidy hair, graying over the temples, a stubbly black beard and mustache, and wore spectacles. His wide-brimmed black hat and caped coat spoke of Greenwich Village.

His deep-set eyes had missed nothing, and nobody of importance in the room. He had made few notes. Now, he was watching Bluebeard intently.

"Boys and girls!" arms raised, Harvey Bragg gave his benediction to everyone present. "I know what you all want to hear. You want to hear what I'm going to say to Prescott at Carnegie Hall."

He lowered his arms in acknowledgment of the excited buzz, followed by silence, which greeted this remark.

"I'm going to say just one thing. And this goes, boys," he included with a sweeping gesture of his left hand the whole of the newspapermen present—"with you as well as with everybody else. I'm going to say just this: Our country, which we all love, is unhappy. We have seen hard times—but we've battled through. We've got sand. We're not dead yet by a long shot. No, sir! But we're alive to the dangers ahead. And I want to ask you, Dr. Orwin Prescott, just this: Are you peddling junk for the Abbot of the Holy Thorn or are you selling goods of your own?"

Loud applause followed this, led by Dumas *père et fille*.

"I'm not saying, folks, that Abbot Donegal's stuff is all backfire. I'm saying that secondhand promises are bad debts. I want to hear of anything that Orwin Prescott has promised which Orwin Prescott has done. *I* don't promise things. I *do* things. No decent citizen ever reported for work to a depot of the League of Good Americans who didn't get a job!"

Again he was interrupted by loud applause. . . .

"The man we're all looking for is the man who does things. Very well. Seconds out! The fight starts! On my right—Donegal. On my left—Prescott! America for every man and every man for America—!"

Cheers and a deafening clapping of hands rewarded the speaker. Harvey Bragg stood, arms upraised forensically, dominating that gathering excited by his crude oratory. At which moment, even as the lights flashed and cameras clicked:

"A lady to see you, Mr. Bragg," came a discreet whisper.

Harvey Bragg lowered his arms, reluctantly relinquishing that heroic pose, and glanced aside. His confidential secretary, Salvaletti, stood at his elbow. There was an interchange of glances. Reporters surged around them.

"Urgent?" Harvey Bragg whispered.

"Number 12."

Bragg started but recovered himself.

"Easy looking?"

"A beauty."

"Excuse me, folks!" Bragg cried, his tremendous voice audible above the excitement: "I'll be back in two minutes."

Of those who actually overheard this whispered conversation, Lola Dumas was one. She bit her lip, turned, and crossed to a senator from the South who was no friend of Harvey Bragg's. The other was the new reporter. He followed Lola Dumas and presently engaged her in conversation.

More wine was uncorked. Newspapermen always welcomed an assignment to the Dumas apartment. . . .

Rather more than five minutes had elapsed when Harvey Bragg came back. He was holding the hand of a very pretty woman whose smart frock did justice to a perfect figure and whose little French hat displayed mahogany curls to their best advantage.

"Folks!" he roared. "I want you all to know my new secretary." His roving glance sought and found Lola Dumas: he smiled wickedly. "What this little girl doesn't know about the political situation not even Harvey Bragg can tell her. . . ."

ALTHOUGH one calling might not have suspected the fact, the whole of the Regal Tower, most expensive and fashionable part of the Regal-Athenian Hotel, was held by police officers and federal agents. Those visitors who applied for accommodation in this section of the hotel were informed that it was full; those who had been in occupation had very courteously been moved elsewhere on the plea of urgent alterations.

From the porters at the door in the courtyard to the clerks in the reception desk, the liftmen and the bellboys, there was no man whose uniform did not disguise a detective.

Elaborate precautions had been taken to insure the privacy of incoming and outgoing telephone calls. No general headquarters ever had been more closely guarded. Armageddon was waging, but few appreciated the fact. In the past Wellington had crushed Bonaparte's ambition to control Europe; but the great Corsican fought at Waterloo with a blunted sword; Foch and his powerful allies had thrown back Marshal von Hindenburg and the finest military machine in history since the retreat from Moscow broke the Grand Army of Napoleon. But, now, Nayland Smith, backed by the government of the United States, fought, not for the salvage of the Constitution, not for the peace of the country, but for the future of the world. And the opposing forces were commanded by a mad genius. . . .

DRESSED in an old tweed suit, pipe clenched between his teeth, he paced up and down the sitting-room. His powers were all that a field marshal could have demanded. His chief-of-staff, Mark Hepburn, was one such as he would have selected. But . . .

Someone had unlocked the door of the apartment.

Fey appeared in the vestibule as if by magic, his right hand in his coat pocket. Nayland Smith stepped smartly to the left, taking up a position from which he could see the entrance. A tall, pale, bearded man came in, wearing a caped coat and a wide-brimmed black hat. . . .

"Hepburn!" cried Smith, and hurried forward to meet him. "Thank heaven you're back safe. What news?"

Captain Mark Hepburn, U.S.M.C., a parody of his normal self, smiled wryly. His pallor, his graying temples, were artificial, but the beard and mustache were carefully tended natural products, although at the moment chemically improved. The character he was assuming was one which he might be called upon to maintain for a considerable time in accordance with plan.

"Just left the Bragg reception at the Dumas apartment," he said, removing his glasses and staring rather haggardly at Nayland Smith. "There isn't much to report except that Bragg's confidential secretary, Salvaletti, is pretty obviously the link with Fu Manchu."

"Then Bragg is doubly covered," said Nayland Smith grimly. "Lola Dumas is almost certainly one of Dr. Fu Manchu's agents."

"Yes." Mark Hepburn dropped wearily into an armchair. "But there's some friction in that quarter. A woman was announced just before I left, and Bragg went out to interview her. I managed to pick up scraps of the conversation between Salvaletti and Bragg, but from the way Lola Dumas watched Bragg, I gathered that their relations were becoming strained."

"Describe Salvaletti," said Nayland Smith succinctly.

Mark Hepburn half closed his eyes. Smith watched him. There was something odd in Hepburn's manner.

"Above medium height, pale, stooping. Light blue eyes, dark, lank hair, a soft voice and a sickly smile."

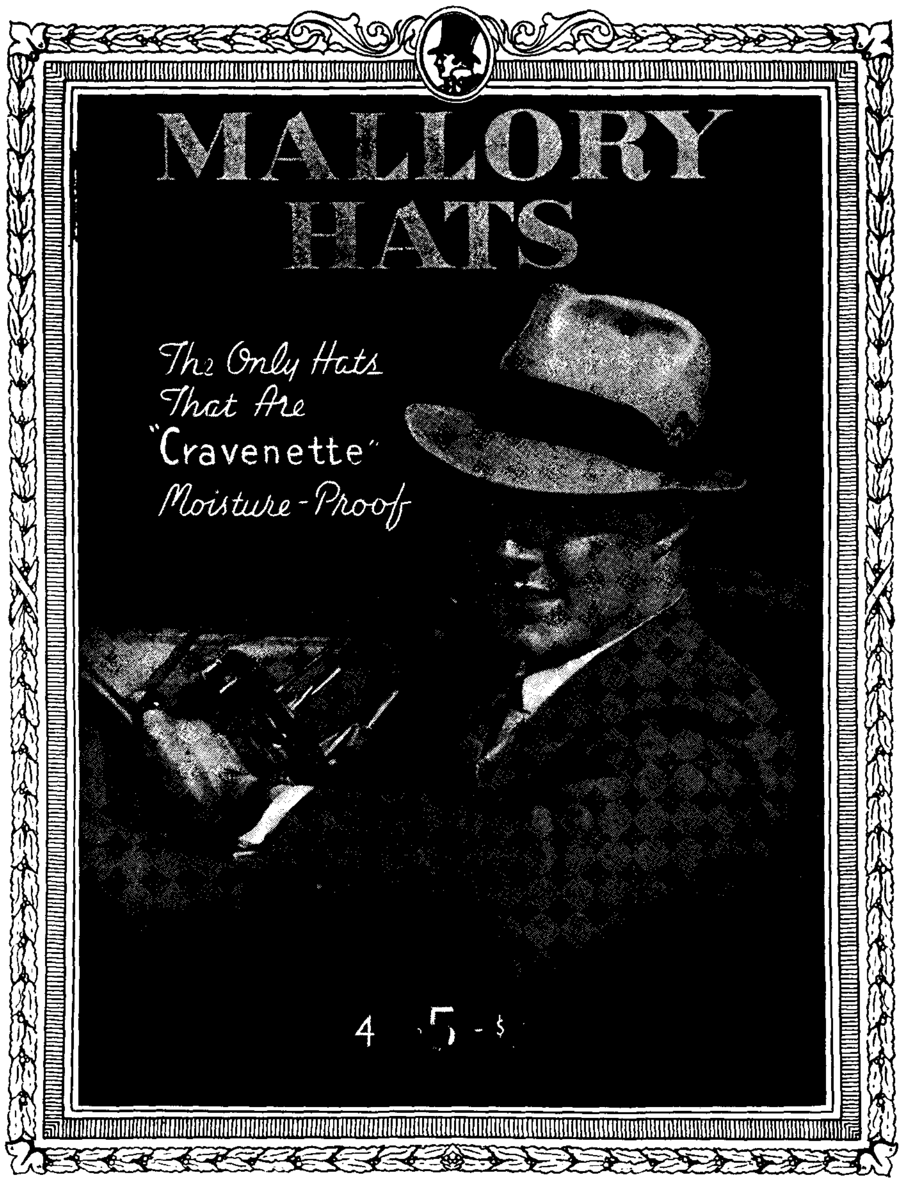
"Seen him before?"

"Never! He's a new one on me."

"Probably indigenous to the American underworld," Smith murmured; "therefore I should not know him. You are sure it was a woman who was announced?"

"Positive. Harvey Bragg brought her into the room and displayed her to the company as his new secretary. It's about this woman I want to talk to you. I want your advice. I don't know what to do. It was Mrs. Adair—who escaped, thanks to my negligence, from the Tower of the Holy Thorn. . . ."

(To be continued next week)


MALLORY HATS
The Only Hats That Are "Cravenette" Moisture-Proof
4 - 5 - $

TRADE NO JOKE! MARK

Even a slight cough is no joke—treat it seriously. Take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop at the first warning. (Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

This FREE Book tells how Food Sellers

Save up to 50%

on Refrigeration expense

● Grocers! Butchers! Restaurant Owners! Here is a new book of facts about refrigeration. It will show you how you may save as much as 50% on refrigeration expense.

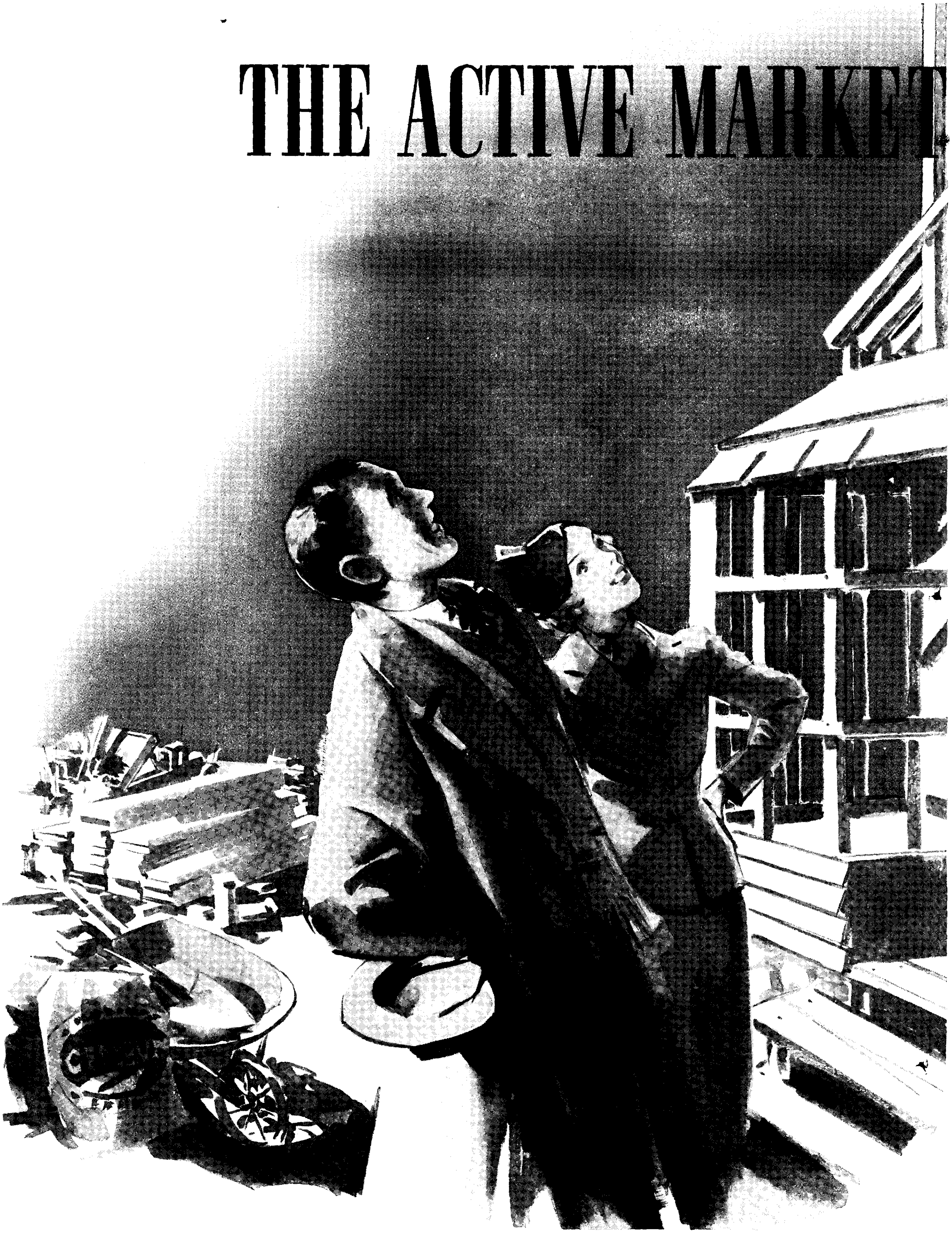
Mail Coupon For Free Book

Send for this FREE book today. It contains valuable data revealed after intensive field studies and laboratory research, conducted by Frigidaire and General Motors. This book gives numerous helpful hints regarding temperatures required for various foods, how to place foods in your present fixtures, how to reduce spoilage and shrinkage losses, how to cut operating expenses as much as 50%. Mail the coupon now for your copy. No matter what type of refrigeration you have, ammonia, ice or mechanical, you'll find many suggestions for increasing your operating profit. Simply fill in the coupon and mail it today. No obligation.

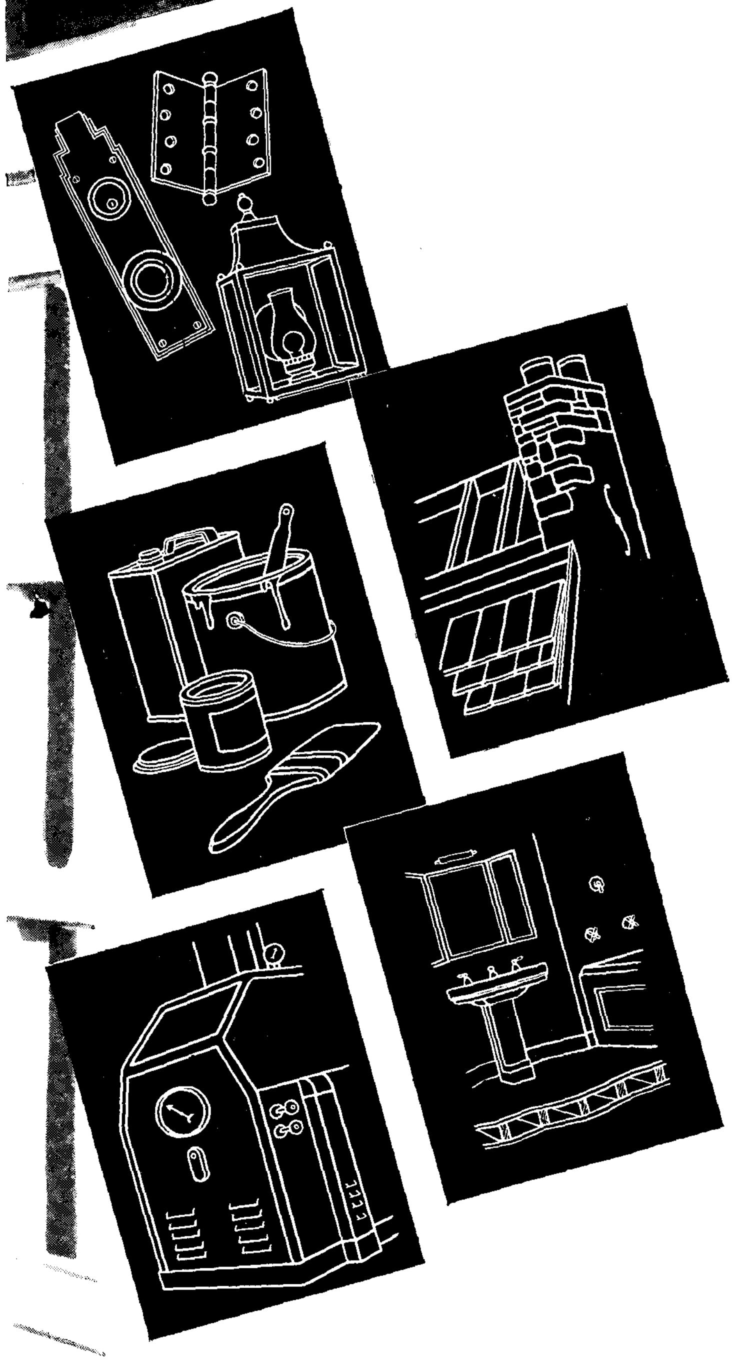
Commercial Research Division, Dept. 2-33
Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio
Please furnish me, without obligation, your FREE book, telling how I may save up to 50% on Refrigeration expense.

Name..
Address..
City........................State....................
Type of Business..
Type of Equipment Owned..

THE ACTIVE MARKET



IS LAYING THE FOUNDATION *FOR AMERICA'S BUILDING BOOM!*

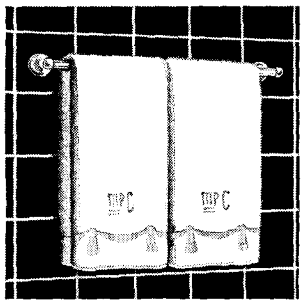


LISTEN—America is building again. Once more the welcome rasp of the carpenter's saw and the ring of the mason's trowel are heard throughout the land. Truckloads of lime, lumber and cement are rumbling down the roads. Trainloads of trademarked roofing and insulation, paint, heating plants and bathroom fixtures, plaster board and linoleum are rolling on the rails to meet the demand. *A total of 500,000 new houses a year for the next decade is predicted!*

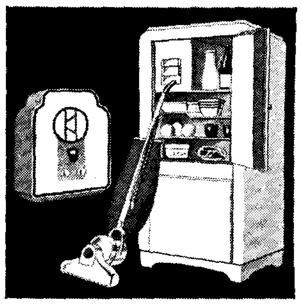
America's active people are tired of living in cramped quarters. Tired of parking the second car out in the yard. Tired of one bathtub for the whole family. So they are going ahead—translating dreams into blue prints, and blue prints into homes.

Collier's has the ear and the confidence of these forward-going people. Its cheerful and constructive viewpoint meets with theirs. For four years, Collier's has shown them the latest developments in home building. The latest developments in planning and financing, in decorating and furnishing. So, today, the Collier's market—*America's Active Market*—is calling for tremendous quantities of products designed for better living.

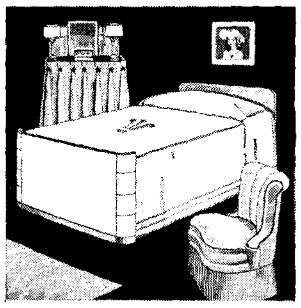
Truly, these 2,400,000 active Collier's families are laying the foundation for America's building boom and Collier's advertising boom. Because advertisers recognize their quick responsiveness, Collier's had a larger linage gain in 1935 than all other major weeklies combined.



Towels, sheets, blankets, table linens—new plumbing fixtures, automatic heating devices, air conditioning—what an *Active Market* a new house makes for them.



The *Active Market* "sparks" to the idea of electrical appliances for the new home—electric refrigerators, sweepers, toasters, percolators, ranges and scores of others.



A new home is an *Active Market* for new beds and mattresses, new drapes, furniture, smart, modern floor coverings—new household accessories of all kinds.

Collier's *the Active Market*

© 1936, The Crowell Publishing Co.

Read every week by more than 2,400,000 Active-Minded Families

HE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • 250 Park Avenue, New York • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

Profit—Four Bucks

Continued from page 26

straight down from his chin like a goat's whiskers. He wore a pure white *bajou* or jacket, a bright red sarong, and on the top of his small head was a tight Mohammedan skullcap that made him look rather like a humorous old monkey.

"What you want know about *kuchings, tuan?*" he asked when I stopped.

I remembered then that I had seen him in Yew Kee's place, standing in the shadow of the leopard cages.

"I want to know how they were caught," I said.

He smiled a thin little smile.

"I tell you, *tuan.* They my *kuchings.* I catch them in jungle myself."

"You!" I exclaimed. He looked so puny and small that I couldn't imagine *him* capturing those two savage animals.

He nodded brightly. And standing there in busy Cross Street, with the bustle and confusion of Singapore on all sides, I had my first lesson in the theory of leopard traps, the art of building them, from jungle logs, the place to set them, and the proper bait to attract a *kuching.* I could see in an instant that this little brown man would be invaluable to me in the business I was starting in, and then and there I made him a proposition.

"Listen," I said. "I'm here in the East to capture and trade in animals. I'm new to the country, and I realize I know little about it. *You* know about it. You've lived here all your life and the jungle is your home. Would you like to work for me?"

He consented and to Old Ali I owe a great deal of what I know about the jungle and the wild life in it. He never tired of lending me his experience, and he never tired, even as he grew older and more feeble, of going with me into the interior on each new expedition I made during the years. Whenever my ship arrived in Singapore, there on the dock was Old Ali, his head—which years before had been injured by a seladang—cocked humorously on one side, and a perpetual Malay grin on his worn brown face.

I remember it was with Old Ali that I saw my first deer drive. I had set up a camp in Johore and we were getting together a collection of rare animals and birds, when he came to me one evening and said:

"*Tuan* like to see native deer drive?"

"Of course," I answered.

I was still learning in those days—as I am still learning by experience today—and anything unusual was worth seeing.

"I call you early in morning then. We go to Malay village down trail. Deer eat rice crops, and Malays wish to catch them."

Learning the Ropes

He called me early, all right. The stars were still shining whitely as we plodded down the long narrow trail through the jungle to the village. But there was plenty of activity around the *pawang's*—the headman's—house, and the night lamps were burning. Nearly a hundred Malays were gathered there in the half-light and I noticed that several of them had long ropes of rattan slung across their shoulders.

"What are those?" I asked Old Ali.

"Those *sidins,*" he said. "They catch deer."

I didn't see how those ropes made of jungle vines would catch any deer. And it looked especially crazy when I saw the old *pawang* of the village squatting by one of them that had the skull of a woodpecker tied to it. Ali informed me that this was the "head of the *sidins*" and very important in the process of deer catching.

We all started out into the jungle beyond the rice padis to where the deer tracks led. There, in a clearing, the *pawang* called a halt. With his parang he cut a chip of bark from a tree. It fell to the ground with the inner side downwards and the *pawang* seemed pleased.

"That mean lucky tree," Old Ali whispered to me. "Sure to catch deer now."

I watched the *pawang* curiously. He avoided the shadow of the tree, and he was careful not to step on its roots as he tied one of the *sidin* ropes to it about six feet from the ground. The *sidin* stretched out about twenty yards, and from the main rope hung down a series of smaller braided rattan vines that were formed into nooses about four feet in diameter. To this first *sidin* was tied another, and another, until when they were all stretched out to a second tree they formed a long series of loops across the clearing.

An hour later the deer came down the wind, running like lightning, fifty driving natives behind them, and a dozen or so on each side to keep them headed straight for the nooses and from turning aside into the forest. Two came and two were caught—caught gently as the long line of the *sidins* swayed and gave with their weight—and I had seen my first deer drive.

Swift as Lightning

Old Ali has been gone these many years, but the things he taught me and the experience he lent me have stayed on, and only a few months ago I had occasion to use one of them to great advantage.

I was in India for the making of a portion of my new motion picture and also to capture, if I could, some specimens of the "blue buck" or nilgai antelope. I've said that these are the largest of Asiatic antelope, but I haven't mentioned the size. A full-grown buck will weigh between five and six hundred pounds, and measure from nose to rump from six to seven feet—which is a mighty big antelope.

They are handsome and swift animals. An old male is actually bluish-gray or blue-black in color, with a white ring above and below each fetlock. The abdomen, the lower side of the tail, and the chin are also white, which gives them, together with the two black horns—about eight inches long—a dashing, rakish appearance. Seen on the run—and they run like blue lightning—there is no more beautiful sight. But, like lightning, they are difficult to catch.

And then, as I sat one evening in a temporary camp I had set up near the Mysore district, something about the pale stars of India that came out like great white lamps over my head reminded me of something that had happened twenty years before. I saw Old Ali again, walking toward an early dawn down a jungle trail with those same stars hanging above his gaunt frame. For a moment I was a young man again and Old Ali was leading me out to see my first Malayan deer drive.

I called Young Ali, the old man's nephew.

"Ali," I said, "how many ropes have we with us?"

"Have many, *tuan,*" he answered. "Strong lassos you always bring from Texas."

"All right, get them out and have them ready in the morning. We're going to get some nilgai!"

I had decided to try a deer drive just as the jungle Malays have done for hundreds of years. Not having any *sidins* of

ONLY $1 75 a month (at age 30) for this $1000.00 Whole Life Policy!

Low Rates at All Ages—Men or Women

WE HAVE NO AGENTS. You share the savings we make by eliminating commissions, and branch office expenses. Low initial rates—reduced still further by TWO DIVIDENDS: a **guaranteed** 9½% dividend, and an additional contingent dividend as earned. Postal offers you the life time protection of real Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance with cash and loan values and all standard provisions **guaranteed** in the policy.

9½% Guaranteed Dividend

$42,000,000.00 PAID OUT

This strong, 30 year old company operating under the rigid New York State Insurance laws has paid out over $42,000,000.00 to policy holders and their beneficiaries. Postal issues all standard forms of policies. **Insurance is vital! Get the facts at once. Mail coupon. There is no obligation.**

BUY DIRECT and SAVE MONEY

Postal Life Insurance Company, 511 Fifth Avenue, Dept. RW-95, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Send me, without obligation, complete information about your low-cost $1,000 WHOLE-LIFE Policy and the BUY-DIRECT-AND-SAVE PLAN.

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

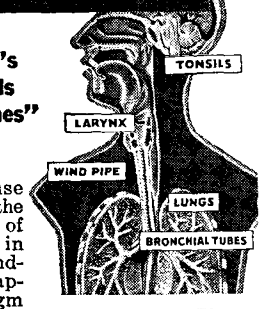
Date of Birth.......... Occupation..........

Our sewing machine
Sputtered at its work
Until a shot of GULFOIL
Made it perk.

GULFOIL THE BETTER HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT 10¢ & 15¢

Stop COUGHS quicker by "Moist Throat" Method

Getting throat's moisture glands to work "soothes" coughs away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. *Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year,* according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.

PERTUSSIN "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name
Address
CO-3-21

ARE YOU A
Laywriter?

STOP OIL PUMPING *without* **REBORING CYLINDERS**

Don't drive an oil-pumper! Stop that costly smoke-screen the new, inexpensive way, WITHOUT the cost of cylinder resizing and new pistons!

Simplex MOLIUM Piston Rings of new, free-running BEARING METAL will bring back new-car pep and power. Ask your garageman or write for folder C3 TODAY!

SIMPLEX PRODUCTS CORPORATION
3834 Kelley Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

SIMPLEX MOLIUM PISTON RINGS

ROUGH—CHAPPED SKIN Get rid of dryness and smarting—make your skin smooth and soft, with Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 2d, Balto. Md.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 340-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

CELLARETTE CONNOISSEURS

Indulge sophisticated taste for fine old Chateau Liqueurs at saving—36 internationally prized, refined Noirot Concentrates from Nancy, France. One bot. makes quart—mixed with whiskey, gin, brandy, etc., or beverage alcohol in states which permit sale. Manual [illegible]0c (free with order). Two bots. 80c, 4 $1.50, 6 $2.25, 12 $4., 36 $[illegible]—all postpaid. **NOIROT, INC., Dept. C, 220 West 19th St., New York.**

Walter Otteson, Minnesota

A Good Move for An EXTRA INCOME!

"*THE best move I ever made was when I joined the Crowell Subscription Staff and learned how to turn my spare time into extra money,*" says Walter Otteson, of Minnesota.

Such a fine plan is worth trying yourself! Let us show you how you may earn plenty of extra dollars by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Magazines. *Write now!*

Clip Here!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-79
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
HOW can I earn extra money?

Name..........

Address..........

Town..........

State..........

rattan I was going to use some Texas ropes made in America.

Next day I took a long hike through the jungle until I found exactly the place I wanted. An open maidan stretched wide on both sides, but in the middle the jungle and heavy brush grew close, leaving an opening about sixty yards wide. And in the maidan were nilgai tracks!

For two days I sent Ali and Ahmed out to scout the "blue bucks." They reported that early each morning eight nilgai moved into the open maidan from the jungle to feed. This was all I wanted to know, and I set my boys to work on that sixty-yard natural runway between the two jungles.

Thanks to Old Ali

On either side of the openings I had them build light bamboo fences. While solidly built, these fences were movable and I hoped would serve two purposes. The first, since the fences opened wide like a fan, was to keep the nilgai headed straight and to prevent them from breaking sideways into the jungle. And the second, since I wanted these "blue bucks" alive, was to form a pen for them if I should happen to get any in the nooses I intended to put up. By swinging the bamboo fences across at either end of the opening a pen could be quickly formed and the antelopes could immediately be cut free of the ropes.

With the fences built and tested, I strung my nooses. To an extra heavy rope, almost as big as a ship's cable, I tied my Texas lassos—fifty of them. Then, to a tree at each side of the sixty-yard opening, and about twelve feet from the ground, I had the boy fasten and stretch the cable. When it was up it swung straight across the middle of the narrow clearing, and from it dangled my cow ropes.

The result was fifty wide nooses, hanging in mid-air, and to insure their staying open I tied each to the other with silk thread. Their bottoms were two feet from the ground, their tops six feet, each one with a running slipknot, and the whole practically invisible against the jungle background.

The white stars were still shining next morning as we crouched in the jungle at the far end of the maidan.

Ahmed touched my arm and pointed far down the blurred maidan.

"Nilgai, *tuan!* They come to feed!"

I could see them vaguely at a great distance, at first only six, then off to the left another pair. Even that far away they looked big, and I remembered I was after the largest of all Asiatic antelope.

I gave the signal to advance and we started cautiously down the maidan, the boys spread out in a long line clear across the plain. We went slowly at first so as not to disturb them. But the sun shot up suddenly like a ball of gold and the antelopes saw us. They started down the maidan, away from us and straight toward the trap I had prepared for them.

"Come on!" I yelled, and my long line of beaters broke into a run.

The antelopes went faster and faster. The jungle began closing in on both sides and they held steadily for the sixty-yard opening to the clear maidan on the other side. Only the opening wasn't clear. Across it swung my improvised line of *sidins* and the nilgai charged straight into it! Three went through, but five, their shoulders caught in the running nooses, were drawn gently to a stop as the big overhead rope stretched out and gave with their charge!

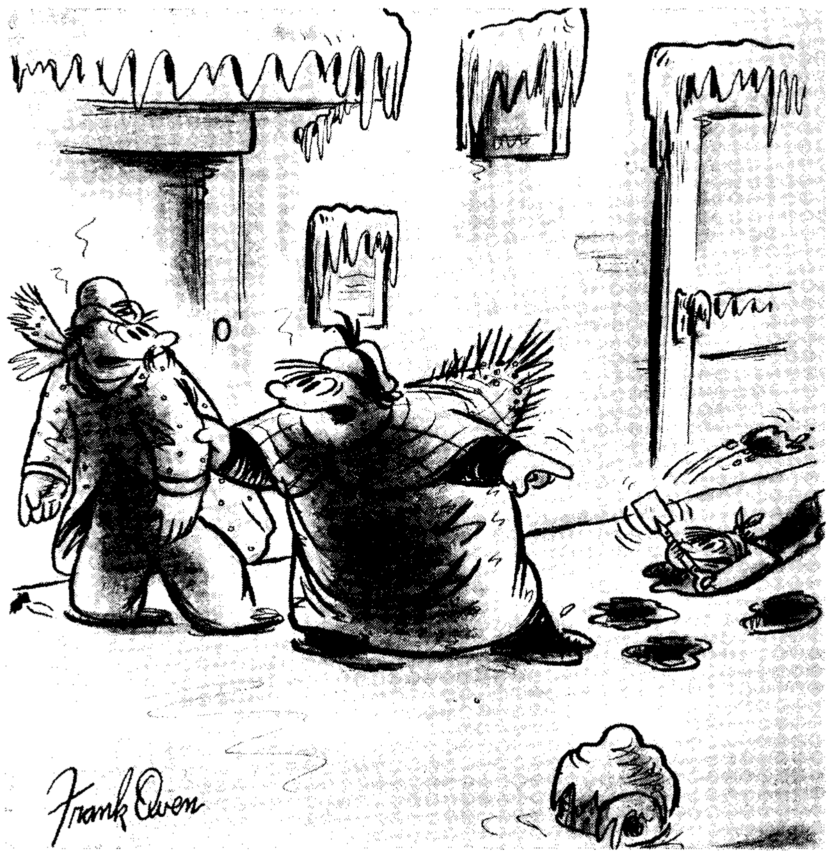
"Quick!" I called to my boys. "Move those fences around!"

They swung the bamboo fences like big swinging gates, and in a few seconds my five nilgai were safely penned.

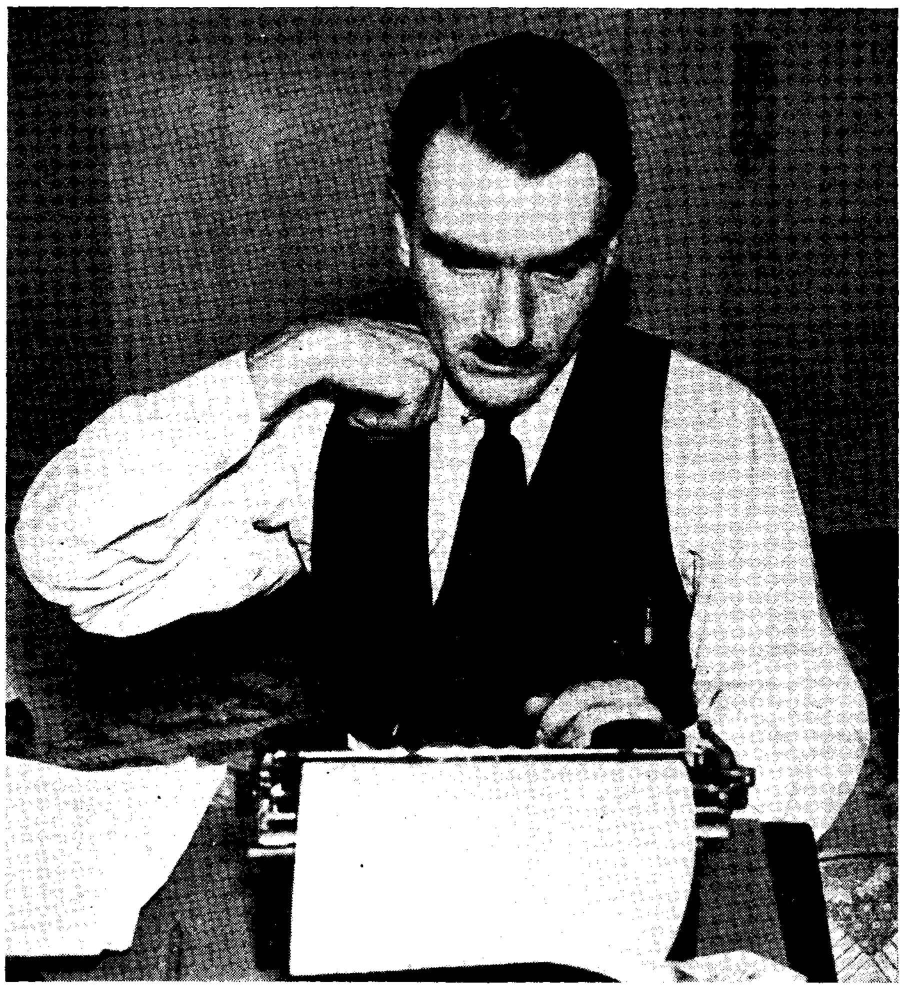
And so, by the oldest of native methods—with a few American improvements—I captured alive these big, rare "blue bucks" of India. One died en route home, but two fine pair are now healthy and happy in the "Jungle Camp," my wild-animal headquarters on Long Island. Every time I look at their handsome blue-gray bodies I remember faithful Old Ali, his teachings and the experience he gave me, and think that his is really the credit for their capture.

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Don't walk so fast. Philbert's got to shovel his way!"



The mystery of the Missing Whiskers

—and 12 clues that solved it

By Boake Carter

Famous Radio News Commentator

In my ramblings here and there I've noticed a very definite decrease in the number of unshaven faces among my fellow men. And being a newspaper man, I naturally found myself asking "Why?" Is it because men nowadays are more conscious of their personal appearance... or is it because shaving itself has become more pleasant than it used to be?

To find the answer to this question, I betook myself to Boston, the home of Gillette razor blades. There I browsed through a great modern factory and found:

That... even a newborn babe never received more constant care and supervision than that which is expended on the steel that goes into this blade.

That... square cut diamonds—80 times harder than any other known substance—are pressed against samples of the steel strips from time to time, to test their temper and keep their hardness to Gillette's exacting standards.

That... giant sharpeners, weighing tons, yet adjustable to watch-like fineness, hone and strop the Gillette blade in one continuous operation. The resulting shaving edges are so sharp that no human eye has ever seen them. They can be measured only by a beam of light cast along the edges by a special photo-electric tester.

That... after the edges are put on, not even a finger of a single human hand touches the blade until you and I use it in the bathroom. Furthermore, the blades are specially processed to prevent rust and are sprayed with a powerful antiseptic before being wrapped, so strict are Gillette's hygienic requirements.

That... throughout the entire manufacturing process this blade is tested by photo-electric devices; by fire; by electro-magnetic machines and by keen-eyed inspectors aided by special lights and high-power microscopes. Finally, each blade is anchor-wrapped in its package so that the original keenness cannot be marred by jarring against the envelope.

And so, I found not just *one* answer to my question, but a dozen of them. And after what I saw, I realized that here was no ordinary performance. Instead, it became clear to me that Gillette represents a great investment of millions of dollars in machinery, in accuracy, labor, laboratory testing, scientific research and pioneering—all working together like a well-oiled machine, turning out a potential of millions of perfect shaves a day.

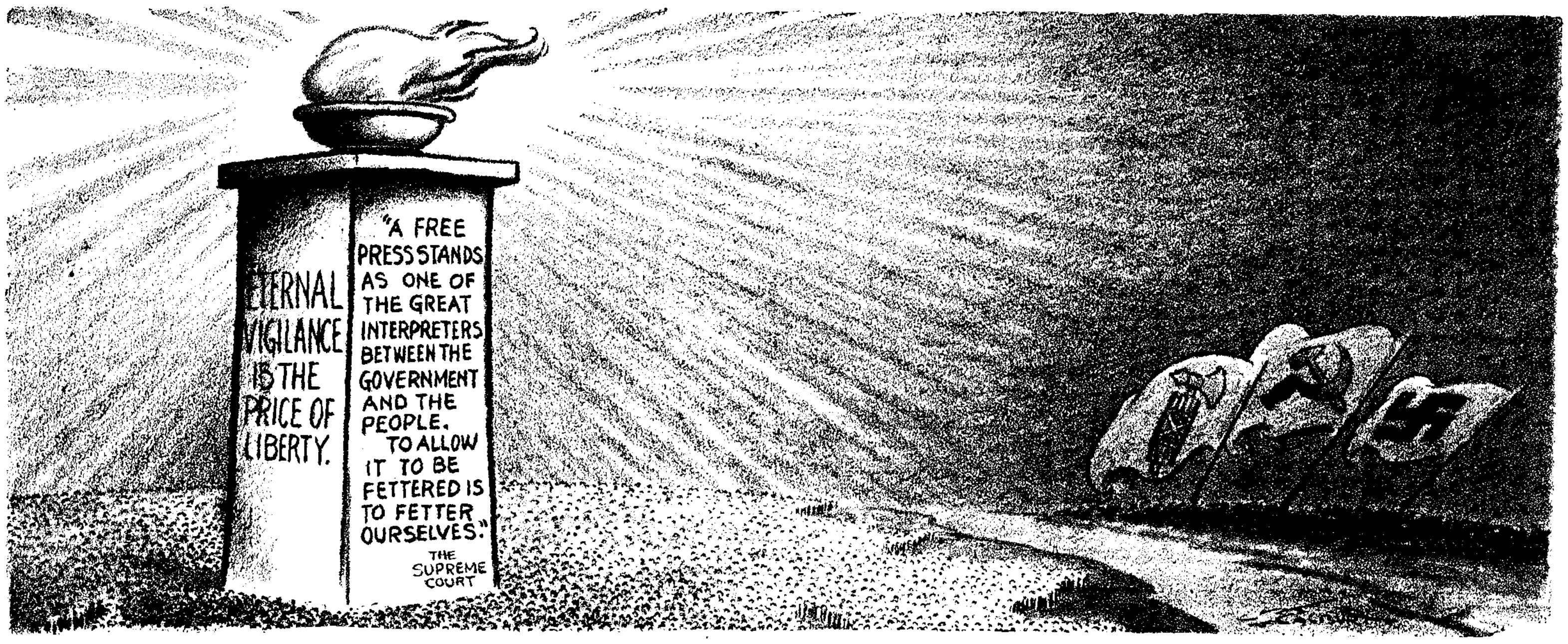
What I saw solved for me the "Mystery of the Missing Whiskers." Now I know why the vast majority of men these days are clean-shaven—and insist on Gillette when they buy razor blades.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*


ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.
"A FREE PRESS STANDS AS ONE OF THE GREAT INTERPRETERS BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE. TO ALLOW IT TO BE FETTERED IS TO FETTER OURSELVES."
THE SUPREME COURT

No Surrender

OVER much of the world freedom has been cheaply held during the last twenty years. Never, of course, has political liberty been a universal possession, or even a general aspiration. The Russians certainly have not been free within a thousand years and longer.

Some peoples have, however, regarded liberty as more desirable than life itself. The English have fought for freedom persistently during the last six hundred years. The Irish have counted independence of first importance. The French have enjoyed freedom since their terrific Revolution. The Scandinavian peoples won their liberties against immense odds and at the price of great sacrifices.

Liberty was the chief ideal of our American Revolution. All of the great men who contributed to the founding of this nation were imbued with a passion for freedom. The famous speeches and state papers left by the founders of the Republic make liberty the very foundation of this nation.

Since the World War, however, other things have seemed more important than liberty to many people, including some Americans. The so-called efficiency of the Italian Mussolini made a wide appeal. Mussolini's reputation for improving the time schedules of the Italian railways seemed to some so great an achievement that they forgave the torture and exile and suppression by which the Fascists silenced all disagreement with their opinions and policies.

The anxieties of the early depression years also inclined some Americans to the belief that liberty had become an obsolete ideal. Most notorious of all these Americans who sought by force to suppress freedom was the late Huey P. Long, senator from Louisiana.

Senator Long was assassinated before he could complete his dictatorship. Inevitably it would have been destroyed when he sought to extend it beyond the boundaries of his home state. Time and the recovery of normal thinking would have reversed the mad extravagances of the Louisiana dictator. As far as he was able within the time at his disposal Huey P. Long did, however, fetter the freedom of the people he pretended to represent.

His most flagrant act was the attempt by special taxation to control the newspapers of Louisiana. The late Senator Long admittedly sought to suppress newspaper criticism of his activities and to deprive the people of Louisiana of any impartial information concerning their own public affairs.

The desire to silence criticism and to withhold information from the public did not originate with Huey P. Long and neither did it perish with him. Every arrogant public official resents unfavorable comments on his acts.

Senator Long made his appeal on the ground that he would enrich the poor. He promised to distribute wealth to the underprivileged. With other people's money he tried to buy the liberties of the people of Louisiana. It was an insidious appeal.

The Russian Communists have acted on the same logic. The welfare of the proletariat, according to the Communists, requires that all Russians, including the proletariat, be denied freedom in all its forms. Starting from a similar premise, Hitler deprived the German people of a free press and of the privilege of free discussion in order to restore German honor and German prosperity.

Prosperity, honor, a redistribution of wealth, efficiency, and numerous other lures are offered by those who take away, or seek to take away, whatever liberties the people possess. The process succeeded in Russia, in Italy and in Germany largely because of the weakness of the tradition of liberty in those countries. The Hohenzollern emperors, it will be remembered, suppressed political criticism in the press and elsewhere long before Hitler appeared.

Our constitutional form of government is a bulwark of liberty. Before a Huey Long, or any other dictator, could destroy the freedom of the press or deprive Americans of the right to exercise other historic liberties, it would be necessary to suspend the national Constitution.

Huey Long, through his domination of a servile legislature, was able to amend Louisiana's constitution as he pleased. While he enjoyed power the state constitution was no barrier to his will. Like the French king, he could say truthfully, "I am the state."

Up to now, no American has possessed similar power in the nation. Now that prosperity has returned it is unlikely that any American will, in the near future, obtain such power. Fear drives men to strange decisions, but happily fear has passed in this country. We are capable once more of considering facts and of working out answers to our problems even though they may be disagreeable and difficult problems.

The federal Constitution stood between the people of Louisiana and Huey Long's law limiting the freedom of the press. When finally the appeal against this act of tyranny reached the Supreme Court the nine judges unanimously denounced it as unconstitutional. Liberals and conservatives on the bench united in upholding the constitutional guarantee of a free press.

Liberty is not always wisely used by the press or by the people. Diversity of opinion and debate over policies of importance are irksome to self-confident administrators, sure of their own wisdom and capacity. But with all the delays involved, civilized men and women have discovered no safer or more satisfactory procedure.

We will surrender much, but in the long run a people who have once enjoyed the right of free speech, free thought and an unfettered press will not give up liberty. This is a happy circumstance. For no law and no constitution are as strong as the custom and the preference of the people. So long as we want liberty we can have it. Only when our will is enfeebled can freedom be seriously menaced in this country.

The Spirit of Old Kentucky
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN WHISKEY
ONE PINT
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Mint Springs
ONE PINT
90 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
Glenmore
100 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

WHAT'S IN IT

Makes or Breaks this Drink

Glenmore served "neat" has no aids or accessories to vary its flavor—and needs none.

Glenmore "on its own" is at its best—with the genuine tang of an authentic Kentucky Straight—100 PROOF—full value!

Sip it slowly—let its savory, smooth, full-bodied richness reveal itself completely. You'll say Glenmore the next time . . . and the next . . . and the next.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc. • Louisville • Owensboro
Largest Distillery in Kentucky
Distillers of Kentucky Tavern, Glenmore, Two Naturals, Mint Springs — STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Tom Hardy — A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

18-year-old Straight Whiskey. Bottled in bond under supervision of U. S. Government.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey — an outstanding value at a money-saving price.

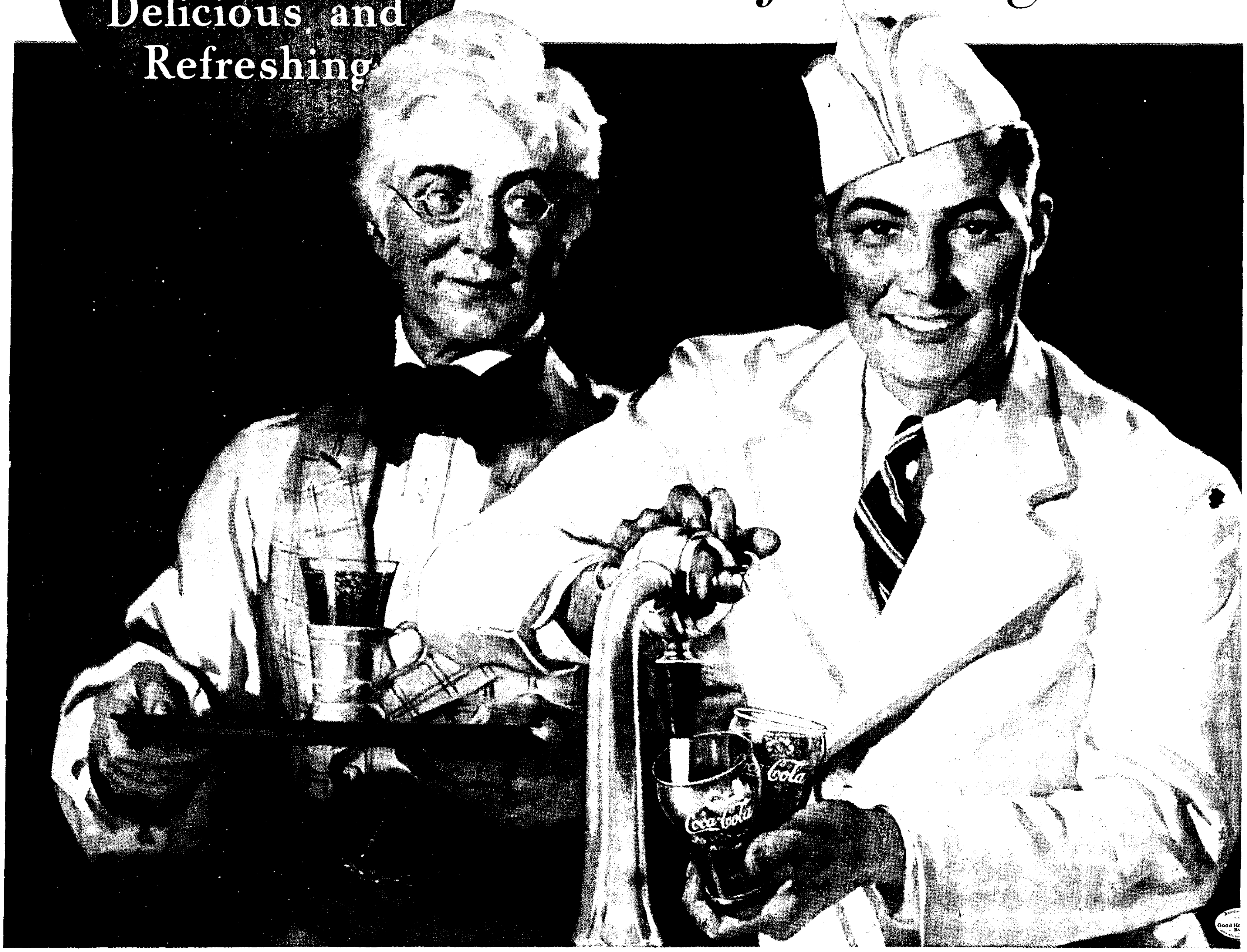
Glenmore's
Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

Thru 50 years-
Making a pause *refreshing*



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

1886 to 1936

Once upon a time a *pause* was only an idle moment. Then came *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its fame spread . . . from one corner in 1886 to "around the corner from anywhere" in 1936. Of course, it had to be good to get where it is . . . thirst-quenching . . . pure . . . wholesome . . . delicious . . . and refreshing. The price 50 years ago was 5¢. The price is still 5¢.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE MOMENT
"The pause that refreshes"

ON THE AIR
Refreshment Time
RAY NOBLE
and His Orchestra
Columbia Network
every Wednesday night
9:30 E. S. T.